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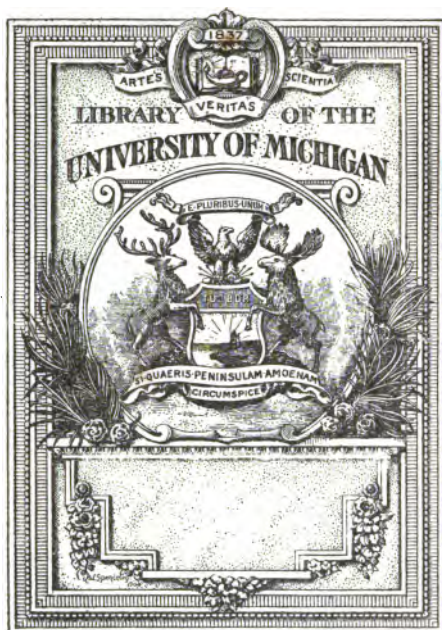
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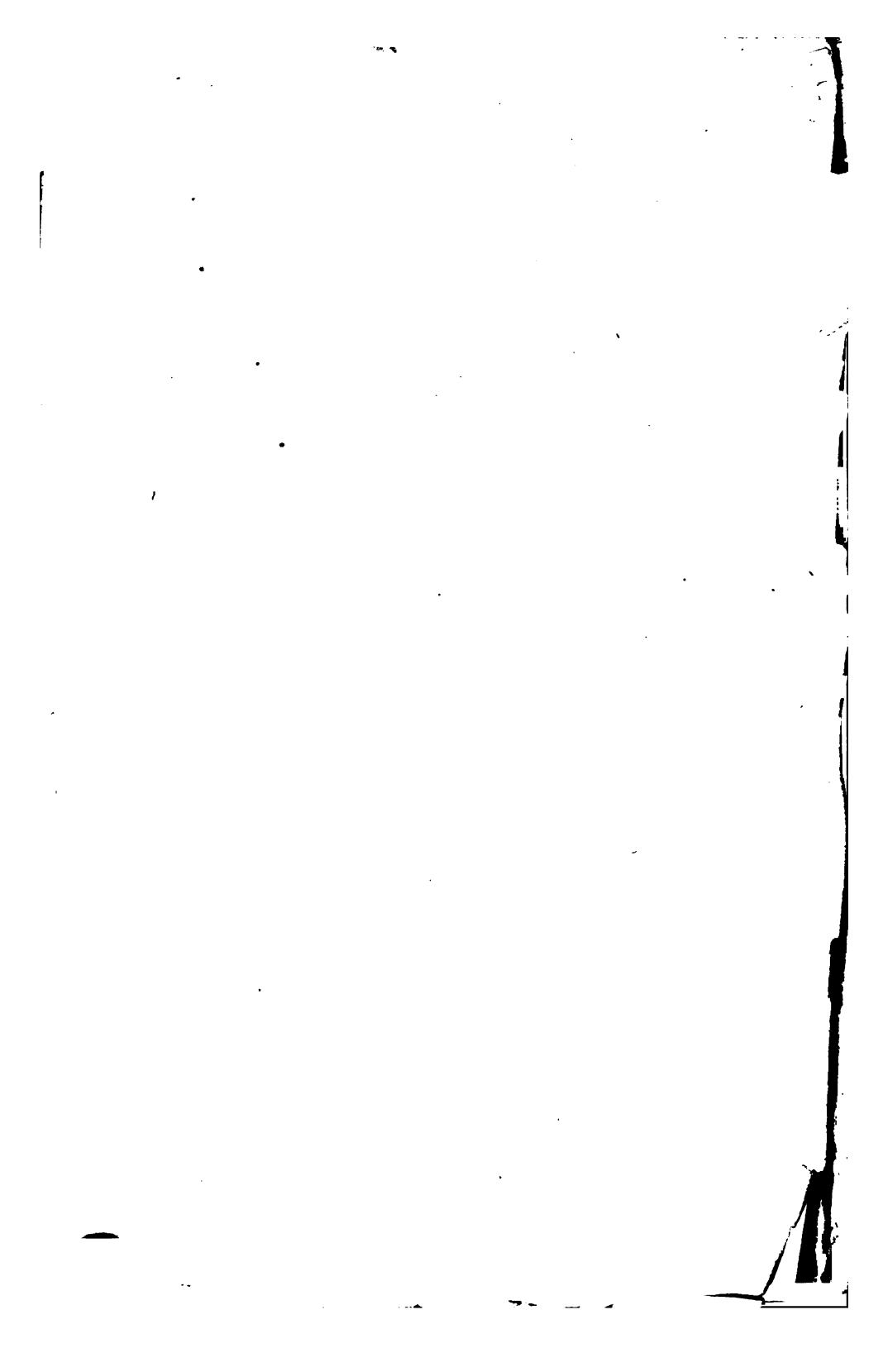
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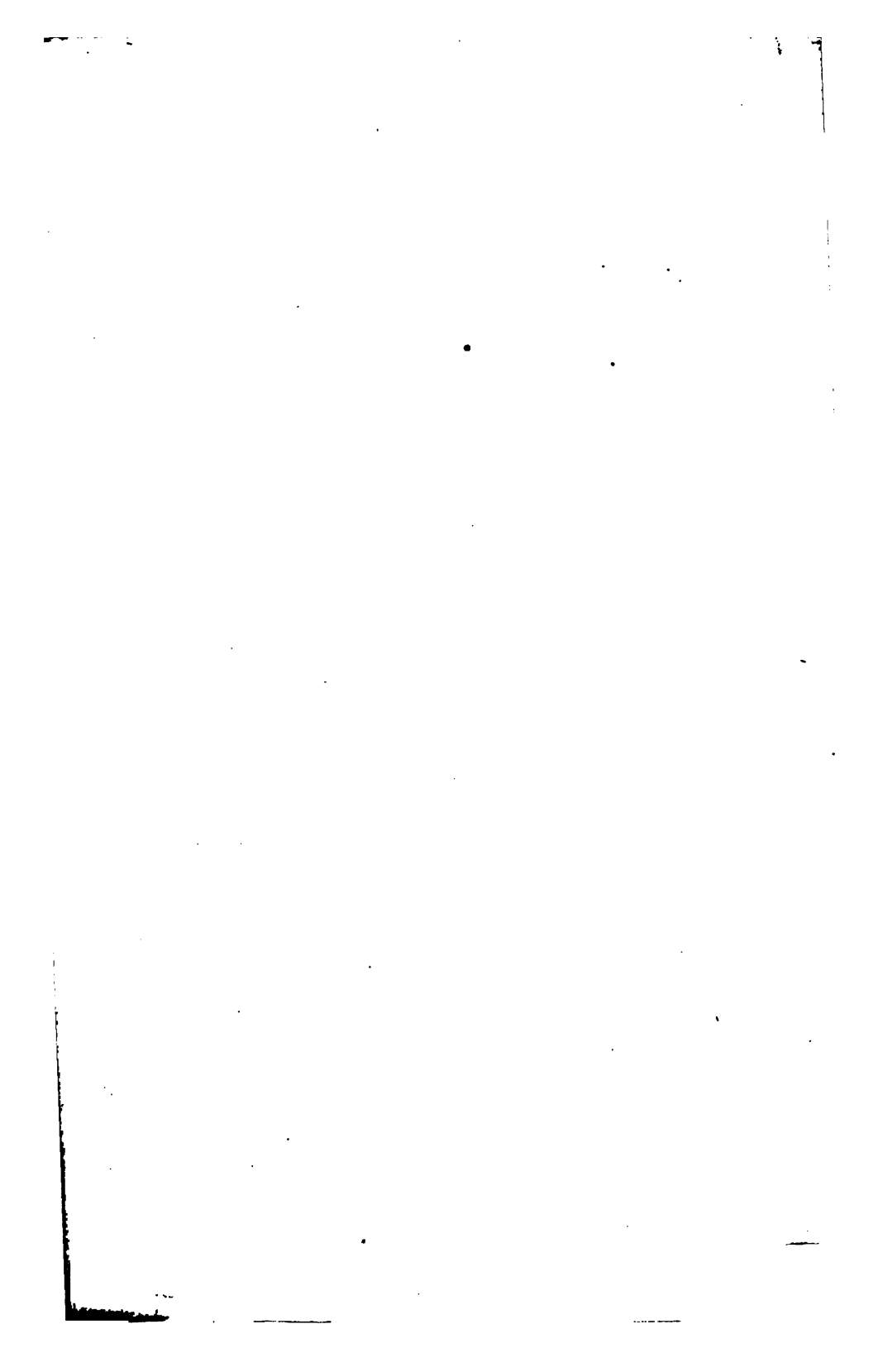


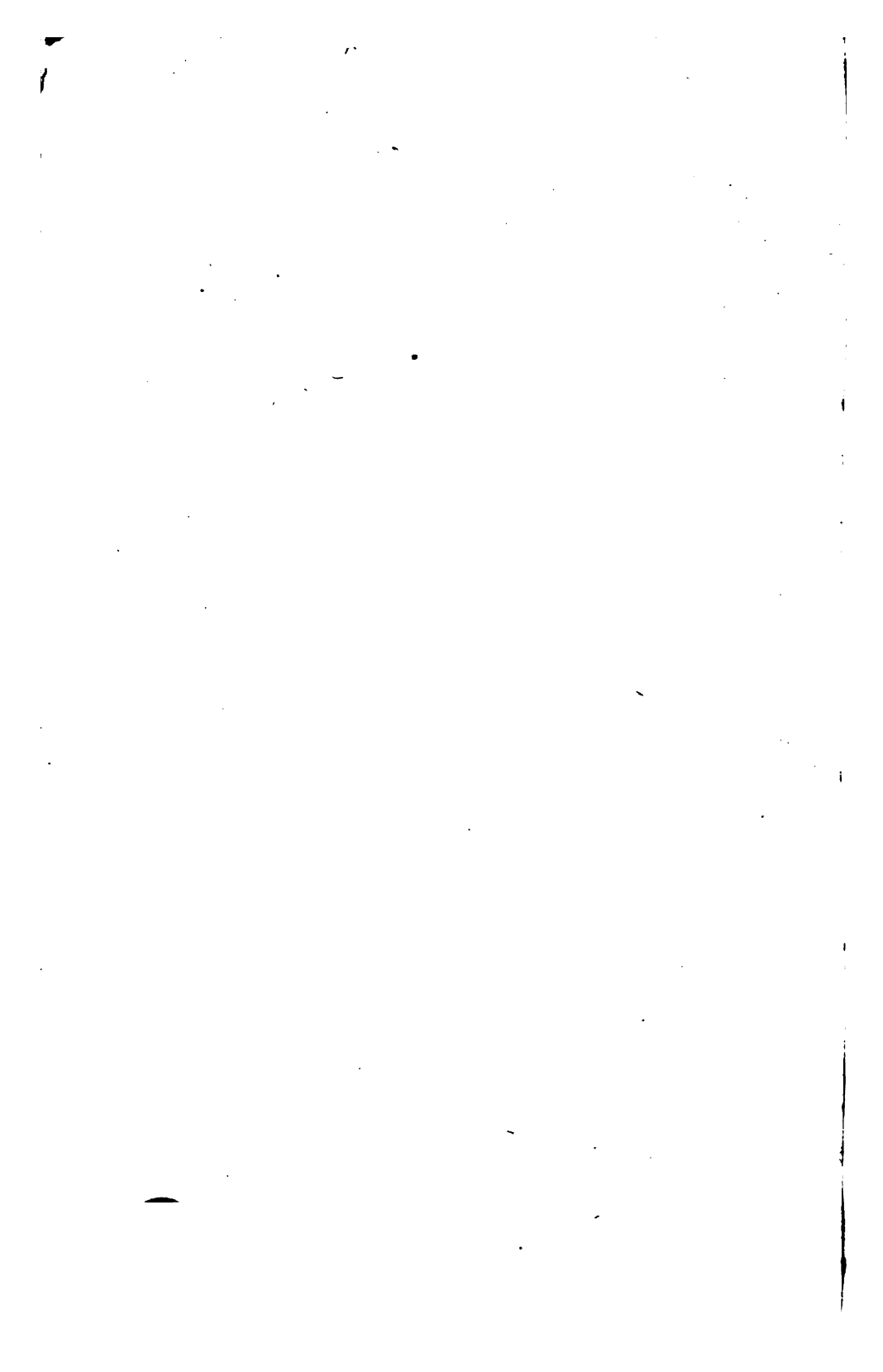
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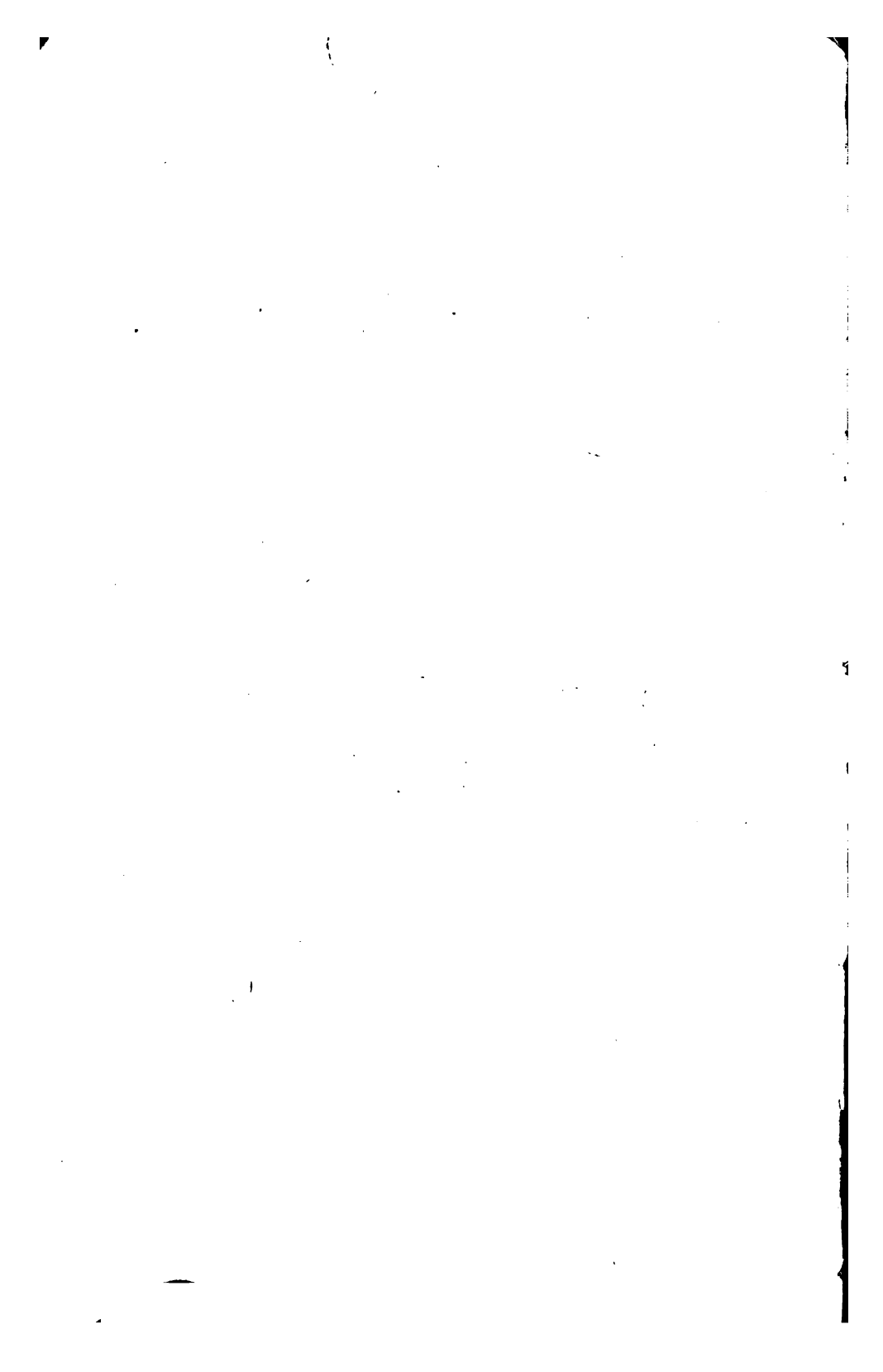






KNIGHT'S
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.



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VOLUME III.

AUGUST—NOVEMBER,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher of the *Quarterly Magazine* has most sincerely to express his regret, that the appearance of the present Number should have been twice delayed beyond the period of its announcement. As far as this delay has been occasioned by the lingering anxiety of a severe domestic calamity, he is sure to receive the indulgence of his supporters ; but, as it may be justly charged upon him that every contingency should be provided for in the conduct of a periodical work, he owes it to himself and to the public, to offer a few words of explanation.

The *Quarterly Magazine* was established at the earnest solicitation of some young men of great talents and acquirements, who had distinguished themselves in a local miscellany of no ordinary character. Their promises of support were cordial and enthusiastic,—their ability to realize those promises was unquestionable. The public favour was largely bestowed upon the undertaking ; and the work, as it proceeded, acquired a considerable distinction amongst the discerning and the intelligent. For this patronage the Publisher is most grateful. There were many things, however, connected with its management, which gave the publisher pain. He had to contend, in one or two instances, with unsettled opinions, with captious objections, but above all, with something like a heartless indifference to the consequences of wanton neglect. It is too often the condition of genius that it fancies itself absolved from the ordinary laws of human action ; and substitutes irregular excitements for settled principles. Whether or not

to this cause is to be attributed the want of completion of two long poems in this work, the publisher will not presume to decide.

The evils which are thus alluded to have reached their crisis. The publisher has lately had to choose between surrendering that responsibility which his duties to society have compelled him to retain, and which has in many cases prevented this work offending those whose esteem is most to be desired, or losing much of the assistance which has given to the *Quarterly Magazine* a peculiar and original character. He could not hesitate in his choice. He would not commit his own opinions to an inexperienced and incautious dictation; and he prefers the discontinuance of the work to conducting it with diminished talent. He has therefore to announce that the present Number of the *Quarterly Magazine* will be the last.

To those individuals, as distinguished for their consistency, and kindness as for their ability, who would have continued their exertions to this Miscellany, the Publisher has to return his most grateful thanks. It will ever be a satisfaction to him that of some of these, the first public services to the cause of Literature have been made in his humble field; and of others that they have brought to him the full vigour of those talents which had previously received the most conclusive encouragement.

The *Quarterly Magazine* will be bound in three volumes, price 36s.

Pall-Mall East,
November 30, 1824.

KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

AT this time of the year, when the periodical emigration of the inhabitants of the British islands takes place, we think of hazarding a few desultory hints to those of our countrymen, who are on the eve of crossing the channel; to proceed, some in search of health, pleasure, or information, on the banks of the Seine, or of the Po, or on the shores of the "dark blue sea." We have styled this article the "Flight of the Swallows," from the French proverbial appellation of *le passage des Hirondelles*, which our facetious neighbours have adopted, when speaking of the annual influx of the children of the Bull family on the shores of laughter-loving France.

We have been travellers ourselves, and we offer to our brother pilgrims the result of some of our own observations on travelling, its advantages and disadvantages, and the different ways of deriving profit or amusement from our peregrinations.

Cloyiness, and a feeling of disappointment, the destruction of the finer attributes of the mind, are often the results of much travelling. Few of the moral causes of excitement and enthusiasm will bear a close examination. The spirit of analysis like the glass of Ruggiero in Ariosto, produces a complete disenchantment. The experience of this might prove useful if we could always replace harmless illusions by something better. But this is not the case. How many mistaken notions there are about the words honour and glory, and yet these notions are often conducive to the security and general welfare of the community. What are most national songs when analyzed? Will the sense, and construction of the words stand the test of logic? And yet in the hour of danger, when the country is threatened by an invading foe, where is the heart that does not throb with increased quickness at the sound of the martial strain? How many brave men have become soldiers, at the notes of the Marseillois hymn, of *A la guerra, a la guerra Españoles*, and of *Rule Britannia*!

The same remark is applicable to travelling. If we travel with a splenetic spirit, we shall find out that the noblest remains of antiquity are but useless cumbersome piles, heaps of shapeless stones and rubbish: the Pantheon, to use the words quoted by Sterne, but a huge cockpit; the Forum nothing but a beast market; and the dwellings of Pompeii little better than stables or pig-styes. Then adieu to our classical recollections, and to all the soul-lifting impressions we derived in early youth, and which often serve man in lieu of principle, to keep him from debasement. I have seen many instances of the withering result of too close an investigation of those subjects which are connected more with the heart and fancy, than with the logical powers of the mind. I met once at Lyons a gentleman of education, who had just visited Italy; he said he was heartily tired of it, sick, disappointed, and concluded with observing, that Paris was, after all, the place for a gentleman to live in, and there he was hastening again. I also was coming from Italy at this time, leaving the Alps behind me with the most poignant feelings of regret!

It has been my lot to visit several of the principal countries of Europe. I remained a year or two in the Spanish Peninsula, and there I saw a people bent under a load of national prejudices of every sort, yet susceptible of fine feelings, which were miserably distorted, by mistaken notions and contracted ideas. I felt no regret in leaving the Iberian shores, and came to England: I found a country of calculation and system, of squares and rules, artificial, but harmonious; imposing, though not cheering,—a country, in which I was daily hurt at many things I saw, and yet, where the sum total of my impressions, after a residence of some months, was satisfactory. After the peace I visited France, with feelings of curiosity, sharpened by all I had heard and read of the great nation. I found the great nation neither so great, nor so affected; as it had been represented to me; I met a large mixture of characters, the natural result of their forced intercourse, during twenty years, with all the nations of Europe. Thence I went to Switzerland, the country of morality and republican virtue; I found great pretensions to both, and great intolerance towards those who did not acknowledge those claims *à toto*. The best thing I saw in Switzerland was real family affection, carried to a higher degree than in any other country I knew. But a winter passed on the banks of the Lemman set me totally asleep; my ideas were frozen, and yet the people around me did not complain of the same soporific influence. The only person who shared my feelings was a Frenchman, who, however, with that astonishing pliancy which is the happy gift of his countrymen, drew from the monotony of the scene fresh food for his vanity; now and then observing, with a shrug of the

shoulders, that it was a pity those Alps, which were in view, never altered their position. I think he would have liked to see them dance a minuet. Another fellow sufferer was an English lady, married in the country, who observed one day at table, that she had never thought so much of death, as since she had come to Switzerland.

From Switzerland, I proceeded in the spring to fair Italy; but what shall I say of that unfortunate country. I found the people still as I had left them ten years before,—as I had found them ten years previous to that,—as my father and grandfather had known them before me,—as all their poets, historians, and politicians, have described them for the last five centuries, from the times of old Dante, to those of Alfieri; divided in habits, language, and opinions, divided, in short, in every thing: disputing about words and trifles; disliking each other more than they do strangers, and yet every one of them partial to his respective district and municipality, but without any enlarged feeling of attachment to Italy, except—on paper. With such materials, what hope is there? Things must take their course; trials will follow trials, and the result will be adjourned *sine die*. Still the work of change will proceed, though slowly; first in the minds, then in the hearts of the people; and, in the course of a few generations, some useful fruits may be produced. But we shall not see them.

With this persuasion I bade farewell to all dreams of glorious futurity, and I became more individualized. I thought, that although nations cannot be altered and improved agreeably to our wishes, yet men may; and this gave a new turn to my ideas.

Every nation has its own atmosphere, which extends more or less over its immediate neighbours. This atmosphere is formed of the habits, language, feelings, and humour of the people; and it spreads in general from the more civilized and more influential country to the inferior one. Thus a native of Savoy, or Nice, although under an Italian Government, is more than half French; a Piedmontese, somewhat less; a Vaudois is more French than German; a Livonian is more German than Russian. This instinctive influence, however, is distinct from that of the mind, which is felt at a distance, across mountains and seas, but only by a small class of people. England, besides her great moral influence over the thinking world, has also this atmosphere of habits and feelings, which, however, extends chiefly along the coasts of the ocean, and over distant colonies. The countries nearest to her, on the continent of Europe, feel least of it. Cross the channel, and you are more completely out of the English atmosphere, than you would be in North America or in India. Therefore, the traveller, in passing over from England to the continent, begins to see things under a different aspect; his mental

horizon becomes enlarged; he perceives the being of many little worlds, in this, our world, all co-existing and thriving at the same time, though by very different means.

We travellers labour under very great disadvantages. We are strangers to every man, and every man is a stranger to us. The natives of the countries through which we wander look upon us with little or no sympathy, and often with suspicion or envy. What can we have in common with them? We may, for a time, make them beguile a tedious hour in talking to them of outlandish customs or wonders; we may amuse them, and pique their curiosity; but as soon as we are out of sight, the real interests by which they are surrounded resume their influence over them, and we are forgotten. We come in contact with them merely at a point of their sphere, and are immediately off again at a tangent; we can never enter the circle of their habitual pursuits and feelings. They look upon us as privileged idlers, feeding upon the fat of their land, without doing any thing for it. The Portuguese, in 1810, said the English had come to their country to eat their beef, because they were starving at home. The Neapolitans think that foreigners go to Naples chiefly to feast upon their macaroni, and their oysters del Fusaro. One of them very good-naturedly expressed his commiseration towards me, because I was going to leave his fine country. Many Frenchmen think that foreigners taste real enjoyment only when they are within the barriers of Paris. The Swiss, proud of his mountains and lakes, makes you admire them every day, and by repeatedly forcing your attention, destroys the charm at last. I have looked almost every hour of the day for months together at the beautiful prospect of the lake of Geneva, and the mountains of Savoy, until, at length, they had no more effect upon me than the sight of an old brick wall in the city of London has now. In the same manner I have felt tired of Posilipo, have been extremely prosaic at the tomb of Virgil, and have often wished Vesuvius a thousand miles off.

With regard to the sentiments of travellers towards each other, I shall ask those who are endowed with strong national feelings, whether they have any exquisite gratification in meeting their countrymen in their travels? Are they not often disappointed, or ashamed, or vexed at their blunders, vulgarity, or shabbiness? An Englishman of my acquaintance, residing at Naples, had resolved to avoid all the principal restaurateurs, for fear, he said, of meeting some of his pompous brethren. And really the absurdities that we heard from some of them were a sufficient ground for my friend's dislike. Travellers, when they meet their own countrymen, seem to shun and turn their noses up at them: "We don't travel to see our own countrymen." Travellers of

the same nation scan and criticise each other much more than they do natives. The English carry this further than any other people. They seem to be afraid of contamination. This often puzzles foreigners, who good-naturedly think that two Englishmen ought to be friends whenever they meet, and in every part of the world; and are quite surprised to see them sit as far asunder as possible, and as demure as virgin coyness.

As to travellers of various nations, whom one is apt to meet in the course of one's journey, there is your plodding German, either a profound erudite, a virtuoso, or an enthusiast just come from the University; minute and punctilious, but generally equitable, honest, and inclined to render justice to the good qualities of other people. There is your imitative Russian, mostly a man of pleasure, whose feelings or fancy stand but little in his way; prodigal through vanity; mixing the haughtiness of a feudal lord with the assumed *nonchalance* of a French Seigneur; by no means a rigorist in principle,—often a liberal in theory, though generally an ultra in practice; in short, a complete man of the world. Quick, lively, insinuating; the Russians have been styled the Frenchmen of the North. They are the only people that attempt to rival the English as travellers: some of their noblemen are enormously rich; they patronise artists, purchase paintings, and live really *en grand Seigneur*. And thus they play their part.

As for the Frenchman, the real genuine Frenchman, he is truly a delightful subject. His self-complacency, his excessive politeness,—which is, however, seldom troublesome, for his politeness is real, although his kindness is often pretended,—his boastful exaggerations about France and its capital; his national vanity and excellent opinion of himself; his continual comparisons to the advantage of his own country, which he thrusts in the face of strangers, who take them as a matter of course, Frenchmen being privileged in this respect,—all these are peculiarly his own. It is idle for an Englishman, a German, an Italian, or Spaniard, to attempt to catch at the light and ready wit of a Frenchman, at his elasticity, and at the often real gracefulness with which he does the most trivial, and says the most unmeaning things. The attempts of foreigners to imitate him, only expose them to ridicule; the vivacity of a Frenchman is like the spirit of his champagne, it evaporates in an instant, and almost before you can taste it. The German, who on arriving at the first French inn, thought himself inspired by the genius of the country; and exclaimed—*Ch' apprend à etre fif*—*hé! hé!* while he was only noisy, and jumped clumsily over chairs and tables, upsetting bottles and decanters, was affording a coarse but not incorrect illustration of the vanity of attempting to imitate

French vivacity. But even were a foreigner to succeed in the attempt, it would probably be at the expense of more valuable qualities;—it were like selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

Speaking of travellers, however, the English are all and every thing. England is a land of wonders, and its travellers are not the least of its wonders. No nation in Europe,—no party or sect, can make out the English. The Bonapartist, the Ultra, the Liberal, all stare in amazement at them; the English are a complete riddle to the rest of the Continent. The fact is, that Continental people look to a unity of character and opinions, which the English will never submit to. Yet among the myriads of English travellers, it is easy to find men suited to every one's taste. You meet among them with philosophers, philanthropists, literati, virtuosi, men of the world, men of pleasure, scholars, politicians, men of science, and men of speculation. An Italian lady used to say, that if the English were to take half the pains to please in foreign company that the Frenchmen do, they would certainly be preferred.

There is your grave Spaniard, most decidedly and most unpleasantly national; few of that nation, however, are to be met on the high roads; there is your Swiss, half sentimental, half blunt, aiming at wit; your Italian, apparently solid, yet internally as quick as mercury; your Dane, Swede, Norwegian; but it would be too long to enumerate all the tribes; *de minimis non curat*.

Oh! that most indescribable vehicle, a French diligence! There you have the best chance of meeting with specimens of all these different characters. The captives in the inside being eased up, and the door closed upon them, their tongues, ears, and eyes are the only parts of their bodies having full play, while the ponderous machine rolls slowly on at the rate of four knots an hour. The live luggage in it is completely separated from all the rest of the world, much more so than in an English coach; for in France you travel mostly through a solitude, having only a distant *cavansera* to look to, and the conducteur, an amphibious being who partakes of the policeman, soldier and guard, tells you before hand that you must not expect more than one meal a day. In this moving bastille, the unfortunate, inquisitive, splenetic, and simple travellers are all brought into close contact with each other; acquaintances are made, stories told, confessions brought out, intrigues carried on,—all precious materials for novelists. Then sometimes a mixture of strange tongues and outlandish oaths forms a most delectable discord. There you see a man throughout all his phases,—in his night cap and morning *deshabille*, before his breakfast and ablutions, peevish before dinner, and flushed after

it, prey and sleepy in the evening, and snoring and stretching during the night. Oh what a place for study a diligence is! I don't think there were any diligences in Sterne's time; no, it must be a revolutionary invention introduced by those amiable patriots, the terrorists, to find out the real character of their countrymen, and deal with them accordingly. However, vive la diligence!

There is in our days a particular class of travellers, who, instead of writing an account of the nations they have visited, actually bring home with them the very form and spirit of those nations, and dramatize them. They are with regard to the moral features of a country, what the panoramas, dioramas, and all the rest of the *ramas* are to the material appearance of it. First, in this class stands the inimitable Mathews. He is a real dramatic traveller; he personifies a whole nation, whether Irish, French, or German, with the most striking correctness. Of his American characters, I cannot well judge; yet there are many touches in them which have appeared to me as wearing the stamp of likeness. He has carried his delicacy to an amiable excess, in avoiding every thing that might give offence to those transatlantic republicans; and in this he seems to have followed strictly the exhortations of his own Mr. Pennington, whom I sincerely esteem, but with whom I beg leave to differ. Two such nations as England and America sprung out of the same source, and afterwards rent asunder by a violent shock; pursuing now the same career of industry and commerce; both aiming at maritime supremacy,—two such nations may esteem one another, but as to affection, nationally speaking, it must be out of the question. The efforts of philanthropists ought therefore to be directed to redress misrepresentations and expose slander. Let the English and the Americans know each other thoroughly, such as they are, and they will respect each other, and avoid, as much as the complicated machinery of national interests will allow, that their respective views should clash.

Other travellers, such as the lamented Belzoni, Mr. Bullock, and several more, come nearer to the description of artists. They import the relics of distant countries; they arrange them for your examination, and leave you the agreeable task of supplying the links which are found wanting between those mysterious memorials, and nations and empires, long since sunk into oblivion.

There are also poetical travellers, such as De Staël, Byron, Chateaubriand, Nodier, and others, who embody the whole mind of a nation and mix it with their own; you recognise in their descriptions some general characteristics, although you seldom can trace out individual ones. When Byron paints individuals, his colours are beautiful; the traits separately taken are all in nature;

but the aggregate figure is ideal, the offspring of his fancy. Where is a Conrad, a Gulnare, or a Giaour to be found? They are of the same race as the Malek Adhels, the Atalas, and the Corinnas. Yet, when Byron, assuming the pencil of Guido, sketches out tamer and milder characters, such as a Zuleika, a Medora, or a Julia, then he paints true nature,—the nature of the countries he has visited, and where the originals of his pictures are daily to be met with.

I shall say little of the writers of prose travels and journals. They are divided in many classes; there are still to be met in our days, as in those of Sterne, the Smelfunguses and the Mungunguses, the sentimental and the dogmatical, the grave and the satirical travellers. This branch of literature has considerably advanced within a few years, but is yet susceptible of much greater improvement.

The antiquarian, the amateur, the naturalist, the bibliomaniac, all these are useful travellers,—useful not so much to the countries they visit, but to those they belong to. The collectors of paintings, statues, and manuscripts, I look upon as a sort of lawful invaders; yet, when they come and strip the Italian palaces of their most valuable treasures in exchange for their gold lumber, I am not surprised if the natives feel an instinctive jealousy against them. But so fate has decreed! And if the proprietors of those master-pieces of the arts stand in need of gold to prop up their falling fortunes, it is better for them to part upon fair terms with the ornaments of their galleries, than to be plundered of them by the next conqueror who may cross the Alps, or land upon the Ausonian shores, whether in the name of social order or liberty, of religion or philosophy, but with the invariable object of making his assistance dearly purchased by his protégés.

There is a class of itinerant writers of memoranda, whom one is almost afraid of falling in with for fear they should intrude upon one's privacy, and put one's name in print with a biographical account of one's birth, adventures, and political and religious sentiments; to the no small annoyance, inconvenience, and even danger of the party principally concerned. These people have become a real nuisance in our times.

The above are some of the principal classes of travellers; but I am far from having exhausted the subject, for who can count the leaves of the forest? I shall leave to the judgment of my readers to choose amongst the various characters. I have hastily sketched those whom they will resemble in their travels.

The advantages which are to be derived from travelling in our days are of a superior nature. Men of distant countries, and of all classes of society, see each other, know each other, and acknowledge readily one common nature, and common feelings,

and sympathies. Formerly, most travellers examined, chiefly, paintings, monuments, inanimate things; now, they study man, the noblest work in the creation. We can trace, in almost every country of Europe, a gradual development of the mental qualities, which is in the end favoured even by those momentary obstacles, which short-sighted people look upon as irremediably fatal to the progress of the mind; those obstacles often serve to correct the aberrations of genius, and to chasten the works of fancy. Meantime, individuals are enabled to range through the regions of research; sciences, arts, and letters are mutually assisting each other; many illusions and prejudices are falling to the ground in every direction; and, even in those countries we are apt to consider as most unenlightened, the condition of society is much improved within the last twenty years.

Impressed with this persuasion, the traveller will find himself well qualified to visit new countries in such a manner as to gain the good graces of the natives, and preserve at the same time the esteem of his countrymen. Let him set out with the conviction that man is by nature every where in a state of progressive improvement, that every one of us can assist in this progress, though we cannot always expect to direct it. Then it is of little consequence to which part of the compass he turns his steps, for the world lies before him like an immense garden, in every partition of which he will find many plants to be admired, others to be used, and some to be avoided. "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry it is all barren."

ITALY AND THE ITALIANS*.

THERE is perhaps no country upon which more has been written, and of which less has been understood, than Italy. Her magnificent scenery, her glorious works of art, are familiar to all of us. Our earliest associations of beauty lead us to the land of classical recollections; and whether, with the records of her military, or the proofs of her intellectual, greatness, we trace her through her phases of youthfulness, maturity, and decay,—or go onwards to her sacred triumphs of Art and Letters, after her long sleep of barbarism, she is still the land of proud and heroic remembrances—the land in which genius and enthusiasm still delight to find a resting-place. But her people have been neglected

* Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century; a view of the civil, political, and moral state of that country, &c., by A. VIEUSSEUX, 2 vols. C. Knight.

in this love for her monuments; the past has thrown its gigantic shadows over the present; and the vast and the obscure have turned away our thoughts from the tangible and the familiar. Travellers have gone to Italy, not to estimate the character of her inhabitants—to examine her forms of government—or to learn the influence of her climate, her history, and her literature, upon the popular mind—but to describe the remains of her ancient splendour, and the less perishable trophies of her modern taste. It is delightful, with Eustace, to wander over the magic scenes which Virgil and Horace have described; or, with Forsyth, to understand all the proportions and details of those master-pieces of architectural grandeur, which the Rome of Augustus and the Rome of Leo have equally presented to an admiring world. But there was still wanting a traveller who would lead us through Italy, with a view, not indeed of passing by her monuments with indifference, but of making them subordinate to a faithful description of the people who still dwell in this region of beauty. The want of such a description has rendered Italy the subject of ceaseless errors and exaggerations;—and her natives have constantly been the objects of inflated hopes and extravagant censure. They have at one and the same moment been called upon to snap the yoke of their complicated despotisms, and execrated as a servile and enervate race, incapable of freedom; they have been conjured to remember the inheritance of their ancient glory, and pronounced incapable of any lofty and ennobling principles of action. The political condition of Italy has thus, in this country, been too generally misunderstood; and the very charm of that common name which the inhabitants of her states bear, has blinded us to the difficulties and absurdities of expecting a consistent identification of interests, which a thousand prejudices and habits and accidents have tended to disunite.

The author before us is an Italian—we believe a Florentine;—and he is thus better prepared to speak of the internal condition of his country, than those who have travelled through Italy for the gratification of particular pursuits of taste and learning, or for the establishment of particular prejudices in politics and religion. He has thus been enabled to observe and describe the peculiarities of the Italian character, with more accuracy than any of his predecessors. His book is neither a hastily and prettily-got-up volume of travels—nor is it a formal treatise upon the civil institutions and the popular temper of the Italian states. It is a very happy union of the description of particular scenes, and of general reflections growing out of those scenes—reflections which have evidently their origin in a mild and tolerant, but yet an acute and discriminating, mind. One of the most remarkable features of the book is, that being the composition of an Italian evidently writing

and thinking in English, the style is excessively pure and spirited—now and then tinged with a foreign idiom which is the evidence of its genuineness; but occasionally rising almost into poetry, and generally spirited and flowing. It is sometimes rather abrupt, and sometimes wanting in clearness; but this we believe proceeds from the difference in the genius of his native language and that in which he writes.

The more important parts of the work before us are unquestionably those which relate to the religion and politics of the countries which he describes. In a country where catholicism has still a deep root, and where its civil institutions are partially opposed to the altered character of its people, religion and politics must form very important features in any estimate of national character. Upon politics it may be well to hear our author's own professions:

I have noticed the subject of Italian politics in a general sense, abstaining as much as possible from party questions, and endeavouring to be as impartial as a human being can, who courts no smiles and fears no frowns. A friend of rational liberty, I have been taught by experience to mistrust and fear that mania for violent changes, and those schemes of perfectibility, which have in our times deluged Europe with blood, and filled it with misery. A revolution is, at best, but an exchange of the certain for the uncertain; and nothing but a state of intolerable oppression, which fortunately is very rare in modern times, should reconcile an honest man to so doubtful a chance.

Upon both these important subjects we think the writer of "*Italy and the Italians*" differs essentially from those who have preceded him.

Eustace spoke of religion as a conscientious Catholic; and although enlightened in his belief, yet his very natural prepossession in favour of his own faith renders his judgment somewhat questionable to us Protestants. He speaks, it is true, of the former inordinate pretensions of the Church of Rome, of the authority of the Councils as above that of the Pope, and of other points which have often been subjects of contention between Italians and ultramontane controversialists; but still, of the unity of the Roman Church, of the inherited supremacy of the Popes, and of the other essential dogmas of Catholicism, it is evident that Eustace entertained not the smallest doubt.

Forsyth, on the other hand, was a sturdy Protestant, and, as such, imbibed with no small share of dislike, bordering upon contempt, for all the essentials as well as the appendages of Catholicism. There is a sneer at times hovering upon his sentences: he is, perhaps, more severe than equitable. This is certainly not a qualification for describing Italy to advantage; nay, not even truly; for there is much that is poetical essentially connected with Italy, with its customs and with its religion; and a man who does not feel this seems to us to lose one half of what is to be felt in that

country. There poetry becomes reality, although to us, in our more sober latitude, it may appear inconsistent with truth and strict judgment.

A third writer upon Italy, Lady Morgan, has displayed upon this interesting subject a most philosophical impartiality, which, however, may not suit those of her readers who are still conscientiously attached to their respective creeds. Her ladyship seems to make little distinction between Catholic and Protestant: she even indulges in what she thinks comparisons between Catholic and Episcopal forms, apparently to the advantage of neither church. We are far from wishing to define what her sentiments are on the subject.

The author before us seems to have kept a sort of medium, which is as desirable as it is rare. He is evidently, as he himself says in his preface, intimately acquainted with the religion of Italy; his early impressions are connected with the gorgeous rites and truly solemn grandeur of that worship; there is also a tinge of pensiveness spread here and there over his book, which we suspect is derived from the same source. Yet by some coincidence, to us unknown, and in which we are far from wishing to pry, he seems to have been early aware of the hollowness of some of the dogmas of the Roman church, and above all, of the overgrown abuses in its discipline. These he does not conceal; he does not even wish to conceal: he only, however, reminds us that they are the natural offspring of man's imperfection; that they are to be found in other communions, although, perhaps, in a lesser degree. But what he contends for, and we confess we think with some fairness, although with no small degree of energy, is, that the Catholic religion, with all its faults, has very many redeeming qualities. We cannot deny this, either in the spirit of philosophy, or what is better, of our common Christianity.

The distinctions we have endeavoured to draw between these writers on Italy, on the subject of religion, hold good, in many respects, with regard to political prepossessions. Between these two important matters of human thought and action there is a well-known affinity. Eustace was a quiet and benignant man, naturally attached to monarchical forms, as more consonant to the hierarchical order of his faith. Yet he was an English subject, and, as such, his dislike of despotism very strongly shews itself, especially where that despotism is combined with a contempt of religious principles. Forsyth hates despotism too; and he had *felt* the despotism of the French. The third writer we have already mentioned, Lady Morgan, differs in this from the other two, by taking an extreme view of things. In all established governments she sees nothing but abuses, and hardly any thing to praise; nay, even of the government of Napoleon, who is a

favourite with most of those who are opposed to existing monarchies, she speaks in a manner that has called forth the severe censure of an Italian*, who reproaches her with having blamed without foundation the conduct of the late emperor and of his Viceroy Eugene, in those points of their administration in which they rendered real service to Italy. In short, nothing past or present seems to accord with her dreams of social improvement; and we are still in the dark as to what is the form of society to which Lady Morgan would please to give the preference, were she called to the office of legislating for an empire—an office for the due discharge of which she never entertains the smallest doubt of her own infallible discretion.

The author before us, on the contrary, blames what is really blameless in the old government, and he praises what is really to be praised in the administration of Napoleon; of whom he, differently from most of his cotemporaries, speaks temperately, and without either rancour or partiality. He even admires him as First Consul, in which perhaps he goes further than we are inclined to do; he then proceeds through the stormy and desolating career of the Empire, stating merely facts, and hardly hazarding his own remarks. The facts however are of such magnitude, and of such a dark hue, that comments are perfectly unnecessary. It is easy to see that he execrates the rule of the French in Italy, and we do not blame him for this hatred. But his feelings are always guided by a strict adherence to truth. His admirable "Historical Sketch of the North of Italy under the French," to which we can only allude, is written with a truly philosophical moderation.

We must proceed, however, to give our readers some notion of the character of this work, by a few extracts.

We perhaps cannot easily find a more favourable opinion of our author's sustained style, than the following passage—distinguishing between Northern and Southern Italy:

It is in the Southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy,—the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections,—the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly to the South that belong the romantic scenes described by poets and travellers;—the beautiful moonlight nights, the glowing azure of the sky,—the dark blue sea,—the purple tinged mountains,—the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies.

There the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello were inspired. The wonders of Michel Angelo, the temple of St. Peter, as well as the Coliseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante, of Macchiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Caesar, and of Cicero.

* *Lettere à Miledi Morgan. Edinburgh, Tait, 1824.*

The North of Italy is the country of plenty,—less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Correggio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The North has given the best soldiers; the South the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the South is colossal and imposing; that of the North is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The North is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant but monotonous;—roads wide, level, and straight; never-ending avenues of trees; the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Apennines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dullness of the scene. In the South, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags;—torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder, and at other scenes reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of their rocky beds;—wide, uncultivated plains, strewn with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men;—and in the midst of these, the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Farther inland are seen ruinous castles and towers perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chestnut-trees and wild solitary glens. More to the South, the rich plains of Campania and of Apulia; the lovely shores of Parthenope, encircled by the frowning Apennines, which rise bolder and higher and wilder as they extend further South, until, at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state: full of uncultivated genius; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic, deeds.

The Italians of the North have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss, and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe, they have more the features of a modern nation, and are more likely to form one; they have, in short, the good and the bad qualities of modern civilized Europe.

The Italians of the South (with the exception of Tuscany, in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from other nations; they have more of the personal independence of half civilized people, although living under absolute governments; they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller,—all three beautiful and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian

urbanity and elegance; and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of institutions, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former state. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the siren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement; the country of the senses, but the country also of imagination.

This description really approaches to the poetical,—but such an elevated tone would be painful if carried to excess in a familiar book of Travels. Inflation of sentiment is by no means a vice of this writer; he depicts ordinary scenes in a smooth and level style, and he generally paints with clearness and spirit. By some readers the views of scenery may be considered too abounding; but in truth these constitute the greatest and the lasting charm of Italy. It is a poetical country, and it is impossible to speak feelingly of Italy without imbibing some of its poetry.

We had intended to select a few descriptions of the State of Manners in Italy, but our limits will not permit this. The poverty of the lower classes at Naples is a painful picture:

A stranger can hardly form an idea of the poverty which the interior of poor Neapolitan families exhibits. Several generations are huddled together on the naked floor in a garret, or on the ground-floor; old and young; healthy and infirm; males and females, to the utter destruction of health, morals, and all remains of rationality. Some live actually in the streets, many in the boats, and these are the best off. Such is the state of the lower classes, including most of those who live by daily labour, and who constitute perhaps one third of the inhabitants of this city. There is scarcely any thing here to be compared to the middling classes of England. There are few intermediate steps between indigence and riches; between want and luxury. It is really distressing to see such a number of wretched beings, and appalling to think how easily they might be led astray to commit any crimes, as has been the case in times of political convulsions. The wonder is, how they keep quiet at all, and it must be said, that amongst all their vices, these people are not naturally malignant or sulky; they are, on the contrary, rather good natured when not provoked by immediate want or oppression. Women, particularly, have a look of carelessness and joviality in the midst of all their miseries which is truly astonishing. They are fully susceptible of a better condition, and the greater pity it is that they should be left in such a state of degradation. But many causes conspire to keep them down to it, which perhaps originate in part with the climate and nature of their country, and with their own physical and moral qualities.

The futility of the attempts made within these few years to revolutionize the Italian States, is exposed by this writer in a way that will not render him popular with ultra-liberals; but which deserves the attentive consideration of all those who wish to form a just estimate of the capacity of Italy for a general system of representative government. The hasty experiments which have been tried are spoken of, we think, with merited reprobation. He thus notices the attempt to introduce the Spanish Constitution;—

The proclamation of the Spanish constitution at Cadiz, in the beginning of 1830, attracted the attention of the Neapolitan liberals, especially as their country was connected with Spain by old habits and recollections, and by a close relationship between their respective sovereigns. They therefore, unfortunately perhaps for the cause of liberty, having no national model of a free constitution, determined upon adopting that one just proclaimed in Spain.

Unluckily, the constitution of Spain, like that of France in 1793, seems more adapted for some island in the Indian ocean than for an European kingdom.—For a monarchy, it is by far too democratic; it leaves the executive too weak and powerless; it destroys the gradations of rank, to which Europe has been accustomed for so many centuries, and with which all her institutions and recollections are connected: considered as a democracy, it retains the incumbrances, superfluous in a republic, of an hereditary king, a court, an expensive civil list, and kingly prerogatives, which are so many difficulties in the way of the sovereign power which is supposed to reside in the nation. Such a government must necessarily clash with the old governments of Europe; as the executive, with which they must treat in their political intercourse cannot give sufficient guarantee for its acts, and has not sufficient latitude in its external measures. It seemed, therefore, that the question resolved itself to this: either all Europe must adopt the principles of the Spanish constitution, or be in a state, however disguised, of hostility with the country that has adopted it.—Constitutional governments, such as those of England, France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Bavaria, and other states, in which there is a proper balance of power, preserve perfectly well their relations with absolute monarchies. Republics, like Switzerland or America, can also very well preserve their friendly intercourse with both. But the constitution of Spain was not sufficiently decided or candid either way—it was not a republic, and it was not a monarchy, although it retained the elements of both in a state of fermentation. This was at least the light in which the constitution of Spain was considered by the monarchical party throughout Europe.

In his political views of society, Mr. Vieusseux, although he appears perfectly sensible of the futility of expecting too great perfection in man, yet seems to fall at times into the error he animadverts upon. He seems to desire a moderation in the great discussions of mankind, which we are afraid will never be met with. However such sentiments are useful, for even if they are not followed up, still they serve to allay the fever of party spirit, in an age when moderation is still required on every side.

In his description of the social state of modern Rome, we believe there is much truth; yet we cannot share in his feelings of despondency about the future prospects of that metropolis. We think that an enlightened Government might by degrees restore that interesting part of Italy to a degree of prosperity more solid than the fictitious wealth and splendour which were centered in Rome during the proud ages of pontifical power.

His work concludes with a Treatise on Modern Italian Literature. The author was perhaps confined within particular limits; but upon this interesting ground, almost untrodden in this country, we should have been glad to have taken a wider range.

A CONVERSATION

BETWEEN MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY, AND MR. JOHN MILTON, TOUCHING THE
GREAT CIVIL WAR.

SET DOWN BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

*"Refere sermones Deorum et
Magna modis tenuare parvis."*—HORACE:

I HAVE thought it good to set down in writing a memorable debate, wherein I was a listener, and two men of pregnant parts and great reputation discoursers; hoping that my friends will not be displeased to have a record both of the strange times through which I have lived, and of the famous men with whom I have conversed. It chanced, in the warm and beautiful spring of the year 1665, a little before the saddest summer that ever London saw, that I went to the Bowling-Green at Piccadilly, whither, at that time, the best gentry made continual resort. There I met Mr. Cowley, who had lately left Barnelms. There was then a house preparing for him at Chertsey, and till it should be finished, he had come up for a short time to London, that he might urge a suit to his Grace of Buckingham touching certain lands of her Majesty's, whereof he requested a lease. I had the honour to be familiarly acquainted with that worthy gentleman and most excellent poet, whose death hath been deplored with as general a consent of all Powers that delight in the woods, or in verse, or in love, as was of old that of Daphnis or of Gallus.

After some talk, which it is not material to set down at large, concerning his suit and his vexations at the court, where indeed his honesty did him more harm than his parts could do him good, I entreated him to dine with me at my lodging in the Temple, which he most courteously promised. And that so eminent a guest might not lack a better entertainment than cooks or vintners can provide, I sent to the house of Mr. John Milton, in the Artillery-Walk, to beg that he would also be my guest. For, though he had been secretary, first to the Council of State, and after that, to the Protector; and Mr. Cowley had held the same post under the Lord St. Albans in his banishment, I hoped, notwithstanding, that they would think themselves rather united by their common art than divided by their different factions. And so indeed it proved. For while we sate at table, they talked freely of many men and things, as well ancient as modern, with much-civility. Nay, Mr. Milton, who seldom tasted wine, both because of his singular temperance and because of his gout, did more than once pledge Mr. Cowley, who was indeed no hermit in

18 *Conversation between Mr. Cowley and Mr. Milton,*

diet. At last, being heated, Mr. Milton begged that I would open the windows. "Nay," said I, "if you desire fresh air and coolness, what should hinder us, as the evening is fair, from sailing for an hour on the river?" To this they both cheerfully consented, and forth we walked, Mr. Cowley and I leading Mr. Milton between us, to the Temple Stairs. There we took a boat, and thence we were rowed up the river.

The wind was pleasant; the evening fine; the sky, the earth, and the water beautiful to look upon. But Mr. Cowley and I held our peace, and said nothing of the gay sights around us, lest we should too feelingly remind Mr. Milton of his calamity; whereof, however, he needed no monitor: for soon he said sadly, "Ah, Mr. Cowley, you are a happy man. What would I now give but for one more look at the sun, and the waters, and the gardens of this fair city!"

"I know not," said Mr. Cowley, "whether we ought not rather to envy you for that which makes you to envy others: and that specially in this place, where all eyes which are not closed in blindness ought to become fountains of tears. What can we look upon which is not a memorial of change and sorrow, of fair things vanished, and evil things done? When I see the gate of Whitehall, and the stately pillars of the Banqueting House, I cannot choose but think of what I have there seen in former days, masques, and pageants, and dances, and smiles, and the waving of graceful heads, and the bounding of delicate feet. And then I turn to thoughts of other things, which even to remember makes me to blush and weep;—of the great black scaffold, and the axe and block, which were placed before those very windows; and the voice seems to sound in mine ears, the lawless and terrible voice, which cried out that the head of a king was the head of a traitor. There stands Westminster Hall, which who can look upon, and not tremble to think how time, and change, and death, confound the counsels of the wise, and beat down the weapons of the mighty? How have I seen it surrounded with tens of thousands of petitioners crying for justice and privilege! How have I heard it shake with fierce and proud words, which made the hearts of the people burn within them! Then it is blockaded by dragoons and cleared by pikemen. And they who have conquered their master go forth trembling at the word of their servant. And yet a little while, and the usurper comes forth from it, in his robe of ermine, with the golden staff in one hand and the Bible in the other, amidst the roaring of the guns and the shouting of the people. And yet again a little while, and the doors are thronged with multitudes in black, and the hearse and the plumes come forth; and the tyrant is borne, in more than royal pomp, to a royal sepulchre. A few days more, and his head is fixed to rot on the pinnacles of

that very hall where he sat on a throne in his life, and lay in state after his death. When I think on all these things, to look round me makes me sad at heart. True it is that God hath restored to us our old laws, and the rightful line of our kings. Yet, how I know not, but it seems to me that something is wanting—that our court hath not the old gravity, nor our people the old loyalty. These evil times, like the great deluge, have overwhelmed and confused all earthly things. And, even as those waters, though at last they abated, yet, as the learned write, destroyed all trace of the garden of Eden, so that its place hath never since been found, so hath this opening of all the flood-gates of political evil effaced all marks of the ancient political paradise.”

“Sir, by your favour,” said Mr. Milton, “though, from many circumstances both of body and of fortune, I might plead fairer excuses for despondency than yourself, I yet look not so sadly either on the past or on the future. That a deluge hath passed over this our nation, I deny not. But I hold it not to be such a deluge as that of which you speak; but rather a blessed flood, like those of the Nile, which in its overflow doth indeed wash away ancient landmarks, and confound boundaries, and sweep away dwellings, yea, doth give birth to many foul and dangerous reptiles. Yet hence is the fulness of the granary, the beauty of the garden, the nurture of all living things.

“I remember well, Mr. Cowley, what you have said concerning these things in your Discourse of the Government of Oliver Cromwell, which my friend Elwood read to me last year. Truly, for elegance and rhetoric, that essay is to be compared with the finest tractates of Isocrates and Cicero. But neither that nor any other book, nor events which, with most men, have, more than any book, weight and authority, have altered my opinion, that of all assemblies that ever were in this world, the best and the most useful was our Long Parliament. I speak not this as wishing to provoke debate, which neither yet do I decline.”

Mr. Cowley was, as I could see, a little nettled. Yet, as he was a man of a kind disposition and a most refined courtesy, he put a force upon himself, and answered, with more vehemence and quickness indeed than was his wont, yet not uncivilly. “Surely, Mr. Milton, you speak not as you think. I am indeed one of those who believe that God hath reserved to himself the censure of kings, and that their crimes and oppressions are not to be resisted by the hands of their subjects. Yet can I easily find excuse for the violence of such as are stung to madness by grievous tyranny. But what shall we say for these men? Which of their just demands was not granted? Which even of their cruel and unreasonable requisitions, so as it were not inconsistent with all law and order, was refused? Had they not sent Strafford to the

block and Laud to the Tower? Had they not destroyed the Courts of the High Commission and the Star Chamber? Had they not reversed the proceedings confirmed by the voices of the judges of England, in the matter of ship-money? Had they not taken from the king his ancient and most lawful power touching the order of knighthood? Had they not provided that, after their dissolution, triennial parliaments should be holden, and that their own power should continue till of their great condescension they should be pleased to resign it themselves? What more could they ask? Was it not enough that they had taken from their king all his oppressive powers, and many that were most salutary? Was it not enough that they had filled his council-board with his enemies, and his prisons with his adherents? Was it not enough that they had raised a furious multitude, to shout and swagger daily under the very windows of his royal palace? Was it not enough that they had taken from him the most blessed prerogative of princely mercy; that complaining of intolerance themselves, they had denied all toleration to others; that they had urged against forms, scruples childish as those of any formalist; that they had persecuted the least remnant of the popish rites with the fiercest bitterness of the popish spirit? Must they besides all this have full power to command his armies, and to massacre his friends?

“For military command, it was never known in any monarchy, nay, in any well ordered republic, that it was committed to the debates of a large and unsettled assembly. For their other requisition that he should give up to their vengeance all who had defended the rights of his crown, his honour must have been ruined if he had complied. Is it not therefore plain that they desired these things only in order that, by refusing, his Majesty might give them a pretence for war?

“Men have often risen up against fraud, against cruelty, against rapine. But when before was it known that concessions were met with importunities, graciousness with insults, the open palm of bounty with the clenched fist of malice? Was it like trusty delegates of the Commons of England, and faithful stewards of their liberty and their wealth, to engage them for such causes in civil war, which both to liberty and to wealth, is of all things the most hostile. Evil indeed must be the disease which is not more tolerable than such a medicine. Those who, even to save a nation from tyrants, excite it to civil war, do in general but minister to it the same miserable kind of relief wherewith the wizards of Pharaoh mocked the Egyptian. We read that, when Moses had turned their waters into blood, those impious magicians intending not benefit to the thirsting people, but vain and emulous ostentation of their own art, did themselves also change into blood the water which the plague had spared. Such sad comfort do those who stir up war

minister to the oppressed. But here where was the oppression? What was the favour which had not been granted? What was the evil which had not been removed? What further could they desire?"

"These questions," said Mr. Milton, austere, "have indeed often deceived the ignorant, but that Mr. Cowley should have been so beguiled, I marvel. You ask what more the Parliament could desire? I will answer you in one word, security. What are votes, and statutes, and resolutions? They have no eyes to see, no hands to strike and avenge. They must have some safeguard from without. Many things, therefore, which in themselves were peradventure hurtful, was this Parliament constrained to ask, lest otherwise good laws and precious rights should be without defence. Nor did they want a great and signal example of this danger. I need not remind you that, many years before, the two houses had presented to the king the Petition of Right, wherein were set down all the most valuable privileges of the people of this realm. Did not Charles accept it? Did he not declare it to be law? Was it not as fully enacted as ever were any of those bills of the Long Parliament concerning which you spoke? And were those privileges therefore enjoyed more fully by the people? No: the king did from that time redouble his oppressions as if to avenge himself for the shame of having been compelled to renounce them. Then were our estates laid under shameful impositions, our houses ransacked, our bodies imprisoned. Then was the steel of the hangman blunted with mangling the ears of harmless men. Then our very minds were fettered, and the iron entered into our souls. Then we were compelled to hide our hatred, our sorrow, and our scorn, to laugh with hidden faces at the mummery of Laud, to curse under our breath the tyranny of Wentworth. Of old time it was well and nobly said by one of our kings, that an Englishman ought to be free as his thoughts. Our prince reversed the maxim; he strove to make our thoughts as much slaves as ourselves. To sneer at a Romish pageant, to miscall a Lord's crest, were crimes for which there was no mercy. These were all the fruits which we gathered from those excellent laws of the former Parliament, from these solemn promises of the king. Were we to be deceived again? Were we again to give subsidies, and receive nothing but promises? Were we again to make wholesome statutes, and then leave them to be broken daily and hourly, until the oppressor should have squandered another supply, and should be ready for another perjury? You ask what they could desire which he had not already granted. Let me ask of you another question. What pledge could he give which he had not already violated? From the first year of his reign, whenever he had need of the purses of his Commons to support the revels of

Buckingham or the processions of Laud, he had assured them, that as he was a gentleman and a king, he would sacredly preserve their rights. He had pawned those solemn pledges, and pawned them again and again; but when had he redeemed them? 'Upon my faith,'—'Upon my sacred word,'—'Upon the honour of a prince,'—came so easily from his lips, and dwelt so short a time on his mind, that they were as little to be trusted as the 'By these hilts' of an Alsatian dicer.

"Therefore it is that I praise this Parliament for what else I might have condemned. If what he had granted had been granted graciously and readily, if what he had before promised had been faithfully observed, they could not be defended. It was because he had never yielded the worst abuse without a long struggle, and seldom without a large bribe; it was because he had no sooner disentangled himself from his troubles than he forgot his promises; and, more like a villanous huckster than a great king, kept both the prerogative and the large price which had been paid to him to forego it; it was because of these things that it was necessary and just to bind with forcible restraints one who could be bound neither by law nor honour. Nay, even while he was making those very concessions of which you speak, he betrayed his deadly hatred against the people and their friends. Not only did he, contrary to all that ever was deemed lawful in England, order that members of the Commons House of Parliament should be impeached of high treason at the bar of the Lords; thereby violating both the trial by jury and the privileges of the House; but, not content with breaking the law by his ministers, he went himself armed to assail it. In the birth-place and sanctuary of freedom, in the House itself, nay, in the very chair of the Speaker, placed for the protection of free speech and privilege, he sat, rolling his eyes round the benches, searching for those whose blood he desired, and singling out his opposers to the slaughter. This most foul outrage fails. Then again for the old arts. Then come gracious messages. Then come courteous speeches. Then is again mortgaged his often forfeited honour. He will never again violate the laws. He will respect their rights as if they were his own. He pledges the dignity of his crown; that crown which had been committed to him for the weal of his people, and which he never named, but that he might the more easily delude and oppress them.

"The power of the sword, I grant you, was not one to be permanently possessed by parliament. Neither did that parliament demand it as a permanent possession. They asked it only for temporary security. Nor can I see on what conditions they could safely make peace with that false and wicked king, save such as would deprive him of all power to injure.

"For civil war, that it is an evil I dispute not. But that it is the greatest of evils, that I stoutly deny. It doth indeed appear to the misjudging to be a worse calamity than bad government, because its miseries are collected together within a short space and time, and may easily at one view be taken in and perceived. But the misfortunes of nations ruled by tyrants, being distributed over many centuries and many places, as they are of greater weight and number, so are they of less display. When the Devil of tyranny hath gone into the body politic he departs not but with struggles, and foaming, and great convulsions. Shall he, therefore, vex it for ever, lest, in going out he for a moment tear and rend it? Truly this argument touching the evils of war would better become my friend Elwood, or some other of the people called Quakers, than a courtier and a cavalier. It applies no more to this war than to all others, as well foreign as domestic, and; in this war, no more to the houses than to the king; nay not so much; since he by a little sincerity and moderation might have rendered that needless which their duty to God and man then enforced them to do."

"Pardon me, Mr. Milton," said Mr. Cowley "I grieve to hear you speak thus of that good king. Most unhappy indeed he was, in that he reigned at a time when the spirit of the then living generation was for freedom, and the precedents of former ages for prerogative. His case was like to that of Christopher Columbus, when he sailed forth on an unknown ocean; and found that the compass whereby he shaped his course, had shifted from the north pole whereto before it had constantly pointed. So it was with Charles. His compass varied, and therefore he could not tack aright. If he had been an absolute king he would doubtless, like Titus Vespasian, have been called the delight of the human race. If he had been a Doge of Venice, or a Stadtholder of Holland, he would never have outstepped the laws. But he lived when our government had neither clear definitions nor strong sanctions. Let, therefore, his faults be ascribed to the time. Of his virtues the praise is his own.

"Never was there a more gracious prince, or a more proper gentleman. In every pleasure he was temperate, in conversation mild and grave, in friendship constant, to his servants liberal, to his queen faithful and loving, in battle brave, in sorrow and captivity resolved, in death most Christian and forgiving.

"For his oppressions, let us look at the former history of this realm. James was never accounted a tyrant. Elizabeth is esteemed to have been the mother of her people. Were they less arbitrary? Did they never lay hands on the purses of their subjects but by Act of Parliament? Did they never confine insolent and disobedient men but in due course of law? Was the

24. *Conversation between Mr. Cowley and Mr. Milton.*

court of Star Chamber less active? Were the ears of libellers more safe? I pray you, let not king Charles be thus dealt with. It was enough that in his life he was tried for an alleged breach of laws which none ever heard named till they were discovered for his destruction. Let not his fame be treated as was his sacred and anointed body. Let not his memory be tried by principles found out *ex post facto*. Let us not judge by the spirit of one generation a man whose disposition had been formed by the temper and fashion of another."

"Nay, but conceive me, Mr. Cowley," said Mr. Milton, "inasmuch as, at the beginning of his reign, he imitated those who had governed before him, I blame him not. To expect that kings will, of their own free choice, abridge their prerogative, were argument of but slender wisdom. Whatever, therefore, lawless, unjust, or cruel, he either did or permitted during the first years of his reign, I pass by. But for what was done after that he had solemnly given his consent to the petition of right, where shall we find defence? Let it be supposed, which yet I concede not, that the tyranny of his father and of Queen Elizabeth had been no less rigorous than was his. But had his father, had that queen sworn, like him, to abstain from those rigours? Had they, like him, for good and valuable consideration, alienated their hurtful prerogatives? Surely not: from whatever excuse you can plead for him, he had wholly excluded himself. The borders of countries, we know, are mostly the seats of perpetual wars and tumults. It was the same with the undefined frontiers, which of old separated privilege and prerogative. They were the debatable land of our polity. It was no marvel if, both on the one side and on the other, inroads were often made. But when treaties have been concluded, spaces measured, lines drawn, landmarks set up, that which before might pass for innocent error or just reprisal, becomes robbery, perjury, deadly sin. He knew not, you say, which of his powers were founded on ancient law, and which only on vicious example. But had he not read the petition of right? Had not proclamation been made from his throne; *Soit fait comme il est désiré*?

"For his private virtues they are beside the question. Remember you not," and Mr. Milton smiled, but somewhat sternly, "what Dr. Caius saith in the Merry Wives of Shakspeare? 'What shall the honest man do in my closet? There is no honest man that shall come in my closet.' Even so say I. There is no good man who shall make us his slaves. If he break his word to his people, is it a sufficient defence that he keeps it to his companions? If he oppress and extort all day, shall he be held blameless because he prayeth at night and morning? If he be insatiable in plunder and revenge, shall we pass it by because in

meat and drink he is temperate? If he have lived like a tyrant, shall all be forgotten because he hath died like a martyr?

"He was a man, as I think, who had so much semblance of virtues as might make his vices most dangerous. He was not a tyrant after our wonted English model. The second Richard, the second and fourth Edwards, and the eighth Harry, were men profuse, gay, boisterous; lovers of women and of wine, of no outward sanctity or gravity. Charles was a ruler after the Italian fashion; grave, demure, of a solemn carriage, and a sober diet; as constant at prayers as a priest, as heedless of oaths as an Atheist."

Mr. Cowley answered somewhat sharply: "I am sorry, Sir, to hear you speak thus. I had hoped that the vehemence of spirit which was caused by these violent times had now abated. Yet, sure, Mr. Milton, whatever you may think of the character of King Charles, you will not still justify his murder."

"Sir," said Mr. Milton, "I must have been of a hard and strange nature, if the vehemence which was imputed to me in my younger days had not been diminished by the afflictions wherewith it hath pleased Almighty God to chasten mine age. I will not now defend all that I may heretofore have written. But this I say, that I perceive not wherefore a king should be exempted from all punishment. Is it just that where most is given least should be required? or politic that, where there is the greatest power to injure there should be no danger to restrain? But, you will say, there is no such law. Such a law there is. There is the law of self-preservation written by God himself on our hearts. There is the primal compact and bond of society, not graven on stone, nor sealed with wax, nor put down on parchment, nor set forth in any express form of words by men when of old they came together; but implied in the very act that they so came together, pre-supposed in all subsequent law, not to be repealed by any authority, not invalidated by being omitted in any code; inasmuch as from thence are all codes and all authority."

"Neither do I well see wherefore you cavaliers, and, indeed, many of us whom you merrily call Roundheads, distinguish between those who fought against King Charles, and specially after the second commission given to Sir Thomas Fairfax, and those who condemned him to death. Sure, if his person were inviolable, it was as wicked to lift the sword against it at Naseby as the axe at Whitehall. If his life might justly be taken, why not in course of trial as well as by right of war?"

"Thus much in general as touching the right. But for the execution of King Charles in particular, I will not now undertake to defend it. Death is inflicted, not that the culprit may die, but that the state may be thereby advantaged. And, from all that

I know, I think that the death of King Charles hath more hindered than advanced the liberties of England.

"First, he left an heir. He was in captivity. The heir was in freedom. He was odious to the Scots. The heir was favoured by them. To kill the captive therefore, whereby the heir, in the apprehension of all royalists, became forthwith king; what was it, in truth, but to set their captive free; and to give him besides other great advantages?"

"Next, it was a deed most odious to the people, and not only to your party, but to many among ourselves; and as it is perilous for any government to outrage the public opinion, so most was it perilous for a government which had from that opinion alone its birth, its nurture, and its defence.

"Yet, doth not this properly belong to our dispute; nor can these faults be justly charged upon that most renowned parliament. For, as you know, the high court of justice was not established until the house had been purged of such members as were adverse to the army, and brought wholly under the control of the chief officers."

"And who," said Mr. Cowley, "levied that army? Who commissioned those officers? Was not the fate of the Commons as justly deserved as was that of Diomedes, who was devoured by those horses whom he had himself taught to feed on the flesh and blood of men? How could they hope that others would respect laws which they had themselves insulted; that swords which had been drawn against the prerogatives of the king would be put up at an ordinance of the Commons? It was believed of old, that there were some devils easily raised, but never to be laid; inasmuch, that if a magician called them up, he should be forced to find them always some employment; for, though they would do all his bidding, yet, if he left them but for one moment without some work of evil to perform, they would turn their claws against himself. Such a fiend is an army. They who evoke it cannot dismiss it. They are at once its masters and its slaves. Let them not fail to find for it task after task of blood and rapine. Let them not leave it for a moment in repose, lest it tear them in pieces.

"Thus was it with that famous assembly. They formed a force which they could neither govern nor resist. They made it powerful. They made it fanatical. As if military insolence were not of itself sufficiently dangerous, they heightened it with spiritual pride,—they encouraged their soldiers to rave from the tops of tubs against the men of Belial, till every trooper thought himself a prophet. They taught them to abuse popery, till every drummer fancied that he was as infallible as a Pope.

"Then it was that religion changed her nature. She was no

longer the parent of arts and letters, of wholesome knowledge, of innocent pleasures, of blessed household smiles. In their place came sour faces, whining voices, the chattering of fools, the yells of madmen. Then men fasted from meat and drink, who fasted not from bribes and blood. Then men frowned at stage-plays, who smiled at massacres. Then men preached against painted faces, who felt no remorse for their own most painted lives. Religion had been a pole-star to light and to guide. It was now more like to that ominous star in the book of the Apocalypse, which fell from heaven upon the fountains and rivers, and changed them into wormwood; for even so did it descend from its high and celestial dwelling-place to plague this earth, and to turn into bitterness all that was sweet, and into poison all that was nourishing.

"Therefore it was not strange that such things should follow. They who had closed the barriers of London against the king could not defend them against their own creatures. They who had so stoutly cried for privilege, when that prince, most unadvisedly no doubt, came among them to demand their members, durst not wag their fingers when Oliver filled their hall with soldiers, gave their mace to a corporal, put their keys in his pocket, and drove them forth with base terms, borrowed half from the conventicle and half from the ale-house. Then were we, like the trees of the forest in holy writ, given over to the rule of the bramble; then from the basest of the shrubs came forth the fire which devoured the cedars of Lebanon. We bowed down before a man of mean birth, of ungraceful demeanour, of stammering and most vulgar utterance, of scandalous and notorious hypocrisy. Our laws were made and unmade at his pleasure; the constitution of our parliaments changed by his writ and proclamation; our persons imprisoned; our property plundered; our lands and houses overrun with soldiers; and the great charter itself was but argument for a scurrilous jest; and for all this we may thank that parliament: for never, unless they had so violently shaken the vessel, could such foul dregs have risen to the top."

Then answered Mr. Milton: "What you have now said comprehends so great a number of subjects, that it would require, not an evening's sail on the Thames, but rather a voyage to the Indies, accurately to treat of all; yet, in as few words as I may, I will explain my sense of these matters.

"First, as to the army. An army, as you have well set forth, is always a weapon dangerous to those who use it; yet he who falls among thieves spares not to fire his musketoon, because he may be slain if it burst in his hand. Nor must states refrain from defending themselves, lest their defenders should at last turn against them. Nevertheless, against this danger statesmen should

carefully provide; and, that they may do so, they should take especial care that neither the officers nor the soldiers do forget that they are also citizens. I do believe that the English army would have continued to obey the parliament with all duty, but for one act, which, as it was in intention, in seeming, and in immediate effect, worthy to be compared with the most famous in history, so was it, in its final consequence, most injurious. I speak of that ordinance called the *self-denying*, and of the new model of the army. By those measures the Commons gave up the command of their forces into the hands of men who were not of themselves. Hence, doubtless, derived no small honour to that noble assembly, which sacrificed to the hope of public good the assurance of private advantage. And, as to the conduct of the war, the scheme prospered. Witness the battle of Naseby, and the memorable exploits of Fairfax in the west; but thereby the parliament lost that hold on the soldiers and that power to control them, which they retained while every regiment was commanded by their own members. Politicians there be, who would wholly divide the legislative from the executive power. In the golden age this may have succeeded; in the millennium it may succeed again. But where great armies and great taxes are required, there the executive government must always hold a great authority, which authority, that it may not oppress and destroy the legislature, must be in some manner blended with it. The leaders of foreign mercenaries have always been most dangerous to a country. The officers of native armies, deprived of the civil privileges of other men, are as much to be feared. This was the great error of that parliament, and though an error it were, it was an error generous, virtuous, and more to be deplored than censured.

“Hence came the power of the army and its leaders, and especially of that most famous leader, whom both in our conversation to-day, and in that discourse whereon I before touched, you have, in my poor opinion, far too roughly handled. Wherefore you speak contemptibly of his parts I know not; but I suspect that you are not free from the error common to studious and speculative men. Because Oliver was an ungraceful orator, and never said, either in public or private, any thing memorable, you will have it that he was of a mean capacity. Sure this is unjust. Many men have there been ignorant of letters, without wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise, and the courage to perform, that which they lacked language to explain. Such men often, in troubled times, have worked out the deliverance of nations and their own greatness, not by logic, not by rhetoric, but by wariness in success, by calmness in danger, by fierce and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are

their eloquence; and such an one, in my judgment, was his late Highness, who, if none were to treat his name scornfully now, who shook not at the sound of it while he lived, would, by very few, be mentioned otherwise than with reverence. His own deeds shall avouch him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a merciful and generous conqueror.

“For his faults, let us reflect that they who seem to lead are oftentimes most constrained to follow. They who will mix with men, and specially they who will govern them, must, in many things obey them. They who will yield to no such conditions may be hermits, but cannot be generals and statesmen. If a man will walk straight forward without turning to the right or the left, he must walk in a desert, and not in Cheapside. Thus was he enforced to do many things which jumped not with his inclination nor made for his honour; because the army, on which alone he could depend for power and life, might not otherwise be contented. And I, for mine own part, marvel less that he sometimes was fain to indulge their violence than that he could so often restrain it.

“In that he dissolved the Parliament, I praise him. It then was so diminished in numbers, as well by the death as by the exclusion of members, that it was no longer the same assembly; and if at that time it had made itself perpetual, we should have been governed, not by an English House of Commons, but by a Venetian Council.

“If in his following rule he overstepped the laws, I pity rather than condemn him. He may be compared to that Mæandrius of Samos, of whom Herodotus saith, in his Thalia, that wishing to be of all men the most just, he was not able; for after the death of Polycrates he offered freedom to the people, and not till certain of them threatened to call him to a reckoning for what he had formerly done, did he change his purpose, and make himself a tyrant, lest he should be treated as a criminal.

“Such was the case of Oliver. He gave to his country a form of government so free and admirable, that, in near six thousand years, human wisdom hath never devised any more excellent contrivance for human happiness. To himself he reserved so little power that it would scarcely have sufficed for his safety, and it is a marvel that it could suffice for his ambition. When, after that, he found that the members of his Parliament disputed his right even to that small authority which he had kept, when he might have kept all, then indeed I own that he began to govern by the sword those who would not suffer him to govern by the law.

“But for the rest, what Sovereign was ever more princely in pardoning injuries, in conquering enemies, in extending the dominions and the renown of his people? What sea, what shore did

he not mark with imperishable memorials of his friendship or his vengeance? The gold of Spain, the steel of Sweden, the ten thousand sails of Holland, availed nothing against him. While every foreign state trembled at our arms, we sat secure from all assault. War, which often so strangely troubles both husbandry and commerce, never silenced the song of our reapers, or the sound of our looms. Justice was equally administered; God was freely worshipped.

"Now look at that which we have taken in exchange. With the restored King have come over to us vices of every sort, and most the basest and most shameful—lust, without love—servitude, without loyalty,—foulness of speech—dishonesty of dealing—grinning contempt of all things good and generous. The throne is surrounded by men whom the former Charles would have spurned from his footstool. The altar is served by slaves whose knees are supple to every being but God. Rhymers, whose books the hangman should burn, pandars, actors, and buffoons, these drink a health and throw a main with the King; these have stars on their breasts and gold sticks in their hands; these shut out from his presence the best and bravest of those who bled for his house. Even so doth God visit those who know not how to value freedom. He gives them over to the tyranny which they have desired, *Ἰνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος.*"

"I will not," said Mr. Cowley, "dispute with you on this argument. But if it be as you say, how can you maintain that England hath been so greatly advantaged by the rebellion?"

"Understand me rightly, Sir," said Mr. Milton. "This nation is not given over to slavery and vice. We tasted indeed the fruits of liberty before they had well ripened. Their flavour was harsh and bitter, and we turned from them with loathing to the sweeter poisons of servitude. This is but for a time. England is sleeping on the lap of Dalilah, traitorously chained, but not yet shorn of strength. Let the cry be once heard—the Philistines be upon thee; and at once that sleep will be broken, and those chains will be as flax in the fire. The great Parliament hath left behind it in our hearts and minds a hatred of tyrants, a just knowledge of our rights, a scorn of vain and deluding names; and that the revellers of Whitehall shall surely find. The sun is darkened, but it is only for a moment: it is but an eclipse; though all birds of evil omen have begun to scream, and all ravenous beasts have gone forth to prey, thinking it to be midnight. Wo to them if they be abroad when the rays again shine forth.

"The King hath judged ill. Had he been wise he would have remembered that he owed his restoration only to confusions which had wearied us out, and made us eager for repose. He would have known that the folly and perfidy of a Prince would restore

to the good old cause many hearts which had been alienated thence by the turbulence of factions; for, if I know aught of history, or of the heart of man, he will soon learn that the last champion of the people was not destroyed when he murdered Vane, nor seduced when he beguiled Fairfax."

Mr. Cowley seemed to me not to take much amiss what Mr. Milton had said touching that thankless court, which had indeed but poorly requited his own good service. He only said, therefore, "Another rebellion! Alas! Alas! Mr. Milton! If there be no choice but between despotism and anarchy, I prefer despotism."

"Many men," said Mr. Milton, "have floridly and ingeniously compared anarchy and despotism; but they who so amuse themselves do but look at separate parts of that which is truly one great whole. Each is the cause and the effect of the other;—the evils of either are the evils of both. Thus do states move on in the same eternal cycle, which, from the remotest point, brings them back again to the same sad starting-post; and till both those who govern and those who obey shall learn and mark this great truth, men can expect little through the future, as they have known little through the past, save vicissitude of extreme evils, alternately producing and produced.

"When will rulers learn, that where liberty is not, security and order can never be? We talk of absolute power, but all power hath limits, which, if not fixed by the moderation of the governors, will be fixed by the force of the governed. Sovereigns may send their opposers to dungeons; they may clear out a senate-house with soldiers; they may enlist armies of spies; they may hang scores of the disaffected in chains at every cross road; but what power shall stand in that frightful time when rebellion hath become a less evil than endurance? Who shall dissolve that terrible tribunal, which, in the hearts of the oppressed, denounces against the oppressor the doom of its wild justice? Who shall repeal the law of self defence? What arms or discipline shall resist the strength of famine and despair? How often were the ancient Cæsars dragged from their golden palaces, stripped of their purple robes, mangled, stoned, defiled with filth, pierced with hooks, hurled into Tiber! How often have the Eastern Sultans perished by the sabres of their own Janissaries, or the bow-strings of their own mutes! For no power which is not limited by laws can ever be protected by them. Small, therefore, is the wisdom of those who would fly to servitude as if it were a refuge from commotion; for anarchy is the sure consequence of tyranny. That governments may be safe, nations must be free. Their passions must have an outlet provided lest they make one.

"When I was at Naples, I went with Signor Manso, a gentleman of excellent parts and breeding, who had been the familiar

friend of that famous poet Torquato Tasso, to see the burning mountain Vesuvius. I wondered how the peasants could venture to dwell so fearlessly and cheerfully on its sides, when the lava was flowing from its summit, but Manso smiled, and told me that when the fire descends freely, they retreat before it without haste or fear. They can tell how fast it will move, and how far; and they know moreover, that though it may work some little damage, it will soon cover the fields over which it hath passed with rich vineyards and sweet flowers. But when the flames are pent up in the mountain, then it is that they have reason to fear; then it is that the earth sinks and the sea swells; then cities are swallowed up, and their place knoweth them no more. So it is in politics: where the people is most closely restrained, there it gives the greatest shocks to peace and order; therefore would I say to all Kings, let your demagogues lead crowds, lest they lead armies; let them bluster, lest they massacre; a little turbulence is, as it were, the rainbow of the state; it shews indeed that there is a passing shower, but it is a pledge that there shall be no deluge."

"This is true," said Mr. Cowley: "yet these admonitions are not less needful to subjects than to sovereigns."

"Surely," said Mr. Milton, "and, that I may end this long debate with a few words in which we shall both agree, I hold that as freedom is the only safeguard of governments, so are order and moderation generally necessary to preserve freedom. Even the vainest opinions of men are not to be outraged by those who propose to themselves the happiness of men for their end, and who must work with the passions of men for their means. The blind reverence for things ancient is indeed so foolish that it might make a wise man laugh, if it were not also sometimes so mischievous that it would rather make a good man weep. Yet, since it may not be wholly cured, it must be discreetly indulged, and therefore those who would amend evil laws should consider rather how much it may be safe to spare, than how much it may be possible to change. Have you not heard that men who have been shut up for many years in dungeons shrink if they see the light, and fall down if their irons be struck off. And so, when nations have long been in the house of bondage, the chains which have crippled them are necessary to support them, the darkness which hath weakened their sight is necessary to preserve it. Therefore release them not too rashly, lest they curse their freedom and pine for their prison."

"I think indeed that the renowned Parliament of which we have talked so much, did shew, until it became subject to the soldiers, a singular and admirable moderation, in such times scarcely to be hoped, and most worthy to be an example to all that shall come after. But on this argument I have said enough, and I

will therefore only pray to Almighty God that those who shall, in future times, stand forth in defence of our liberties, as well civil as religious, may adorn the good cause by mercy, prudence, and soberness, to the glory of his name and the happiness and honour of the English people."

And so ended that discourse; and not long after we were set on shore again at the Temple-gardens, and there parted company: and the same evening I took notes of what had been said, which I have here more fully set down, from regard both to the fame of the men, and the importance of the subject-matter.

T. M.

LUCIAN'S TRUE HISTORY.

WE suppose that most of our readers are acquainted with the travels of Baron Munchausen; and if they derived any amusement from his marvellous adventures, they probably will not be displeased with us for introducing them to his classical prototype. Amongst the varied productions of the inexhaustible wit and humour of Lucian is his fictitious voyage, in which his design was not merely to entertain his readers by a series of wonderful narratives, but to parody and ridicule the idle and improbable stories which abounded in the works of travellers, historians, and poets. Ctesias, the author of Histories of Persia and India, whom, in his Essay on the Mode in which History ought to be written, he has accused of swerving from the truth through fear or motives of interest*, is here also one of the chief objects of his satire. "Ctesias," he says, "the son of Ctesiochus, the Cnidian, wrote about the country of the Indians, and the things amongst them, what he neither saw himself nor heard from the report of any other."

The work of Ctesias is lost; but Photius has preserved some extracts from it; and certainly, although our present knowledge enables us in some instances to detect the facts upon which the exaggerations of the Cnidian are founded, there is much to justify the brief and decisive criticism of Lucian. We have here the Martichore, which has been the rare and wonderful beast of

* Surely the historian has but one business, to tell things as they were done, but this he cannot do, as long as he is the physician of Artaxerxes, and afraid of him, or hopes to receive a purple robe, or golden collar, or Nisean horse, in payment for his praises in his history. Chap. xxxix.

many succeeding generations, the Pygmies, the Gryphons, men with dogs' heads, and another nation with eight fingers on each hand, and eight toes on each foot, and ears so long that they form a covering for the back. Much, however, which would appear even more marvellous to Lucian, is now susceptible of an easy explanation; and a few observations, in which the true facts should be pointed out, would go far to restore the credit of Ctesias. Of Iambulus, who wrote of the wonders of the Great Sea, we now know almost nothing; and indeed very much of the wit of Lucian's work must be lost to us from our not knowing the originals of the caricatures. In some cases we can conjecture them, and we shall see that he does not spare even Homer himself. There is, however, much amusement in the True History, if we consider it merely as a collection of monstrous falsehoods told with a grave face; and in some parts it is adorned by much elegance of fancy. We confess that we can sometimes be childish enough to be pleased simply with the marvellous, and, like Desdemona, "seriously incline" to tales

of antres vast and deserts idle,
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

The demands of Lucian upon the faith of his readers are very small; for he concludes his preface with the grave assurance, "I write, therefore, about things which I neither saw, nor suffered, nor heard from others, and which besides never had any existence at all, nor could ever possibly have happened; wherefore those who meet with any account of them ought in no wise to believe them."

With great solemnity he then goes on: "For once on a time having set out from the Columns of Hercules, and having suffered myself to be carried into the western ocean, I was sailing with a favourable wind." On the second morning they meet with a tempest, which tosses them about for nine-and-seventy days. On the eightieth the storm subsides, and they come in sight of an island upon which they land. "And having advanced about three stadia from the sea through the wood, we see a certain pillar made of brass, inscribed with Greek characters, but indistinct and worn out, saying, Thus far came Hercules and Bacchus: and there were near it two footsteps on the rock, the one the size of an acre, the other less, as it appeared to me; the less that of Bacchus, the other of Hercules*: having worshipped, therefore, we went on." This appears to be indeed the land of Bacchus, for they meet with a river of wine, and there were fish in it, which

* See Herod. L. iv.

made them drunk, till they tempered them by mixing them with water-fish. A little farther on too they meet with vines, the stems of which grow into the bodies of women, like the representations in pictures of Daphne half-transformed, with branches growing from the ends of their fingers, and their heads covered instead of hair with tendrils, leaves, and clusters.

After a misadventure which makes them return hastily to their ship, they set sail, and are attacked by a storm still more terrible than the former, for they are carried up into the air at least three thousand stadia, and are driven along as if in a balloon. "And having sailed in the air seven days and seven nights, on the eighth we see a certain great land in the air, like an island, shining and globular, and illuminated with a great light; and having brought our vessel to it, and come to an anchor, we disembarked. Upon looking over the country, we found it to be inhabited and cultivated. In the day, therefore, we saw nothing thence, but when night came on, there appeared to us other islands in the neighbourhood, some greater and some less, in their colour like fire; and some other earth below, which had cities in it, and rivers, and seas, and woods, and mountains. This, therefore, we conjectured to be the earth which we inhabit." It is probable that Lucian intended to ridicule the philosophers, who believed the Moon to be an inhabited world. We must go on, however, with his account of it. The unfortunate travellers are apprehended by the Hippogyps. These are men riding on enormous vultures, generally with three heads, and with quills longer and thicker than the mast of a merchant vessel. This very efficient horse-patrol, having met with the strangers in their circuit round the lunar world, carry them into the presence of their king.

Endymion was engaged in a war with Phaëthon, the sovereign of the Sun, in consequence of an attempt to colonize the Morning Star. The strangers attend him into the field; and an account follows of the number, equipment, and disposition of the forces. Lucian seems to have had his eye on similar descriptions in Herodotus, the account of the various nations which composed the army of Xerxes, and of their different arms, and the statement of the numbers and arrangement of the Grecian troops before the battle of Plataea. The phraseology, and a slight touch of the Ionic dialect, betray the allusion; and there is something truly oriental in the familiarity with which he speaks of tens of thousands in all possible multiples, and in the long and sounding names of the Hippogypi, the Cenchroboli, the Scorodomachi, the Psyleotoxotæ, the Anemodromi, the Strathobalani, and the Hippogerani; these are all various species of flying cavalry. In such a war it might be supposed that there would be little opportunity for the operations of infantry; but this diffi-

culty is obviated ; for spiders, each of which is much bigger than any of the Cyclades, weave a spacious web between the Moon and the Morning Star, which serves as a field of battle. Victory declared at first for the armies of the Moon ; and of the enemy, " many were taken alive, and many were killed ; and the blood flowed, much of it on the clouds, so that they were stained, and appeared red, such as are seen among us at sun-set, and much also dropped upon the earth ; so that I conjectured, that it was perhaps in consequence of the occurrence of some such event long ago in the upper regions, that Homer supposed that Jupiter rained blood on occasion of the death of Sarpedon*." Just, however, as they had erected their trophies, the face of affairs is changed by the arrival of certain formidable allies of the people of the Sun, the Nephelocentauri, who are evidently the descendants of Ixion. Endymion and his forces are defeated with great loss ; and, amongst the prisoners, are Lucian and two of his companions. The victors begin to build a great wall between the Sun and Moon, in the style of the lines thrown up in the military operations of antiquity, so as to involve the latter in a perpetual eclipse. Endymion is thus compelled to sue for peace ; and the treaty is given in the form of those reported by Thucydides, as follows :—

" Upon these terms the Sunnites and their allies made an agreement with the Moonites and heir allies : that the Sunnites should take down the wall which they have interposed, and no longer make incursions into the Moon, but restore the prisoners also, each at an appointed ransom ; and that the Moonites *should leave the other Stars to be governed by their own laws*, and not wage war against the Sunnites, but that they should be allies to one another if any one attack them ; and that the king of the Moonites should pay tribute every year to the king of the Sunnites, ten thousand jars of dew ; and that they should give of themselves ten thousand hostages, and make the colony sent to the Morning Star common ; and that any one else who chose might take part in it ; and that they should engrave the treaty upon a pillar of amber, and set it up in the middle of the air upon the boundaries : and there swore, of the Sunnites, Pyronides, and Therites, and Phlogius ; of the Moonites, Nyctor, and Menius, and Polylampes."

Upon the return of Lucian and his companions, Endymion endeavours in vain to persuade them to stay with him, and at last dismisses them with handsome presents. Before, however, we leave the Moon, we must notice some peculiarities of its inhabitants. One might almost imagine that Lucian intended to ridi-

* Iliad II. 459.

cule those unhappy individuals, who are compelled, under pain of blindness, to walk about the world with a pair of spectacles on their noses; for he describes the Moonites as endowed with eyes, which they take out and keep in their pockets till they want them, and then put them in and see. Those who are unfortunate enough to lose their own, are obliged to borrow from their friends; and the rich have frequently several spare eyes, which they lay by. From his describing the Moonites as vanishing into air when they grow old, instead of dying, we might be tempted to conjecture that he had met with some disquisitions of the Jewish doctors on the mode in which mankind would have been translated if they had remained in Paradise; and he clearly intends to ridicule some unlucky traveller, who had given too faithful an account of some animal of the opossum tribe, where he says that they use their bellies as a pouch, opening them, and putting in whatever they choose, and that their little ones, when they are cold, creep into them.

The last wonder which he describes is a mirror, which is placed over a well not very deep. "If then any one goes down into the well, he hears every thing that is said amongst us upon the earth; and if he looks into the mirror, he sees all cities and all nations, as if he were standing over each. Then I saw my family also, and all my country; but whether they too saw me I cannot yet tell with certainty. But whosoever does not believe that these things are thus, if ever he himself should come thither, he will know that I tell truth."

In their voyage from the Moon into the ocean they arrive at a very singular place, *Lychnopolis*, or the City of Lamps. It is not easy to understand the aim of Lucian's satire in this fiction; unless perhaps he intended to ridicule those philosophers who held that the soul of man was of the nature of fire, and after death ascended to the sphere of *Æther*, the purest and highest of the elements. "When we disembarked, we found no men, but many lamps running about, and spending their time in the forum and about the port; some of them little, and as one may say, poor; but a few of the great and powerful very bright and shining. And there had been habitations made for them, and lanterns for each individually; and they had names like men; and we heard them uttering voices; and they did us no harm, but even invited us to partake of their hospitality; but nevertheless we were afraid, and none of us ventured to take either food or sleep. Their public buildings are erected in the middle of the city, where their governor sits all night long, calling each by his name; and whosoever does not answer is condemned to die, as having deserted his post; and their death is to be extinguished * * * * *. Here I recognised our lamp also; and having

addressed him, I inquired about matters at home, how they were, and he told me every thing." On the next day they sail near the clouds, and see at a little distance the city of *Nephelococcygia*; upon which Lucian takes occasion to vindicate the veracity of Aristophanes; and in a day or two, as the wind subsides, they descend gently upon the sea.

Our travellers seem always to be delivered from one adventure only to meet with another still more wonderful and perilous. On the second day after their return to the ocean, they are swallowed, ship and all, by an enormous sea monster. It is not difficult to conjecture the story against which the ridicule of Lucian is here directed. This part of the narrative is drawn out to a tedious length. The inside of the fish seems to be quite an inhabited and cultivated country. Besides various tribes, who may be considered as Aborigines, they find an old man and his son, who are the survivors of a crew which had been swallowed in the same manner as themselves. With their assistance they kill the monster by burning the forests which grow within him, and make their escape. Even during their residence in the fish they are not quite shut out from the light of heaven; for the beast very graciously gapes once every hour.

During some of these yawns, they are witnesses to a sea-fight between two nations of men half a stadium in height, and sailing in floating islands. The end of the description is perhaps worth transcribing. Our readers will remember the *Leviathan* of Milton:

Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

But this is nothing compared to the use made of the *Leviathan* of Lucian. The victorious party "erected a trophy of their island engagement, by suspending one of the enemy's islands to a wooden post upon the head of the monster. And that night they lodged round about the beast, having made fast their halsters to him, and lying at anchor close by him; for they use anchors also of great size and strength, made of glass. And the next day they sacrificed upon the monster, and buried their own men upon him, and sailed away."

In the Second Book of the History upon which we are now entering, there is a richer fancy and more refined wit than in the first part. Lucian, like all professed deriders of the marvellous, seems to have disbelieved much that was really true. If Captain

Parry's voyage had been performed in his age, the adventurous navigator would have fared no better than Ctesias or Iambulus. His mirth has evidently been excited by some account of the Northern Ocean; for soon after his escape from the monster, the sea is suddenly frozen round the vessel, and they live for thirty days in a cave in the ice, and subsist upon the fish which they dig up. Afterwards they meet, not indeed with "seas of milk and ships of amber," but with seas of milk and islands of cheese; and fall in with the Phellopodes, a nation of men with cork feet, skimming fearlessly over the surface of the water. Right a head, at the distance of about five hundred stadia, lay a low flat island. "And now we were near it, and a wonderful air breathed round about us, such as the historian Herodotus says is exhaled from the Happy Arabia; for a scent struck upon our senses, as fragrant as if it flowed from the rose and the narcissus and the hyacinth, and lilies and violets, and the myrtle besides, and the laurel, and the blossoming vine." Milton has seized the same image, and particularized and dilated it with his peculiar beauty and sublimity:

As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.

By this sweet scent they are allured to approach more closely to the island. "There we saw on every side of it many spacious harbours, in which the water was perfectly smooth, and rivers as clear as crystal flowing gently into the sea, and meadows besides, and woods, and singing birds, some warbling on the shores, and many upon the branches. And a light and pure air was diffused over the country; and the woods waved gently with the fragrant gales breathing through them; and as the branches moved, a sweet continuous melody whispered from them, like the sound of flutes in the solitary fields." They land; but as they are advancing through a flowery meadow, they are seized by a guard, bound with garlands of roses, and led into the presence of the sovereign of the country. They find now that they are in the Island of the Blessed, and that they are to appear before Rhadamanthus. They arrive just as Ajax is condemned to be put into the hands of Hippocrates to be dosed with hellebore, and not to be re-admitted to the immortal banquet till he has recovered his senses. Some other causes are heard; and at last they are called to give an account of themselves. They relate their history, and Rhadamanthus is much perplexed by the arrival of living men in this abode

of spirits. He holds a solemn council, at which amongst others, Aristides assists. His final sentence, however, is wonderfully merciful: the punishment of their profane curiosity is deferred till after their death, and they are allowed to remain seven months upon the island, and share in all the pleasures of the heroes.

No sooner was this decision pronounced, than their chains of roses fell off spontaneously, and they were thus set at liberty, and conducted to the city, which is the scene of the Symposium of the Blessed. The city is all of gold, and surrounded with a wall of emerald: it has seven gates of cinnamon, each made of a single piece of the wood. The pavement is all of ivory. The temples of the gods are built of beryl; and their altars are of the largest size, and each of a single amethyst. All round the city flows a river of the finest and most fragrant of scented oils. Their baths are magnificent buildings of crystal, and heated with fires of cinnamon; and the bathing vessels, instead of water, are filled with warm dew. The description which Lucian gives of the spirits of the blessed accords with the vulgar notion of ghosts, in representing them as visible and as performing the functions of material beings, yet not sensible to the touch. Their dress is of materials which would best suit such airy creatures, for they are clothed in the finest spiders' webs dyed purple. With them there is neither night nor day; but their light is like the morning twilight before the rising of the sun. The imagination of Lucian has led him to the same thought which is so beautifully expressed in that most sweet and tender invocation to the spirit of a departed friend:

Too solemn for day, too sweet for night,
Come not in darkness, come not in light;
But come in some twilight interim,
When the gloom is soft, and the light is dim.

Spring is the only season of the Happy Island, and Zephyr the only wind. The country is adorned with every sort of flower and plant; the vines bear fruit every month; the pomegranates and apples and other trees thirteen times in the year. The corn produces loaves instead of grain; and fountains of water, honey, milk and wine, and perfume, bubble up on every side.

The banquet is held without the city, in the Elysian plain. This is a most beautiful meadow, surrounded by a thick wood of every sort of tree, which overshadows the banqueters. They recline on couches of flowers, and are attended by the Winds, who perform every service but that of pouring out the wine. Around them grow immense trees of the very purest crystal, which in place of fruit bear cups and vases of every size and fashion. These they pluck, and of their own accord they become full of wine. They do not wear garlands, but nightingales and other

singing birds pluck flowers from the meadows, and let them fall, as they fly over, like a shower of snow, and accompany their fragrant offerings with the sweetest melody; and thick clouds draw up the perfume from the fountains and the river; and as they hang over the banquet, they are pressed gently by the winds, and distil it in drops like dew: music and song are not wanting at the feast; the verses of Homer are sung by chorusses of boys and virgins, to the music of Eunomus, and Arion, and Anacreon, and Stesichorus; and when these cease, they are followed by a second chorus of swans, and nightingales, and swallows; and when these have sung, the whole wood becomes melodious at the impulse of the Winds. It must not be forgotten that there are two fountains in the Elysian plains, of which all the guests drink before they place themselves at the banquet, the Fountains of Pleasure and of Laughter.

Among the inhabitants of the Island of the Blessed are the Heroes, the Wise Men, and the most celebrated Philosophers. Socrates indeed is so argumentative, and contentious, and ironical, that he is in danger of being turned out; and Plato was not there, but was reported to be dwelling in a Republic formed on his own model, and governed by his own laws. Lucian, in accordance with his own philosophy, allots the most distinguished stations to Aristippus and Epicurus: there were no Stoics there, for they were still climbing the steep hill of virtue; and Chrydippus especially was forbidden to set foot upon the island, till he had gone through four courses of hellebore. The Academicians were willing to come, but they were waiting and considering, for they had not yet clearly ascertained whether there were such an island or not.

Lucian had many conversations with Homer, and learned from him that he was in fact a Babylonian; but he does not seem to have gained much more information from him. The tranquillity of the Happy Island was for a short time disturbed by the apprehension of an invasion from some of the impious, who had escaped from their place of punishment, under the command of Phalaris and Busiris and other formidable leaders; they are defeated, however, by the Heroes. The prize of valour is adjudged to Socrates, and he is presented with a large and beautiful park, where he establishes a Necracademia, or Academy of the Dead; and Homer writes an epic poem on the war. But another event happens, which affects our travellers more nearly, and hastens their dismissal from the island. Cinyrus, the youth whom they had found in the fish, and who had escaped with them, falls in love with Helen. "Still in our ashes live our wonted fires:" Helen cannot resist, and runs away with him. The fugitives are pursued by fifty of the heroes in a bark of Asphodel, overtaken just as they are entering the sea of milk, and brought back. The new Paris and

his accomplices are scourged with mallow and sent off to the abodes of the impious, and Lucian and the rest of the crew compelled to quit the island.

In their voyage they pass by the countries set apart for the punishment of the wicked. On one of these they land, and witness the sufferings of their late companion Cinyrus: they see many other culprits, "but those endured the severest punishments who had been guilty of falsehood in their lifetime, or who had written histories which were not true; among whom were Ctesias the Cnidian, and Herodotus, and many others: when therefore I saw these, I had good hope for the future; for I was not conscious to myself of ever having told a falsehood." They next came in sight of the Island of Dreams, which for some time seems to retreat before them; they land at last about twilight, and proceed to the city, and find it embosomed in a thick wood, in which the only trees are huge poppies and mandragoras, with multitudes of bats clinging to the branches. The city is surrounded by a wall resembling a rainbow, and has not only the celebrated gates of horn and ivory, but two others of iron and brick, which open upon the plain of Stupor, and from which all frightful and murderous dreams issue. At the right hand of the principal entrance is the temple of Night, and on the left the palace of Sleep. In the midst of the forum is the fountain of Drowsiness, and near it are the temples of Deception and Truth. Our voyagers are kindly received and splendidly entertained by the Dreams; and some were even transported by them to their own country, and permitted to see their friends and relations, but they are obliged to return on the same day.

They visit next the island of Calypso, and present to her a letter from Ulysses, which he had written without the knowledge of Penelope, and in which he expresses his anxiety to escape from the happy island and to return to his beloved goddess. As they proceed on their voyage they are attacked by pirates sailing in vessels made of gourds hollowed out; but the enemy is called off by an attack from another maritime people, who sail in walnut shells. They next meet with men, who are all, like Arion, riding upon dolphins; and at night they run foul of the floating nest of a Halcyon, sixty stadia in circumference: to this bird even the roc of the Arabian Nights would appear diminutive. The Halcyon flies away with a lamentable cry, and nearly sinks the ship with the rush of her wings; and in the morning they land on the nest, and find it built of trees, with five hundred eggs in it. They soon after fall in with a floating forest, so thick that they are obliged to drag the ship over the tops of the trees*. It is easy to guess the

* We cannot now tell how marvellous might be the relations of the historians and travellers whom Lucian parodies. We have, however, a convincing proof

original of the next portent that they meet with, a chasm in the sea, with the water standing like a precipice on each side. At last, however, they discover a bridge of water, and cross the gulf in safety: they land finally upon an island inhabited by women, who receive them with great cordiality, and each conducts one as a guest to her own house. The suspicions of Lucian, however, are roused by seeing some human bones and skulls lying about; and on a closer examination he discovers that his hostess has the hoofs of an ass; he attacks her, therefore, and binds her, and she confesses that they live upon human flesh, and when they have feasted their guests and lulled them to sleep, devour them in the night. Lucian alarms his companions; but his prisoner melts away into water, which becomes blood when he plunges his sword into it. Soon after they have left this island, they are wrecked upon a land, which they conjecture to be the continent on the farther side of the ocean, or (as the translators have rendered it) the land of the Antipodes: and here the history suddenly breaks off.

The French translator, D'Ablancourt, has given a continuation of it, but he has not caught the spirit of his original. He has disregarded Lucian's design of parodying the wonderful narrations of more serious writers; and by attempting, as he imagined, to put more meaning into his prodigies, he has converted most of them into frigid and clumsy allegories. There is some fancy in his description of the kingdom of the Animals, and of the solemn levee which is held by their sovereign the Phoenix. It has not the elegant humour of that very pretty fancy-piece, *The Peacock at Home*, but in its general character it bears a striking resemblance to it. There is some imagination also displayed in the concluding adventures in the *Island of Magic*; but the appearance of the Evil One under the form of a he-goat, the rites of his worshippers, the signing of a contract with blood, and other details, are not at all classical. D'Ablancourt, however, has imitated Lucian happily in one instance, and that is his account of the Pygmies, which he has borrowed with some ludicrous exaggeration from the Indian history of Ctesias.

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that even this prodigy might possibly be a very allowable caricature. One of the commentators on Lucian has quoted a passage from Jos. Acosta's history of the Indies. "One of our brothers, a man worthy of credit, related to us, that having lost his way in the mountains, without knowing in which direction he ought to go, he found himself in the midst of bushes, so thick, that he was obliged to walk upon them, without setting his feet to the ground, for the space of a fortnight."—B. iv. c. 30.

VISIT TO COWPER'S FAVOURITE VILLAGE.

I HAVE long been an enthusiastic admirer of Cowper; and for years past I have promised myself the pleasure of visiting the scenes which are so vividly painted in the *Task*. That was the first Poem I read with real pleasure; there was a charm in it which I felt, and beauties which I appreciated, long before I could give an orthodoxical "reason for the *delight* which was in me:" but poetry is not the only subject on which we are lovers, before we are critics. Early in the present summer I induced a friend (a worshipper at the same shrine) to accompany me in my pilgrimage to Weston. A morning's ride from the Metropolis brought us to *Olney*, a long lonely country-town, which certainly owes to Cowper whatever interest it possesses. The house which he occupied for nearly twenty years stands in a corner of the market-place; it is an old-fashioned brick building, and both in structure and situation is as unpoetical as any matter-of-fact person could desire. At present it is inhabited by a bookseller: the hall in which Puss and Tiney (those fortunate hares that "had a friend") were accustomed to gambol, is now used as the shop; on the left hand is the little parlour in which the *Task* was written; behind the house is the garden opening into the "Guinea Field," which separates the poet's premises from the vicarage, and admits Olney's tall spire into the view; the summer-house, "not bigger than a sedan chair," his favourite retreat during the milder season, and "in which he wrote to his friends and the public," is still standing, interesting, though in ruins. It appears, that during the latter part of Cowper's residence at Olney, and particularly while he was composing the *Task*, his usual walk was to the adjoining village of Weston, through the pleasure grounds of Sir George Throckmorton, to which he was allowed constant access. This walk he has described in the "Sofa," and any body who will take the trouble of making a few local inquiries, with the book in his hand, may easily trace the poet's steps. The distance from Olney to Weston is little more than a mile; for some way the path is on a gentle ascent, overlooking "the windings of the silver Ouse," till you gain the summit:

"How oft upon yon eminence our pace

"Hath slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne

"The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew!"

The beautiful lines which follow contain a faithful representation of the view from this spot. To the right, at a considerable distance from the lane, stood the *Peasant's Nest*, "oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine." Alas! the cottage "perch'd upon the

green-hill top," and the "branching elms that overhung the thatch," have disappeared together. On the elevated scite the proprietor has erected a neat farm-house, which for the mere purposes of habitation may be well enough; but they who remember the former cottage must needs sigh! The scenes which are portrayed in such glowing colours in the continuation of the *Sofa*, are all within the enclosure of Weston Park: the colonnade—the rustic bridge—the glen—the alcove—the avenue—the wilderness, and more need not be said in their praise, than that they do not disappoint the expectation raised by the poet's description. Considering that a period of nearly forty years has elapsed since the publication of the *Task*, I was agreeably surprised to find that the landscape still retains so much of its original character; so many of the prominent features with which the poem has made us familiar. Enough certainly remains to establish its identity. Some allowance of course is to be made for poetical embellishment; and some for the author's attachment to his favourite village; and it is the allowance thus claimed which gives to the place its peculiar charm, the conviction that it is still *Cowper's Weston*.

It is impossible to linger in such a scene without connecting with it the whole of his interesting story. The present is forgotten in the past—we turn from his *Task* to his *Life*—"we sink the poet in the friend." In *this* grove, where he so often wandered—his silent retreat in the hours of affliction—he is still present to the imagination. In a memorable passage in "*Retirement*" he has supplied (as I have always thought) a melancholy outline of himself.

- "Look where he comes,—in this embower'd alcove
- "Stand close concealed—and see a statue move—
- "Lips busy, and eyes fix'd—foot falling slow,
- "Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below—
- "Interpret to the marking eye distress,
- "Such as its symptoms can alone express!"

Leaving the pleasure-grounds, we entered the village of Weston Underwood, which Cowper has described "as one of the prettiest in England." Unquestionably he has rendered it one of the most interesting. Its tranquil and sequestered situation—its cultured scenery, with which his eye had long been familiar, and the air of comfort which the benevolence of an amiable family then gave (and still continues to give) to the line of humble cottages, must have been powerful recommendations to him. At the extremity of the village, and nearly opposite the church, is *Weston Lodge*; it is a cheerful and convenient house, and has undergone little alteration since the poet's time; but the garden of which he speaks so frequently, and with so much pleasure, has

been cruelly neglected. To this, his favourite residence, he removed in June, 1786, and remained there during the nine following years. Here he flattered himself that he might find peace in the evening of his life, and, at last, "a safe retreat

"Beneath the turf which he had often trod."

But the fearful malady which had darkened so many of his earlier years—which excluded him from society, and imbittered his solitude—which debarred him from the pleasures of *this* life, and clouded his hopes of the *next*—pursued its victim to the last. For many a long day, and many a week, his eyes were shut to the beauties of creation around him; and his ears deaf to the melody of rural sounds, and "sweeter music of a virtuous friend." He was denied his last wish: he died remote from the home of his choice, and found a grave among strangers! There were intervals indeed of sunshine in his chequered day; and it is not the least curious among the many interesting phenomena attending aberration of mind, that during these seasons of respite, he was capable of such high intellectual exertion; he was conscious that it was only by continued employment that his mind could be prevented from turning vindictively on itself; and "*that way madness lay.*" It was thus that several of his works were undertaken, not indeed in the twilight of his intellect, but under the sad foreboding of future ill; and to this impression they may probably owe much of the soft and melancholy colouring which it shed over them.

While he was *living*, he was known to the world only as an *author*; ambitious indeed of success, but almost alarmed when he had attained it. The voice of fame was wafted to the interesting recluse in his solitude, and dearly was it welcome to him; yet even *that* powerful stimulus could not draw him from the lowly roof of his retirement. But the veil which concealed him from the public eye has long since been withdrawn: his poems, with which he was immediately identified (for they bear the broad marks of originality and truth) had introduced him favourably to the world; and every one who could appreciate genuine poetry, and English feeling, found that he had an unknown friend in the author of the *Task*: when his *Letters* were published, and in that delightful form of auto-biography (if I may so term it) he was permitted to tell his own affecting story; the impression previously made in his favour was powerfully confirmed; the charm was complete. It was *then* seen that he had been drawing, not from imagination, but nature—that the lovely *home scenes* with which he had enriched his poem, and delighted his readers, had been realized in the happier moments of his own life—that in the portraits which he had exhibited of the generous

feelings and softer charities, which ameliorate life, he "had drawn from himself," and that while with a trembling hand he "struck the deep sorrows of his lyre," he was suffering "in patient wretchedness at home."

I could not expect, at this late period, to gather any fresh particulars of his life or character, but a natural curiosity led me to the few individuals still living in the neighbourhood who were intimately acquainted with him. To them I am indebted not only for the patient kindness with which they answered a series of minute questions, but for the readiness with which they communicated to me several circumstances connected with the poet's habits, which were probably deemed too trivial to be recorded in Mr. Hayley's work: *one* of these individuals, a favourite and faithful domestic, lived with Cowper during the whole of his residence at Weston, and now occupies a beautiful cottage in the village. He has built a summer-house in his garden in honour of his lamented master; and he has there inscribed the stanzas which were originally written for the "Moss-house in the Shrubbery." It was in his "favourite village" that Cowper was best known; and, as a necessary consequence, most beloved; the poor found in him a friend; and the afflicted a comforter: his voice was familiar to their cottages in consolation and in prayer; his hand relieved their wants; his own means were indeed very limited; but he was the distributor of more extensive bounty, as the agent of one, in whom benevolence was an hereditary virtue,

"I mean the man, who, when the distant poor

"Need help, denies them nothing but his name."

I have hitherto been speaking of Cowper as a *man*. I am little qualified to speak of him as a *poet*, but I shall always consider that the literature of our country is indebted to him for the finest and purest specimen of blank verse produced since the days of Milton. In the reign of Charles II., which has been absurdly called the Augustan age (in compliment, I suppose, to "the thousand gentlemen who wrote with ease") the poetical taste of the country became greatly vitiated; Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, the three master-spirits of their times, were "left in dust to rest," and the laureates of wit and ribaldry were worshipped in their stead. And it had been well for the best interests of his people, if the return of that profligate prince had been marked by no other depravation of national taste. In the succeeding reigns, the French school, with its monotonous cadencies and meretricious ornaments, was gradually adopted; and the *genius* of poetry was nearly sacrificed to the *art*. A line of demarcation was drawn to distinguish the land of poetry from the

rest of creation; *beyond* this chimerical boundary, "the chartered libertines of nature" were forbidden to stray, and *within* it they were required to speak in a dialect of their own. It was reserved for Cowper to cast off these inglorious trammels, and

"Vestigia Græca

"Ausus deserere, et celebrare domestica facta;"

to re-assert the free rights of his brethren, and to produce a poem emphatically *English*.

The peculiar beauties of the *Task*,—the rare union of strength and simplicity, vigour of thought, and tenderness of feeling; the accurate delineation of those pure affections of domestic enjoyments which are endeared to us by all the associations of early life; and the happy transitions from melancholy to playfulness, have been long and generally acknowledged:

"Hope and fear alternate swayed his breast,

"Like light and shade upon a waving field,

"Coursing each other, when the flying clouds

"Now hide, and now reveal, the sun."

It has been objected as a fault in the *Task* (for, as Dr. Johnson said of *Cooper's Hill*, "if it be maliciously inspected it will not be found without its faults") that in the vein of satire which pervades the poem there is more acrimony and bitterness than is reconcileable with the mild and gentle character of its author. Of this he appears to have been in some measure conscious; for when the words of Pliny were applied to his former volume, "*Multa tenuiter, multa sublimiter, multa venustè, multa tenerè, multa dulciter, multa cum bile*," he readily acknowledged that the *latter part* was very true. "Yes, yes, there are multa cum bile."—(Hayley's *Life*, vol. I. p. 381.)—With a mind of feminine purity, and feelings painfully acute, he regarded the folly and miseries of the world from which he had retreated, not as an indifferent spectator, but as one who still felt a brother's sympathy for his kind—

"I was born of woman, and drew milk

"As sweet as charity from human breasts:—

And his reproof, "when most severe and mustering all its force," was breathed in sorrow, rather than in anger.

From a superficial view of this subject, Miss Seward was led to prefer against Cowper the heavy charge of *Misanthropy*; a charge which requires no comment here; for it stands refuted by the whole tenor of his life; *non magna loquimur, sed vivimus*. That the fair critic of Litchfield, the professed admirer and imitator of *Doctor Darwin*, should have found little to commend in the *style* of Cowper, was natural enough. She had been educated in another school of poetry, and formed her prin-

ciples of taste on a very different model. The muse of the *Task* (to borrow an illustration from Goldsmith) is "unadorn'd and plain;" fresh in youth and loveliness, and "secure to please." The *Lady* we meet in the "*Botanic Garden*," has repaired her smiles and awakened every grace, at the toilet of art; but alas! there is "a charm beyond the reach of art." The period at which that matchless charm (young beauty's transitory flower) begins to fade, the Sylphs have wisely concealed, even from female solicitude; but when it has passed away, the fairest pretenders (and Darwin's muse can rank no higher) shine forth, "in all the glaring impotence of dress!" Considered as a *didactic* poem, the *Task* is remarkable for the same earnestness and sincerity, which formed such principal ingredients in the poet's character: it is singularly free from that morbid and querulous sentimentality, of which, in our own time, we have had too many specimens. The moral lessons it inculcates, and the warning voice in which it speaks to our feelings and prejudices, may "sound unmusical in Volscian ears," and doubtless many a gay and gentle reader has thrown aside the book, with the same feeling which Lord Peterborough expressed, on leaving the venerable Archbishop of Cambray, "Fenelon is a delicious creature, but I was obliged to force myself from him, as soon as I possibly could, else he would have made me *pious*!" If mere popularity had been the object of Cowper's ambition, the highest Guerdon he proposed to himself, assuredly he would have adopted a different course: he would have spoken of his country with the enthusiasm of one who loved her, not only *in spite of* her faults ("*Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara tamen*,") but *for* those very faults! He would have joined the chorus of Optimists in proclaiming the virtues and triumphs of his age: he would have palliated the vices he could not defend, and flattered the prevailing foibles of the day. It is enough to say that he was actuated by nobler motives; and if (under *their* influence) he viewed, with impatience, the busy triflers who waste life, and with severity, the corrupt sycophants who disgraced his country, let those motives plead his apology.

But in order to form a just estimate of his character on *this* point, something must be conceded to his religious, and something to his political, opinions. Inheriting the *politics* of his family, he was a constitutional Whig; and I trust the day is yet distant when to have adopted the principles of Lord Chancellor Cowper, "*clarum et venerabile nomen*," will be deemed a reproach to any man. Of his *religion* this is not the place to speak; if it be thought that the principles of which he was the eloquent advocate are "too high for us," let it be remembered that they were practically illustrated by *him*; he lived up to the standard which

he proposed to his readers. That a life regulated by these principles, and spent in the practice of those mild and unobtrusive virtues which "are more felt than seen," should have been, for the most part, a life of sorrow and dejection, is a fact on which it is painful to dwell; it is still more painful to think that the remedy for these sufferings was always at hand, not withheld, but misapplied. Reasoning *a priori*, one would say, that in a case like his, with a frame of body originally delicate, and impaired by disease, a nervous system fearfully disordered, and a mind cast in too fine a mould for so rough a world, the pure and consolatory religion of Christianity offered the only effectual cure; that the hopes of *another* life were a necessary cordial to sustain him in his passage through *this*. Experience has shewn the truth of this reasoning. In his better days, when his faculties had burst through the clouds by which they were so frequently obscured, he sought consolation and found it, in the mercy of his God; it is a vulgar error to suppose, "that much religion caused his malady," the truth rather is, that his malady perverted his religion; it poisoned the fountain of comfort at its source. One of the happiest seasons of his life was while the *Task* was in progress; at no time did the flame of devotion burn brighter. It guided the benighted wanderer into the paths of peace; and I would add (to shew that *they* who confound Christian piety with ascetic moroseness cannot plead the example of Cowper,) at no time was he more alive to the innocent pleasures, and endearing charities of life. It is delightful to contemplate his domestic scene at such moments as these; to see him in the full enjoyment of his talents, retaining, after he had passed the *meridian* of life, much of that playfulness and vivacity which makes its first opening so joyous, and repaying, by unremitting kindness, his obligations to that amiable friend, who had ministered to him, through all his sufferings, with a tenderness and fidelity of which woman alone is capable! The voice which had so long thundered in his ear, and marred his happiness, "*Actum est de te peristi!*" was heard no more, but "in strains as sweet as angels use, the gospel whispered peace." "I have *no doubt*," (said he, in a letter to one of his oldest friends) it will be seen when my days are closed, that I served a master who would not suffer me to want any thing that was good for me. He said to Jacob, "I will surely do thee good," and this he said not for *his* sake only, but for ours also, if we trust in him. *This* thought relieves me from the distress I should also suffer in my present circumstances, and enables me to sit down peacefully on the wreck of my fortune."

CRUMBS OF CRITICISM.

No. III.

O piger, et duro jam durior aze, Lycota,
 Qui veteres fagos, nova quam spectacula mavis
 Cernere!

CALPURNII ECLOG. VII. 4.

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

A REVIEW of a review may perhaps be considered contrary to the etiquette observed among critics ; and from us, especially connected as we are with the Retrospective, by our mutual relation to that venerable parent whose countenance illustrates its title-page, such conduct may appear as indecorous as that of a lively damsel of sixteen criticising the air, person, and disposition of her elder and graver-eyed sister. To which we reply, that the whole system of reviewing is grounded on *make-believe*—a mere fiction, which we may respect or not as we think fit ; and the form in question, more especially (that of avoiding all allusion to what an honourable member may have said in any other of the critical houses,) is one of those unmeaning ceremonies to which we, like our excellent friend Kenelm Digby, Esq., have a special antipathy, and which has already been broken through more than once in letter as well as in spirit. Besides, the Retrospective has nothing, except the form and title, in common with that species of production, which, under the name of Review has been spreading itself like a lichen over the surface of our national literature. It looks disdainfully down on contemporary things. Its concerns are with the wise and witty of old,

Quorum Flaminia tegitur Cinis atque Latina:

who lived in the ages when political economy was not, when lake and cockney schools were a sound unheard, when the interior of Africa was a "marvel and a mystery," and the Scotch novels existed only in their subjects. As to the other part of the objection, we can only give our critical word for it, that we *mean* to be impartial. And if, after all, some captious readers should still demur, they may console themselves with the reflection, that (like Goldsmith's story of the Good Man) it will not hold them long ; our intention being to say our little say in as few words as possible.

The *Retrospective Review*, then, as our readers are aware, is a miscellany dedicated exclusively to the literature of past ages. Its objects are to recal the public attention to works undeservedly neglected ; to extract, from books worthless in the main, such passages as deserve preservation ; to supply analyses of others :

which are valuable only for their matter, and the bulk and unnecessary tediousness of which unfits them for general perusal ; and lastly, to furnish a series of extracts from the writers of our own and other nations, with historical and critical notices of the authors, thus forming a complete history of modern literature*. The form of a review has been adopted, as most conformable to the popular taste.

Of the utility of most of the objects here proposed, few, we imagine, will entertain any doubt. That there is a vast accumulation of literary matter remaining to us from former ages, unknown, or only partially known to the general reader, and yet deserving to be so, even those whose researches (like our own) have been but partial, will agree with us ; so much so, indeed, that instead of a work like the present being in danger of a speedy conclusion from the limited nature of its materials (an apprehension which we have more than once heard expressed) it would seem that the difficulty lay rather in selecting from among the multitude ; so wide is the circle which its inquiries embrace, comprehending all modern languages, all ages from the revival of literature to the close of the eighteenth century, and almost all manner of subjects ;— philosophy, history, antiquities, travels, poetry, the drama, and though last, not least, the biography and letters of eminent men, whether statesmen, scholars, or authors. Fifty years ago, such a position would have required a proof ; at present, it may safely be assumed. Whatever else time may have failed to teach us, it has taught us the value of the *past*. We do not now consider ourselves as born merely for the present's sake ; our minds formed ; and our tastes modelled, exclusively by the things which surround us ; all that has gone before, with the exception of a scanty edge of border-ground, appearing to us a strange and wild region, filled with unknown products, unfamiliar sounds, and beings with whom we have little more than a nominal affinity ; and brooded over by an ungenial atmosphere which repels us at our very entrance. We are no longer content to nestle in the comfortable wrapping of common habits and prejudices. We have ventured to peep out of our shell, and put forth our feelers. We have discovered that the actions, manners, and opinions of our ancestors may be studied with some advantage ; and that, however much the frame-work of their writings may differ from what custom has rendered acceptable to us, those writings contain no small portion both of profit and of rational delight, to such as are not deterred by the seeming uncouthness of their aspect from entering into familiarity with them. An antiquary is no longer, as in the

* Another object was specified in the original advertisement, that of establishing a repository for bibliographical notices, and extracts from interesting manuscripts ; this, however, appears to have been in a great measure dropped.

days of Thomas Hearne, the object of popular ridicule and neglect; the old jests on the subject are nearly worn threadbare. We are rather in danger of erring on the contrary side; the industry of our scholars has sometimes been wasted on what was of little worth; in the joy, perhaps in the vanity, of our discovery, we have occasionally set too high a value on our new found treasures, and made our old writers the objects of hyperbolical panegyric and indiscriminate imitation. Still we are disposed to welcome the change, both for the beneficial effects it is calculated to produce on the general intellect, and as a symptom of national spirit; even as in Germany a more extended research into the literary treasures of the country, and a desire of illustrating their obscurities, have been among the manifestations of that revived patriotism which has done so much, and will hereafter do still more for that great nation. Were we writing expressly on this subject, we should qualify the above remarks with some necessary limitations; our only object, however, was to show that the turn which public taste had taken was such as to render an undertaking like the present desirable, and to warrant its success; a success which would be otherwise unaccountable, in a work which gratifies no temporary curiosity, pampers no modern taste, and administers no stimulants to party passion. These latter observations, of course, apply only to that part of the Review which is appropriated to English literature; but the increased interest which has lately been taken in that of foreign nations, and which may be considered as a collateral effect of the same disfranchisement from prejudice, will also find no small gratification here; though we could wish that a greater proportionate space had been allotted to this division.

The arrangement, or rather the want of arrangement in this work will appear to many readers a considerable defect, the articles being arranged promiscuously as in an ordinary review, without regard to subjects, dates, or languages. This must necessarily be productive of confusion and difficulty to such as wish to study the respective branches of literature in a regular order. It is not a sufficient answer to this objection, to say that the form of the work rendered this inevitable; its form might have been modified, so as to admit the arrangement desired. This subject, as may be supposed, has not escaped the notice of the editor. In the review of Skelton's works (vol. vi. 337) he has entered into an explanation of his reasons for adopting this plan. We give his words, and leave the reader to decide* :—

* There are however a few instances in which a regular chronological arrangement is observed; as in the valuable series of papers on the ancient English drama,

"There are many cogent reasons for not pursuing the order of time in these our notices of the authors of ages gone by. One, among others, is,—that such an arrangement would lose us many a good critique; for we should only be able to accept the offers of those who had chosen a subject suited in time as well as in subject. For our readers must not imagine that we are some particular few who devote ourselves to the studies necessary for establishing and adorning a work of this kind, and who might just as well commence at the beginning as well as any where else, and thus pioneer our way through all the rubbish of antiquity, and arrive at the remarkable and the interesting by regular approaches. This mode has been recommended to us by more than one kind anonymous friend, but such individuals have however mistaken the nature of our constitution. They who will cast an eye over our contents, and give but a peep into the various styles of writing, and different modes of thinking, in our volumes, will readily perceive that we are not a body organized in the most regular fashion; and that we by no means proceed on any settled and determinate plan. A great number of our articles have been written by those who had a decided partiality for the author they were reviewing, whose beauties had long been intimately known to them, and had often, perhaps, afforded a consolation and a resource. While this circumstance may give somewhat of an eulogical character to our work, it assures a vivid feeling and relish for the subject, and very frequently a spirit in the expression, and delight in the analysis of it, which we may, with boldness, contrast to the lifelessness which the necessity of proceeding in a regular chronological series would have necessarily produced. In our literary and friendly intercourse, it is no uncommon occurrence to meet with lovers of old English books; amongst these, we almost invariably find each has some two or three favourites. The temptation of spreading the fame of a dear but antiquated, and perhaps, obscure friend; of dwelling upon his character; retracing the source of the pleasure he has felt in his society; and dragging into light those hidden and secret virtues, only known to himself; is generally too much for him who has a real attachment; and he, at length, yields to gracing our pages with as accurate a portrait, as his art and zeal will permit him to take. Besides, we have long tasks in the performance of our duty, which cannot fail to be attended with some portion of weariness and disgust; so that, unless we were privileged to light now and then upon a flower, though not in the beaten path, we should be inclined to throw up our labours at once."

But the true value of the work, after all, consists in its extracts. In saying this we have no intention of disparaging the original matter, which, as will be seen hereafter, is characterized by considerable (though for the most part imperfect and inaccurate) information, by general good feeling, and in one or two instances by original talent of a rather high order. This, however, is the mere outer-court of the design; the modern gateway, by which we approach the treasury of select antiquities. To provide a regularly recurring store of salutary and refreshing food for the general mind; to replace the frivolous and pernicious excitements with which the diseased taste of the public is constantly being pampered, by a well-chosen selection of passages from works approved by time, embodying the solid sense, and information, and just feeling of the best part of our ancestors, their grand conceptions, the beauties of their poetry, and the antique riches and graces of their English, thus providing a fund of intellectual recreation which

shall be neither inflammatory, nor enervating, nor perverse of sound knowledge, nor injurious to the taste, but, on the contrary, shall have a rectifying tendency in all these respects; this, as it is one of the leading purposes of the work, so it is in our estimation beyond all comparison the most important; and it is for the sake of this that we have thought the *Retrospective Review* worthy of recommendation to our readers. It is this which renders it more instructive, and, to a healthy and well-judging mind, even more entertaining than any of its contemporaries; not to mention the permanent interest which it hence acquires, as a repository of thoughts, words, and facts, of which no change of circumstances can impair the value. And such an end, from the nature of the case, must be more or less served, whatever may be the skill or diligence of the compiler. In the present case, indeed, although on the whole we have good reason to be satisfied with the manner in which the reviewers have executed their task, we think that they have in several of their selections, sinned against good judgment—that is, against our judgment; and that although we know of no instance in which the quotations can be justly considered as too numerous, there are many in which the collector has incurred the opposite charge of scantiness, from a fear, no doubt, of overcharging the delicate digestion of the polite reader*. So highly, indeed, do we value this part of the work, that we could wish that the *analecta* were left more to themselves: we allude to the officious notes of preparation by which they are ushered in. "These lines are fanciful and elegant."—"We conclude with the following animated picture."—"The following Epigram is very good."—"A gentle and tender melancholy is diffused over the following reflections."—"Nothing can be sweeter than this image," &c. We do not want to be told beforehand what to approve, and in what kind and degree to approve it. We do not like to see the critic pat a fine passage on the back by way of encouragement, as he introduces it to the reader. This is sheer impertinence; it is encroaching on our cherished right of private judgment; it is dictating to our perceptions, and overlaying them

* Were we to mention any articles as particularly happy in this respect, we should specify that on Dryden's Plays, one of the most perfect specimens of anthology we are acquainted with; the series of articles on the Early English Drama; those on Glover's *Athenaid*, Sir William Davenant's *Gondibert*, Brown's *Pastorals*, and the Poems of Southwell, Crashaw, Donne, and Daniel; on Bergerac's *Satyrical Characters*, the *Travels of Sir Anthony Sherley*, Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, Luther's *Table-Talk*, and Defoe's *History of the Plague*.

As examples of skilful abstracts, comprehensive without being prolix, we might name the papers on North's *Lives of Lord Guildford* and of Sir Dudley North, &c., Burnet's *History of his own times*, and the *Life of Bishop Latimer*.

in their infancy with the featherbed of another man's opinion. If the reviewer wishes the passage to make the same impression on us which it did on himself, let him present it to us as he found it, unencumbered with these head-pieces of commendation. And yet we know not whether we ought to find fault with this practice; it originated undoubtedly in a tender consideration for the public obtuseness of perception; perhaps, too, the critic was unable to restrain the expression of his admiration: we have only noticed it on account of the annoyance which it occasioned ourselves.

With regard to the amount of information shewn in these volumes, we must speak with great qualification. It would be unjust to deny that the historical notices, as far as they go, contain much useful illustration: still there is a *rawness* about them, indicative of hasty and imperfect inquiry, undertaken for a temporary purpose. It would be difficult to name any one article as demonstrating profound research. There is also a want of collateral information; of that general knowledge, which, though its influence is more efficient than palpable, is uniformly found to throw a light upon individual subjects, which a more narrow and confined investigation had failed to bestow. In classical scholarship, among other things, the writers are greatly defective; and here we may take occasion to notice the want of typographical accuracy which pervades the work, and which is more especially visible in the Latin quotations*.

Of the style of criticism adopted in this work, it may be said in general that it exhibits, both in its merits and defects, the marks of the new school; a school which, originating in Germany, and naturalized in this country by the influence of a few eminent writers, has given a tone more or less decided to almost the whole of our periodical literature. Its chief fault, as exemplified here and in many similar works, is a certain vagueness, and a want of recurrence to fixed principles. This is, indeed, an error into which the critics of the school in question are much more liable to fall than their opponents, inasmuch as the code of the one being founded on temporary opinion and conventional rules, while that of the other has its origin in the eternal laws of nature and the human mind, the application of the latter requires inferior faculties to that of the former, and from its limited range, is less liable to error; in the same manner as (to use an illustration which we

* We give some curious instances, obviously the result of carelessness, or at least of a very inobservant sight. Vol. V., p. 318, "I tell thee, Love is Nature's second son," for "sun." *Ib.*, p. 325, "guilts and conducts," for "gulfs and conduits." In Vol. VI. p. 362, worthy old Isaac Walton is represented as "zealously hoping that all others may be exterminated;" a wish worthy of Caligula. Read "*otters*," Vol. VI., p. 187, in a line from the Absalom and Achitophel, "A church vermilion, and a More's face;" for "*Moses*,"

have seen applied to another subject) the traveller who journeys over an immense plain is liable to mistake the forms of objects at a distance, while to the captive, pacing the narrow and high-walled court-yard of his prison, all objects appear equally distinct. Hence frequent obscurity and inconsistency; and hence the veterans of the old mechanical regime, whose weapons are more easily wielded, and who employ more dexterity in using them, are sometimes able to reduce their opponents to a perplexity, from which a more thorough knowledge of the subject would have saved them. In this, too, as in other respects, we trace the results of hasty writing, in a half-formed judgment and an exaggerated tone of expression. Another occasional fault is a sentimental mawkishness, and a morbid cast of thought and expression, which, by some fatality, appears most glaring in some of the best articles; we allude particularly to that on Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the work certainly of no ordinary mind; full of enthusiasm, and indicating a deep perception of the beautiful—and which, on the whole, may be regarded as the finest piece of criticism in the collection; and the performances, in general, of a writer whose hand is frequently visible in the earlier numbers—the reviewer of Rymer and John Dennis, and the author of the anomalous article calling itself a review of Wallace's *Prospects of Mankind*, but which in reality embraces all subjects, past, present, and future—a writer whose *forte* seems to be acuteness, but who has been betrayed into this false taste by his exuberant wealth of words; his flaccid style appearing rather a superinduced disease, than the natural efflux of his vigorous and well-constituted mind. We might add, that they are sometimes guilty of the sin of affectation; that their attempts at sprightliness now and then remind us of that most melancholy of mirth-makers, Leigh Hunt; that they allow themselves to be tied down too much by the official forms and statutable style of a review; and that like other reviewers, they sometimes contradict themselves; which is the less excusable, as they at least have no temptation to forge extemporary canons of criticism for the purpose of extolling or depreciating a contemporary performance. But what compensates for many defects in these observations, is the honest and hearty spirit of admiration with which they are animated; the love of beauty for its own sake, and the disdain of petty cavils. It is impossible not to perceive that they are written *con amore*, and from a genuine, though very often indistinct and exaggerated, sense of the excellencies of the original; and we feel ourselves at ease, as in the company of one who has no design upon our applause, but who is contented with expressing his own feelings, no matter how inartificially, if by so doing he may excite others to love what he loves himself.

One other feature of the *Retrospective Review* remains to be no-

ticed; the perpetual introduction of the writer's personal opinions on politics and other subjects. This would appear, at first sight, to be a violation of the promise of neutrality made in the preface. The truth, we believe to be, that the reviewers (as is always the case with persons strongly prepossessed with their own notions, and of partial experience) fancy that in expressing these opinions, they are advancing what no one denies—except, perhaps, a few antiquated bigots. They mistake their own controverted doctrines for part and parcel of the common faith of Englishmen; so that the promulgation of them is no more an encroachment upon the common ground, than the utterance of the most ordinary truism. And with regard to the obtrusion of such subjects in a situation where they appear irrelevant, this, though a fault, is in some degree an inevitable one. There is a certain natural link of connexion among all highly-interesting subjects; so that no one of them can be surveyed in a state of perfect detachment from the rest. Whoever writes feelingly on serious subjects, will find it difficult to avoid (in the modern phrase) compromising himself. His opinions will exclude in some way or other; and the more so, in proportion to his earnestness in the cause. For it is the indifferent only who find the suppression of their sentiments easy. With others, what touches one moral nerve awakens a corresponding sensation in the rest; with them, all the pulses are alike dead. Their opinions are mere inoperative notions, which may subsist as well in separation as united; like the limbs of a withered tree, which, although in their living state, union was necessary to their existence, as pieces of dry wood may exist just as well in a detached state—and, for some purposes, more conveniently. Our reviewers are not of this cast; their heart is full, and their mouth speaketh. This propensity, however, is in some respects an unfortunate one. By the offence it gives to the prejudices of one class of readers, it may impede the popularity of a work which ought to be hailed with the general approbation of the public. The references to modern politics, too, produce a discordant effect in a work professedly devoted to the recollections of the past. Such a work ought to preserve, with regard to the petty disputes of the day, something like the calmness of the grave; something like the dispassionate tone in which we might imagine the illustrious dead themselves would treat the affairs of the world they had left behind them:

Their toils, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.

Besides the exclusiveness of their sympathies prevents them from entering into a great part of the feeling of their originals; thus destroying the charm of unity—the heart-warm text appearing to be

bound reluctantly to the cold corpse of a comment. The chivalrous loyalty of our ancestors, their zealous churchmanship, and orthodox piety, seek in vain for a conducting medium in the breast of the reviewer. We respect the honest zeal in which this originates; and we allow that it requires extraordinary charity, or extraordinary enlargement of mind, to appreciate fully upright intention, and sympathize heartily with virtuous feeling in whatever cause they may be displayed; and to recognise and worship truth, in whatever combination it may be found with error. Sometimes, also, the writer thinks it necessary to indulge in a sneer at the absurdities of opinion contained in the passage before him; apparently not from any scoffing propensity in the abstract, but for form sake, and by way of quit-rent to the prejudices of his readers, or perhaps through fear lest he should himself be suspected of entertaining the exploded heresy. This is in bad taste; for (taking it for granted, which is not always clear, that the supposed error was really such) the sentiment implied in the remark of the critic is not the sentiment which the perusal of the passage itself creates, imbued as it is with undoubting faith and sincerity, and therefore incapable of exciting unmixed ridicule; it is the result of after reflection, and ought not to be obtruded on us in our first perusal. Finally, their political predilections, and their propensity always to favour the weaker side; a propensity, doubtless, far preferable to that which

sequitur fortunam semper, et odit

Damnatos,—

give an occasional tinge of partiality to their historical details. Thus in the memoir of Southwell the poet, the writer notices some harshness which was exercised towards Southwell by the English government in the time of Elizabeth, and proceeds to inveigh in the fashionable style against Protestant intolerance; forgetting that the severities in question, as far as they were matter of precaution, were fully justified by the machinations of the Pope and the intrigues of the Jesuits.

These, however, are minor blemishes; and we should be unpardonable, if, after the above enumeration of defects, we were to omit noticing the most honourable characteristic of this Review, the tone of good feeling and honest intention which pervades it throughout. It is refreshing to turn from the cant, the personality, the petty squabbles, the dishonest artifices, and the pandering to mischievous prejudices, which (with all proper exceptions) characterize our popular critical journals, to the high and generous views of the writers before us, their disinterested love of departed worth and intellectual greatness, their sympathy with every thing worthy in action or noble in sentiment, their zeal in the cause of humanity, and their true English spirit. It is this which makes amends for a thousand errors; it is this which induces us to overlook the crudeness of their

information, their want of order, their irrelevancies, their diffuse and inaccurate style, their shallow speculations, and the modern frippery with which they have often disfigured the grand and grave thoughts of our ancestors. It is pleasant to feel ourselves in a clear atmosphere; to know that we are in the company of men who will not deceive us, and who, if they are nothing else, are at least frank and kind-hearted. Our eulogy may be considered as a little hyperbolic; probably it is so; for we are ourselves conscious of a defect in the faculty of discrimination; we shall however leave the reader to correct it for himself. In the mean time we may refer, by way of a few illustrations of what we have said, to the articles on witchcraft, on Las Casas, on the memoir-writers of the time of Charles II., on the poems of Quarles and Southwell, on Archbishop Laud, (a paper which deserves to be noticed as a model of genuine liberality,) and above all to a critique on the inimitable fiction of Peter Wilkins; a paper to which we cannot give higher praise, than that it is almost sufficient to redeem the name of critic from contempt.

The subject is an extensive one; but we have already broken our promise of brevity, and shall therefore conclude with a tribute of deserved praise to the individual to whom the original conception of the work, as well as its entire organization, is due; who, in spite of discouragement and difficulties, without pecuniary support, unaided by local or party reputation, by the patronage of the great, or the favour of literary coteries, has undertaken, and conducted to

fixed and lasting reputation, a work which rested its sole claims to success on the good taste and patriotic feeling of the public. It is seldom that the basis of any literary reputation has been so honourably laid, founded on such laudable exertions, and so totally independent of all unworthy arts.

E. H.

MIRABEAU.

HONORÉ-GABRIEL Riquetti de Mirabeau was born at Bignon, near the town of Nemours, on the 9th of March, 1749. His father was Philippe, or, according to others, Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau; his mother Louise Riquet de Caraman, grand-daughter of Riquet, the constructor of the canal of Languedoc.

He lived forty-two years, in which period he underwent every species of persecution, was accused of every sort of crime, thrown into prison seventeen times by virtue of as many lettres-de-câchet, procured chiefly by his own father, tried, condemned, exiled, executed in effigy. He tasted the sweetness and the bitterness of every individual stream which flows from the fountain of human

passion; he gave the immediate impulsion to a mighty revolution; he created and directed the dominant opinions of twenty-five millions of men for two years together, by the single magic of intellectual superiority; he was hated, and feared, and courted by antagonist factions; he triumphed over every obstacle, and avenged himself of every enemy; he died an exhausted debauchee, a professed Atheist, amidst the tears and groans of thousands, in the bosom of an immense popularity; and representative France bore him the first to his tomb within that splendid monument, which she had raised in gratitude to the lovers of their country!

France has not equalled England in poetry, science, or philosophy; but in nothing has she come so far short of this island as in political knowledge and in political virtue. In contact with Hampden and Lord Chatham, Mirabeau is nothing; the moral grandeur of their characters is not even understood by Frenchmen. Indeed we have no right to make the comparison, or at least to draw conclusions from it unfavourable to either party. The efforts of scientific men of different countries may be estimated because there exists a common rule by which to measure them; but political science, if not in its fundamental principles, yet certainly in the process of superstructure and in the details of administration, is a thing confined by bounds of time and place, and receives its colour and habit, its form and pressure, from national facts and from national circumstances. Every thing therefore that is not within the direct reach and agency of an immutable principle may be affected by external relations; a line of administrative policy may be as right in one country as it would be wrong in another; and political forces may be equally powerful as applied to different objects, although very disproportionate if actually brought into mutual collision. Statesmen are in one point of view actors on a more extended stage; they may gain an equal ascendancy over their respective audiences, although they may approach at unequal distances some common standard of abstract perfection, if such were to be found: Garrick and Talma have no doubt different claims to the merit of strict excellence, yet are they each of them incontestably the Roscius of his country. No man ever mastered the reason and the passion of all classes of people with such certainty and such steadiness as Mirabeau; he led a mob or an assembly by different means, but with equal facility; he wielded the democracy with one hand, and could and would, if time had been given him, have wielded the aristocracy with the other; he hit his countrymen between wind and water; he was for a season the intellectual Dictator of France.

A man gifted with great natural talents, possessed practically of almost every kind of knowledge, stimulated by a passionate temper and an ambitious spirit, was, during the twenty years im-

mediately preceding the meeting of the States-General, driven, as it were, by moral necessity to add himself to the mighty and still increasing multitude of those who afterwards effected the Revolution. By a fatality exactly parallel to that observable in the times of Charles I., the vices of the French government had become more and more outrageous in proportion as the nation grew more enlightened in detecting and more sensitive in resenting their consequences. The march of public opinion from the Regency had been regular; from the accession of Louis XVI. it had been rapid: the American war gave it a tone of republicanism, and the notorious embarrassment in the finances opened a theatre for its operation. Approaches were made through the doors of the treasury; the executive system was reconnoitred and invested; its real weakness was discovered to bear an inverse relation to its apparent omnipotence; the probable resistance was such as to excite enthusiasm and to enhance the glory of success; the conquest itself was certain, and the spoils both for individuals and for the nation beyond calculation immense. Mirabeau participated in these speculations to the fullest extent; he had lived in England, read the English history, and studied the English constitution; he was profuse and wanted wealth; he was ambitious and coveted power; he was vain and panted after renown. But Mirabeau had also injuries to revenge; the most golden years of his life he had wasted away in prisons, a victim sometimes to his own crimes, but more frequently to the unnatural persecution of a peevish father: he had meditated deeply on the iniquity of a system which authorized such tyranny; and he had inflicted two severe blows upon it by the publication of his *Essai sur le Despotisme*, and his work *Sur les Lettres-de-Câchet*. He lived to destroy both the one and the other. It cannot be doubted but that much of his political conduct at the close of his career was the result of the indignant animosity, which the gloomy walls of a dungeon had cherished in his youthful breast; and M. Bodin is harsh but substantially correct, when he says, that Mirabeau was "enthousiaste de la liberté, puisqu'il avait du génie; ambitieux, parcequ'il était corrompu; ennemi implacable de l'arbitraire, parcequ'il avait été à la Bastille."

But it was not alone in denouncing the depravities of a decrepit and profligate government that Mirabeau employed his powerful pen, and endeavoured to animate the solitude of a prison. The future leader of the National Assembly was the most successful of lovers and the most accomplished of correspondents; the *Lettres à Sophie* are dated from the donjon of Vincennes. They are eloquent, lascivious, sophistical, without the finished elegance of Rousseau, but more vigorous and more true to the workings of unregenerate nature. It is a matter of some interest to see the style of decency which had become ordinary in the intercourse of

French society ; it is true, Madame de Monnier was now the mistress of Mirabeau ; yet it is difficult to understand how a man of rank could write letters which are actually obscene, to a beautiful and intellectual woman of the same quality, who asks him questions about natural religion, and Young's Night Thoughts. Some of these epistles are of the stamp of those in the *Liaisons Dangereuses*. Others contain in the midst of the most deliberate efforts of a corrupting sophistry, remarks which show that their author had probed the weaknesses and the subtleties of the human heart to their lowest depth. "L'amour et l'amitié," says he, "s'excluent l'un l'autre." Again, "Il est des pertes auxquelles on ne doit pas s'accoutumer ; et lorsqu'on ne peut plus faire tout le bonheur de ce qu'on aime, on en doit faire le malheur : disons la vérité même, on le veut ; et ce sentiment délicat, quoiqu'on en puisse dire, est dans la nature d'un tendre amour. Il est vrai, il est très-vrai, très-exact, que dans une grande passion, on aime sa maîtresse ou son amant plus que soi-même, mais non pas plus que leur amour ; on peut tout sacrifier—que dis-je ? on désire tout sacrifier, excepté la tendresse de l'objet aimé !" The following passage is in every sense, both bad and good, worthy of Rousseau. The Marchioness had expressed some scruples as to the nature of her connexion with Mirabeau ; there was double adultery in the case, and she felt uneasy at the possible judgment of the world upon the morality of her conduct. Her lover reassures her thus : "L'amour, s'il n'est extrême, est honteux et coupable. L'honneur proscriit tout plaisir qui n'est point appelé par la passion, comme une honteuse lubricité ; mais jamais le sentiment n'est lascif, et la femme la plus chaste peut être très-voluptueuse, si elle aime. Je l'ai dit mille fois : jouir n'est pas corrompre. O ma charmante amie ! la vertu ressemble aussi peu à ce qu'on nomme ordinairement ainsi, qu'au vice même ; la véritable vertu ne dépend point du caprice des mortels, des illusions fanatiques, des diverses spéculations des moralistes, des dogmes, des rites, des temps, des lieux, des sexes ; elle consiste dans un cœur droit, sensible, sincère, et dans l'exercice de toutes ses facultés. L'honneur prescrit à une femme de n'avoir qu'un amant, de se respecter en lui, d'être fidèle à ses sermens, incapable de légèreté, et même en ce sens d'inconstance. L'honneur proscriit tout plaisir auquel l'amour ne préside pas ; mais lorsque la sensibilité aiguise les sens, pourquoi réprouverions-nous les mouvemens impérieux de la nature ? les sensations sont-elles moins son ouvrage que les sentimens ?"

At least therefore the advocate of such a theory of honourable love was faithful, devoted, in earnest—hear his profession :—"Jamais parjure ne souilla ma bouche ; jamais l'idée de te tromper ne déshonora mon âme. Tout ce que je t'ai dit de mon amour, tout ce que je t'en ai caché, tout ce que tu en as senti, tout ce que

tu en as deviné, est également vrai, profond, inaltérable, éternel ; il survivra à mes forces, à mes désirs, et les délires de mon imagination ne sont que ton moindre triomphe. Crois-tu que ce soit une femme ordinaire qui ait remporté sur moi une pareille victoire ?” Poor Sophie ! she believed, and where is the woman who would not have believed, the sincerity of such language ; she thought no perfidy of a man for whom she had thrown away her honour, her fortune, her rank, her liberty, and regretted not the sacrifice. Yet Sophie was deceived ; her lover was not true ; the wife of the governor of the château, and a French princess, who subsequently met with a bloody end in the tempests of the Revolution, shared his heart at this very time ; he wrote similar letters to each of them, made similar protestations of ardent attachment, and probably was equally believed by them. But time was still heavy on his hands, and he dived deeper for further entertainment ; besides, he wanted money to purchase the commonest necessities of life ; his stockings had no feet ; his coat was in rags, and he had but one pair of breeches. He compiled an encyclopedia of obscenity ; in it he recorded every species of development of lust ; he described every modification of practical impurity, which the brutal propensities and perverted imaginations of man have invented, and he published this book under the title of *Erotica-Biblion*—as if love had aught in common with such nameless abominations ! as if love, the manifestation of every energy, the enkindling of every virtue, the consummation of human being, could breathe the same air, could co-exist in the same space with that foul spirit which hardens the heart, which narrows the intellect, which debases the conscience !

*Ergone tam nihil est Hymenæi pura voluptas,
Commixtæque animæ, et sincerum nectar Amoris ! **

In December, 1780, Mirabeau recovered his liberty, and went to reside with his father. Sophie was still a prisoner, with no hope of release but in the courage and dexterity of her lover. He did not fail her ; he procured an impression of the keys of the convent : false ones were made and conveyed to the unwilling nun : the hour was fixed for her escape, and he was stationed near the walls of the building to ensure her safety afterwards ; but in vain ; the plan was discovered, the abbess warned, Sophie arrested in the act of flight, and Mirabeau himself had scarcely time to secure himself by a precipitate retreat. He now tried another mode, and it was that in which he was most calculated to succeed. He was under sentence of death for contumacy, as the ravisher of Madame de Monnier. He went to Pontarlier

* One of Mirabeau's friends wrote to him thus :—“ La nécessité ne doit point obliger un homme à se manquer de respect à lui-même, et ce n'est pas du poison qu'il faut vendre pour avoir du pain.”

to purge the contumacy, and renew the cause. He doubted the event; and before he went into court, asked Sophie for a ringlet of her hair, shared with her a rapid poison, and fastened both one and the other in a little bag upon his heart. He defended himself with such unexpected energy, and with such seductive eloquence, that he intimidated his antagonists, softened his audience, and interested his judges; and in the end compelled his enemies to enter into a humiliating compromise with him; the terms of which were, that the prosecution should be quashed, Mirabeau and Sophie be free and secure, and M. le Marquis de Monnier pay all the costs, charges, and expenses of lawyer's bills and *lettres-de-cachet*.

Success begets confidence; the triumphant lover of Sophie, from motives of pique and revenge rather than of conjugal affection, demanded the person and society of his wife, who resided with M. de Marignane, her father. Madame de Mirabeau refused to accede to any project of re-union, and not long afterwards instituted a suit before the *sénéchaussée* of Aix, for a final separation from her notorious husband. Mirabeau conducted the defence with such force of argument, such appearance of feeling, and such finished rhetoric, that the Court rejected the suit for separation; but upon an appeal to the parliament of the province, and proof that Mirabeau had publicly accused his wife of incontinence, it was ultimately decreed on the 3d of July, 1783.

There are three acts in the drama of Mirabeau's life: the first, which terminates here, presents nothing but crime, exile, and dungeons; in the second, he travelled, became conversant with foreign politics, studied the situation of Europe, exposed the secrets of cabinets, speculated on finance, attacked the system of his own country, denounced the iniquities of the executive government, and laid the foundations of a reputation which even then excited the jealousy of the Court; the third, and last, was one burst of unrivalled glory, power, and popularity, which surrounded his tomb, and will survive to his posterity. The Revolution was now advancing with the strides of a giant; the philosophy of Montesquieu, of Voltaire, of Mably, and of Rousseau, had for many years been silently insinuating itself into the houses of the affluent and educated classes; it had begun to penetrate the crevices, and to agitate the mass, of society; it became more and more simple as it descended lower; the principle arrived substantially entire at the end of its long journey from the summit of literary speculation to the plains of ignorance and credulity; but it generally contrived to lose the company of certain collateral restrictions and qualifications, which were found to impede its expedition. A public spirit arose, like an exhalation from the bosom of the earth, at the echo of the voices of deceased en-

chanters: in Paris, and in the other great cities and towns of France, a mixed audience was insensibly created for the reception of the lectures of an excited press; the maxims inculcated were for the most part true, and the consequences deduced from them logically correct. The application of these reasonings to the existing system of things was obvious; the abuses in the administration of the internal police of the country were so palpable and so grievous that they provoked attack, and the facilities were great, and the temptations irresistible, of marching on from the defeat of executive tyranny to the assault of the primitive principles which gave it birth. The practice of granting *lettres-de-cachet* had been carried to such an inconceivable excess, that there hardly existed a noble family in France which did not count among its members some victim to ministerial or paternal despotism; the mere *ex-parte* statement of the irregularities of a young man's conduct were ground enough for the police to bury him in a prison, and leave him there to waste away *sine die*, or to supplicate the tender mercies of a guardian or a father, who, by having the disposition of the prisoner's property in the interval, had a direct interest in prolonging the period of his detention. Originally the *lettre-de-cachet* was manuscript, and signed by the king; it contained the name, the title, the crime, the destined prison of the object of it; it was confined to persons guilty, or suspected of being guilty, of offences against the state, or at least implicated in some high misdemeanors; but under the ministries of Lavrillière, of Sartine, of Vergennes, and Lenoir, they became so numerous, that writing them was considered too troublesome; they were actually printed and distributed by hundreds to the commanders of forts, governors of castles, intendants of provinces, satellites of the Court and their prostitute mistresses; blanks were left for the name and the offence of the miserable victims of personal malignity, and the sign manual of the king was forged with impunity. But if the members of the noblesse were the principal sufferers under this engine of tyranny, the middle and the lower classes of the nation had as good, if not a better right to complain of the legal despotism of the noblesse itself. It is true, their conduct differed very much in different parts of the kingdom; the heroic fidelity of the Vendéans sufficiently proves it; but it is equally certain, that the old age of the feudal system, if it had mitigated any thing of the ferocity, had not resigned one of the pretensions of its barbarous youth; there was ample room left for possible oppression; and if a tribunal for redress had existed, the least difficulty would have lain in the selection of instances of its atrocious infliction. But the nobility were not only authorized by the laws to dispose, almost at their pleasure, of their vassals and tenants; they were also exempted by

privilege from contributing towards the common and indispensable revenue of their country. More than 50,000 persons, possessing at least three-fifths of the land of the kingdom, paid no taxes; the commercial classes were ground to pieces by imposts and excise; and the nation was burdened with a heavy debt, which, under such a system of imperfect taxation, must increase with portentous rapidity, and the interest of which, the annual revenue paid into the treasury, after answering the necessary expenses of the state, was barely sufficient to satisfy. This was no new situation of things. The triumphs of Louis XIV. had exhausted, as much as his misfortunes had depressed and agitated, France; the absolute sceptre, which he had bequeathed, was too heavy for the feeble and unskilful hands of his successor; the administration was violent without vigour; the ancient institutions were undermined and falling to pieces, whilst every proposition of reform was obstinately rejected; the disorder was such, the corruption so dreadful, the remedies so uncertain, that Louis XV. himself was struck with terror at the sight, and is said to have cried, with a melancholy voice, "that in the state in which he beheld France, he would not guarantee the crown upon the head of his grandson." If Louis XV. was a bad king, he proved himself at least no indifferent prophet.

At the accession of Louis XVI. in 1774, the revolution was virtually effected; an impression had been given to the public mind of the nation which nothing could efface. An edict against speculations was brutum fulmen. But, though the sources of thought were opened, and it was impossible to stop the stream from flowing, yet it was still within the power of human wisdom to direct its course and to coerce its fury. There was a glorious theatre prepared, and a glorious part to play; the executive government might have initiated a salutary reform; it might have given to the people as the sacrifices of royal patriotism what in a few years the same people would infallibly seize as the appurtenances of national property; it might have led the march in triumph instead of waiting to be dragged along the road in chains; it might have preserved the monarchy by a timely regeneration, instead of proceeding to enlarge the measure of its iniquities, and to accelerate the advent of that fearful day in which the sceptre and the throne, the good and the bad, should be swept away in one undistinguishing torrent of destruction. It is but justice to say, that Louis XVI. did to a certain extent perceive the signs of the times, and was willing to do that which became him; he called Turgot and Malesherbes to the helm of affairs; they addressed themselves to the privileged classes, and demanded the concession of their monstrous prerogatives; in vain—the privileged classes, as unwise as unpatriotic, combined together upon the principles of pride and

interest, and crushed their virtuous antagonists; and the nation learnt with sorrow that Louis, however generous his motives, however pure his intentions, was utterly destitute of that depth of prudence, of that manly firmness of character, without which it was obviously idle to expect to produce any beneficial result.

The American war broke out, and France assisted the insurgents with men and money. Necker entertained the same opinions as his predecessors, but did not possess their disinterestedness; he maintained the war by loans without increasing the taxes, and purchased an undue popularity at the price of trebling the debt of an already exhausted country. But this was not all; for some years the cause of the English colonies had excited a deep interest in France; the public policy was associated with their struggle; resistance to government was justified even by the measures of the Court; and many of the most ardent spirits of all classes had personally mixed in the contest itself, shared in its dangers, contributed to its success, and exulted in its triumphs. The peace in 1782 sent these men back to their own country; they imported with them ideas of liberty and republican equality, which they seemed to have appropriated to themselves, and almost claimed an exclusive right to promulgate. They were listened to with enthusiasm and delight, and what was at first history to some, and adventure to others, became ultimately advice and exhortation to all.

Calonne succeeded; ingenious, bold, unscrupulous, he relied on the powerful patronage of the Comte d'Artois for overcoming all difficulties. He commenced with a loan, which the parliament, his bitter enemy, refused to register. Calonne was imperious, and long accustomed to cut the gordian knots of politics, by what the French call coups d'etat. The King commanded the registration, and was obeyed; but the minister, irritated by the opposition with which he had met, was determined to crush it. He cast his eyes on the privileged classes, revived the plans of Turgot, proposed them to the King, over whose mind he had acquired an absolute sway through the medium of his colleague Vergennes, and insisted on the necessity of taking from the parliament the right of controlling or suspending the operations of finance. In order to invest with an air of legality that which he intended should be in substance an act of despotic power, Calonne convoked an assembly of the Notables at Versailles in 1787. He announced his plans to them, which contained the abolition of privileges, the establishment of a general land-tax, the relief of commerce, the introduction of a stamp duty, and the creation of provincial assemblies throughout the kingdom. The most furious opposition arose; the clergy and the noblesse defended their privileges with pertinacity, and the nation itself had so ill an opinion of the principles and integrity of the minister, that it looked on almost with indifference

as to the fate of a measure which so nearly concerned the common welfare. In vain did Calonne oppose the name and the influence of the Comte d'Artois as a shield between him and his enemies ; Monsieur, himself the partisan of reform, ranged himself in the opposition, and the Duke of Orleans stood aloof in an affected neutrality, and waited quietly for the result of the inextricable embarrassments, in which the King was engaged. Louis XVI. had not firmness to maintain his resolution by an act of authority. Once more and for the last time the privileged classes triumphed, and Calonne, like Turgot, was sacrificed to their implacable hatred.

The death struggles of the *ancien regime* had commenced ; the measures of the Court were violent, intermittent, convulsive. Brienne, Lamoignon, and Fourqueux had succeeded to Calonne. They determined to revert to the old sheer despotism ; and in this spirit two edicts for creating a land-tax and a stamp duty were presented to the parliament. The most passionate opposition was excited, and the fact of the American resistance to the introduction of the English stamp duty was seized and dwelt upon with fury. It is said that the idea of convoking the States-General arose from a pun in one of those debates in the parliament ; some one moved that the ministers should produce divers états de finance ; “ vous demander des états de finance,” replied one of the council, “ comme pour faire partie de l'opposition ; ce sont des états-generaux qu'il faut demander.” The ministers indignant at an opposition which, since the time of Richelieu, was looked upon as a kind of petty treason, summoned the parliament to Versailles, and determined to enforce the registration of the two edicts in a lit de justice. The pomp of despotism was displayed ; the King expressed his discontent with the parliament, and did not spare his reproaches : the minister reminded the assembly of all the gracious communications which the monarch had made to the nation through the medium of the Notables ; new demands and new discussions upon the same subject were useless to the public ; they only tended to impede the motions of the government, and to circumscribe the power of the King ; that power was unlimited ; it recognised no rights which were opposed to its own ; the King was the sole administrator of his kingdom, and it was his first duty to transmit unimpaired to his descendants that authority which he had received from his ancestors ; the urgent necessities of the state would not endure the pernicious delays which were sought to be introduced in the verification of the royal edicts ; and the King, who in his extreme kindness had condescended to draw back for a season the veil which covered the administration of the kingdom, was not justified in departing any farther from the ordinary rules of his royal wisdom ; above all, he would not permit the unusual and spontaneous marks of his goodness in conferring with the Notables to be made an ar-

gument for controlling his conduct in the ordinary exercise of his authority in the parliament. To this declaration of the rights of despotism the parliament replied by setting forth the ancient principles of the French monarchy, the first of which was that those who were to pay the taxes ought to consent to their imposition, and that there was no other way to ascertain the wishes of the nation but by a speedy convocation of the States-General! However the edicts were registered *par exprès commandement*; the parliament renewed its protest against their legality, and received in return a decree of banishment to Troyes.

The details of the interval which elapsed from this last act of despotism till the meeting of the States-General on the 5th May 1789, are profoundly interesting and instructive; a knowledge of them is indispensable to every one who is anxious to understand the state and character of public opinion which produced the Constitution of 1791 as its natural effect, but it would far exceed the prescribed limits of this hasty sketch to enter into a critical account of them here. In few words, the force of common consent increased day by day; the press became more and more determined in its attacks upon the existing system of things; the parliament was seized upon as a recognised nucleus and starting post of opposition, which the ministers made desperate and useless efforts to suppress; the Duke of Orleans courted the populace, and set himself at the head of the advocates of national reform; the clergy themselves, in convocation assembled, demanded the States-General, and declared that there could be no safety or happiness for France without national representation; the distress of the finances became such that the funds of private charities were seized for the immediate use of the treasury; Brienne sunk under the weight of public hatred; Necker was recalled; a second meeting of Notables took place; the ancien régime was invaded and mutilated on all sides, till at length worn out and exhausted by old age and disease together, it expired in the bosom of the National Assembly.

Mirabeau, hated equally by the clergy and the noblesse, who looked upon him as a traitor to their cause, became on that very account still more popular. He published numberless pamphlets distinguished alike by their luminous logic, impetuous eloquence, and determined hostility to arbitrary measures. He saw the crisis of his country, and felt that he himself was called upon irresistibly to be an actor on the stage. He went to Marseilles, hired a house, wrote over the door, "*Mirabeau, marchand de draps,*" and was sent by acclamation to Versailles, as deputy of the tiers état from the sénéchaussée of Aix.

It would be rash to pretend to classify with precision all the shades of opinions which had their respective advocates in the States-General. In fact it would be very useless, if it were prac-

tieable; for many of them scarcely survived a month's discussion, some of them were extinguished, and others merged in more general definitions. There are however three grand parties which may be easily distinguished, and which will serve as guiding posts to the mind through the intricate passages of the first years of the revolution. First, all those who were attached to the ancient order of things, and were determined to defend it; this party consisted of a majority of the noblesse, a minority of the clergy, and scattered individuals amongst the tiers état: secondly, the personal partisans of Necker, who, though in the commencement of the Assembly very powerful, soon afterwards lost their influence with the decreasing reputation of the minister, who alone supported them: thirdly, and this was incomparably the largest party, all those, whatever might be their ultimate views or the differences of their tempers, who joined in a fixed resolution of never separating till they had destroyed the despotism and given a free constitution to France. The first were commonly called Aristocrats; the second Amis du Ministre; the third, Orleanistes. These last contained amongst them the germs of three other divisions, which subsequently became conspicuous; the Orleanistes proper, whose object it was to declare Louis incapable and to make the Duke of Orleans Regent; the Constitutionalists, who wished a limited monarchy upon the idea of England; and the Jacobins, who detested the name of King, hated the family of Bourbon, and were prepared to wade through blood to the establishment of a republic.

Mirabeau was eminent and popular, but his full powers were not yet known. As yet there had been no adequate field for his oratory. It was on the 23d of June, 1789, after the Séance Royale that he first came forward and occupied a rank, which nobody afterwards ventured to dispute with him. The noblesse and the clergy had retired to their chambers; the tiers état remained in the great hall; the master of the ceremonies brought the King's order for them to withdraw; the deputies were agitated and irresolute, when Mirabeau rose, and thundered with a terrible voice, as it is said, these words to the messenger; "*Aller dire à ceux qui vous ont envoyé que nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple, et que nous n'en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes!*" The revolution was decided. In the same tone of fierce superiority he gave *his* injunctions to the second deputation from the Assembly to the King upon the subject of the removal of the troops between Paris and Versailles: "*Dites-lui que les hordes étrangères dont nous sommes investis ont reçu hier la visite des princes, des princesses, des favoris, des favorites, et leurs caresses, et leurs exhortations, et leurs présens; dites-lui que toute la nuit ces satellites étrangers, gorgés d'or et de vin, ont prédit dans leurs chants impies l'asservissement de la France, et*

que leurs vœux brutaux invoquaient la destruction de l'assemblée nationale ; dites-lui que dans son palais même, les courtisans ont mêlé leurs danses au son de cette musique barbare, et que telle fut l'avant-scène de la Saint-Barthélemy. Dites-lui que ce Henri dont l'univers bénit la mémoire, celui de ses aïeux qu'il voulait prendre pour modèle, faisait passer des vivres dans Paris révolté, qu'il assiégeait en personne ; et que ses conseillers féroces font rébrousser les farines que le commerce apporte dans Paris fidèle et affamé." The address to the King upon this occasion is Mirabeau's composition, and is deservedly celebrated. A woman of talent was comparing, in a large party, this address with that presented by the Commons of England to Charles I. ;—" Hé bien, madame," replied Mirabeau with an air of complacency, " Cromwell n'a-t-il pas illustré sa famille ?"

Yet Mirabeau would never have been a Cromwell ; he never entirely shook off the habits of his youth ; he never forgot that he was a nobleman ; " Croyez vous," said he to some nobles, " que si j'eusse été député de la noblesse, elle eût dégringolé si promptement ?" " Regardez-moi," said he again to some newspaper reporters in the gallery of the Assembly, " vous avez désorienté toute l'Europe pendant trois jours avec votre Riquetti aîné !" " L'Amiral Coligny," said he, " qui, par parenthèse, était mon cousin."

Mirabeau hated the ancient despotism, but he had no objection to a constitutional monarchy ; he was the bitter enemy of the ministers, but he defended the power and the efficient existence of a ministry in the abstract. He had studied the character of his own countrymen too well to participate in the idle dream of converting them into republicans ; he saw the immense difference between a new country like the United States of America, and the oldest and most polished monarchy of Europe. He knew that the French could not attach themselves permanently to a mere principle ; that they would not contend for a simple right ; that they would in all circumstances look for some man to come forward as the actual and visible exponent of their opinions, and that to this person they would devote themselves with almost childish passion. He was persuaded that a republic would be a mere delusion to France, and that under the shadow of that magnificent name the liberties of the nation would for ever lie at the mercy of successive dictatorships of triumphant demagogues. More difficulty has been made in pronouncing on the ultimate intentions of Mirabeau with regard to the form of government, and upon his connexions with the Court, than there seems any cause to justify. He was undoubtedly at first deeply associated with the Duke of Orleans, and was the centre of that party which meditated the virtual deposition of Louis XVI., and the elevation of the Duke to the

Lieutenancy or Regency of the kingdom. Mounier upon one occasion expressed his attachment to the King and the monarchy ; " Mais, bon homme que vous êtes," interrupted Mirabeau with impatience, " avec tout votre esprit vous n'êtes qu'un sot. Je veux un roi comme vous. Qu'importe que ce soit Louis XVI. ou Louis XVII ? qu'avons-nous besoin du bambin pour nous gouverner ?" Whether he planned the outrages of the 5th and 6th of October it is impossible to say ; that he was informed of the approach of the Parisians there is no doubt, and Orleans himself was seen too often and too undisguisedly in the midst of the ensuing tumults to leave any doubt as to his cognizance of the tendency of the conspiracy. In the afternoon of the 5th, Mirabeau went and leant over the chair of the President, and said in a low tone of voice, " Mounier, Paris marche sur nous." " Je n'en sais rien." " Croyez-moi, ou ne me croyez pas, peu m'importe ; mais Paris, vous dis-je, marche sur nous. Trouvez-vous mal ; montez au château ; donnez-leur cet avis ; dites, si vous le voulez, que vous le tenez de moi, j'y consens. Mais faites cesser cette controverse scandaleuse ; le temps presse ; il n'y a pas une minute à perdre." It is just possible that Mirabeau, distrusting the event of this sanguinary outrage, might have been willing to merit the future regard of the King by an easy service ; and it is certain that the imbecility and worthlessness of the Duke were so well known to him that he would never have scrupled to sacrifice him, if it could have served any of his own ultimate views of aggrandisement. " Il est lâche comme un laquais," said Mirabeau to one of his friends ; " c'est un jean-f. . . qui ne mérite pas la peine qu'on s'est donnée pour lui !" His defence of himself some time afterwards is a masterpiece of oratory ; he scarcely condescended to take notice of the specific charges, but repelling them *en masse* with derision and contempt, he made use of them, as it were, for a vantage-ground, from which he in turn became the assailant, and hurled against his unprepared and astonished antagonists the more tremendous missiles of his own creation. " Oui," said he with vehement earnestness, " oui, le secret de cette infernale procédure est enfin découvert ; il est là tout entier (looking at the right side of the Assembly ;) il est dans l'intérêt de ceux dont le témoignage et les calomnies en ont formé le tissu ; il est dans les ressources qu'elle a fournies aux ennemis de la révolution ; il est . . . il est dans le cœur des juges tel qu'il sera bientôt buriné dans l'histoire par la plus juste et la plus implacable vengeance."

But the Duke of Orleans became more and more contemptible every day ; he no longer, even in appearance, united in his favour the various parties of the revolutionary body ; the chiefs were rapidly diverging from the factitious centre round which they had at first assembled, and becoming almost more exasperated against

each other than they had ever been against the Court itself. The reign of clubs began; the Jacobins became a known party; they made their appeals directly to the populace, and, though consisting of barely thirty persons in the Assembly, they overawed the freedom of discussion, and usurped practical sovereignty over the whole of France. The Constitutionalists had their club also, by which they hoped to divide the affections of the mob, and thereby to neutralize the disorganizing efforts of the Jacobins. This rivalry for a popularity of the basest and most fleeting nature was destructive of all legislative consistency; articles of the most vital importance in the formation of the constitution were carried or lost, qualified or exaggerated, according as one party or another had for the moment a transient superiority in the public favour. Mirabeau belonged to neither of these clubs; he reprobated their practices; he declaimed against their existence. He was hated by both, and courted by both, and the inclination of his opinion was enough to make either the one or the other to triumph. He more than once ventured to oppose the weight of his single influence against the combined rancour of Jacobins and Aristocrats, and triumphed over them both. He was insulted in a manner which gives a lively notion of the tempestuous debates of the National Assembly. He was interrupted in the tribune by the appellations of 'insolent,' 'beggar,' 'villain,' 'robber;' he was told 'his reign was passed, his triumph would end on the scaffold;' D'Ambly shook his cane at him. "Il me serait facile," said Mirabeau in a moment of silence, "d'obtenir une vengeance éclatante des injures qui me sont adressées, mais je les meprise." "Faites avancer vos phalanges," cried Faucigny; "allons Monsieur de Mirabeau, des assassins!" "Si nous avons des phalanges," retorted Mirabeau, "vous n'avez que des libelles. Il faut avouer que notre patience est grande."

One of the most signal instances of his audacity and overbearing power was his conduct on the question of giving to the king the right of making war and peace. To the astonishment of the Constitutionalists and the Jacobins, Mirabeau declared his opinion for investing the executive power with this prerogative, and maintained it in an oration of uncommon splendour and unanswerable logic. The left side was amazed; the debate was adjourned; Barnave was appointed to reply, and to destroy by any means the effect of Mirabeau's speech. Barnave was eloquent, bold, and sophistical; but he was no match for his chosen antagonist. He attacked Mirabeau with virulence, accused him of inconsistency, ridiculed his system, and condemned his principles. He was cheered rapturously by the left side, and the people in the galleries; he was received with acclamations upon leaving the Assembly; the mob carried him under the windows of the King's

chamber, and shouted "Vive Barnave!" whilst Mirabeau, hissed and hooted by the crowd, heard the terrible cry of "A la lanterne!" and could with great difficulty escape the outrages which were on the point of being committed on him. The two Lameths, jealous of the superiority of Mirabeau, thought they had now found an opportunity of ruining him for ever in the hearts of the people; they inveighed against him in the club, and charged him in downright terms with betraying the cause of his country. The next day a libel was hawked about with this title, "La grande trahison du Comte de Mirabeau!" and it was asserted that he had received a large sum of money for his speech. This paper was shown to Mirabeau, as he entered the Assembly: he cast his eyes upon it, and said, "J'en sais assez; on m'emportera de l'Assemblée triomphant ou en lambeaux." He was now at bay; his enemies believed they had mortally wounded him; but they dreaded the tremendous effect of his despair, and were afraid to press upon him. At length he rose to reply; curiosity kept even the Aristocrats quiet.

"C'est quelque chose sans doute," said he, "pour rapprocher les opinions, que d'avouer nettement sur quoi l'on est d'accord et sur quoi l'on diffère; les discussions amicales valent mieux, pour s'entendre, que les insinuations calomnieuses, que les inculpations forcénées, que les peines de rivalité, que les machinations de l'intrigue et de la malveillance. On répand, depuis plusieurs jours, que la section de l'Assemblée qui veut le concours de la volonté royale dans l'exercice du droit de paix et de guerre, est parricide de la liberté publique; on répand les bruits de perfidie, de corruption: on invoque les vengeances populaires pour soutenir la tyrannie des opinions... (Here he looked sternly at Barnave.)... Et moi aussi on voulait, il y a quelques jours, me porter en triomphe, et maintenant on crie dans les rues, la grande conspiration du Comte de Mirabeau. Je n'avais pas besoin de cette leçon pour savoir qu'il est peu de distance du capitol à la roche Tarpeienne; mais l'homme qui combat pour la raison et pour la patrie ne se tient pas si aisément vaincu. (Mirabeau cast a haughty look at the Lameths.) Celui qui a la conscience d'avoir bien mérité de son pays et surtout de lui être utile, celui que ne rassasie pas une vaine célébrité, qui dédaigne les succès d'un jour pour la véritable gloire, cet homme porte avec lui la récompense de ses services, le charme de ses peines, le prix de ses dangers; il ne doit attendre sa moisson et sa destinée, la seule qui l'intéresse, la destinée de son nom, que du temps, juge incorruptible qui fait justice à tous. Je rentre donc dans la lice armé de mes seuls principes et de la fermeté de ma conscience. Je vais poser à mon tour le véritable point de la difficulté avec la netteté dont je suis capable. Je prie de mes adversaires, qui ne m'entendront pas, de

m'arrêter, afin que je m'explique plus clairement ; car je suis décidé à déjouer les reproches tant répétés de subtilités, d'évasion, de subterfuge ; et, s'il ne tient qu'à moi, cette journée dévoilera le secret de nos loyautés respectives."

He then refuted, in a victorious manner, the objections of Barnave ; he maintained his former system afresh, and urged it with redoubled force. He saw in the eyes of his audience the certainty of his triumph ; and stopping rather abruptly, he finished in an ordinary and inexpressibly contemptuous tone with these words :—

" Il me semble, Messieurs, que le vrai point de la difficulté est parfaitement connu ; que M. Barnave n'a point du tout abordé la question. Ce serait un gain trop facile maintenant que de le poursuivre dans les détails, où s'il a fait voir quelque talent, il n'a jamais montré la moindre connaissance d'homme d'État ni des affaires humaines. Il a déclamé longuement contre les maux que peuvent faire et qu'ont fait les rois ; il s'est bien gardé de remarquer que, dans notre constitution, le monarque ne peut plus être despote ni rien faire arbitrairement ; il s'est bien gardé surtout de parler des mouvemens populaires."

Mirabeau left the tribune amidst a thunder of applause, which continued almost instinctively for many minutes after he had resumed his seat. His triumph was complete.

There is no doubt of Mirabeau's negotiations with the Court, and there is nothing to be found in them which does him any dishonour. Laporte, intendant of the civil list, was the medium of communication. Mirabeau's remarks on the state of parties, in and out of the Assembly, are profound ; and his advice to the King wise and beneficial. Whether he actually received any money is not easy to be known : that he bargained for some permanent advantages to himself is probable. Madame de Stäel, a witness not likely to favour the sarcastic enemy of Necker, says, that she had in her possession a letter in the hand-writing of Mirabeau, which was intended for the King ; in it he offered his utmost services to establish a powerful and dignified, but at the same time, a limited monarchy in France. The truth is, Mirabeau laboured to free and regenerate his country, and then wished to guide its destinies as minister of it himself.

His intrigues were suspected : the attempts he made to pass a decree that any deputy of the Assembly might take an office and retain his seat, were in vain ; the Aristocrates, Constitutionalists, and Jacobins, all united to oppose it. The object was too clear to escape their vigilance. They were afraid of such a minister as Mirabeau, if allowed to exercise his influence over the Assembly as a member. Vernier moved, that a law should be made against emigrants. Mirabeau said, it was impossible, and demanded

leave to speak: it was refused: he persisted in his demand; "What kind of dictatorship is this?" cried Goupil, "which M. de Mirabeau affects to exercise over the Assembly?"—"I beg those who interrupt me," replied Mirabeau, "to recollect, that I have combated the despotism both of kings and ministers, and that I shall certainly not crouch under that of a club. I beg M. Goupil to recollect that once upon a time he affected to despise a certain Catiline, against whose dictatorship he now protests." The Jacobins were furious, and roared for an adjournment. Mirabeau forgot, for a moment, the gradation necessary to the part which he was determined to play, and thundered with a voice of empire, "*Silence aux trente voix.*" The Jacobins were silent accordingly, and the adjournment was negatived.

Mirabeau was continually challenged by the impetuous members of the old noblesse, and his answers to some of them are very humorous. To one he said, after the manner of Bessus, "*Je le veux bien; mais comme je ne puis me battre tant que la constitution ne sera pas faite, je tiens liste de ceux qui me font l'honneur de me jeter le gant, et je vais vous inscrire.*" To another, "*Il n'est pas juste, que j'expose un homme d'esprit comme moi contre un sot comme vous.*" Yet no one suspected his courage*.

His style of oratory was various according to the occasion; at one time, displaying in easy luxuriance the boundless treasures of his knowledge and imagination; at another, inflamed with passion, overbearing all opposition, short, rapid, and furious. He had perhaps the greatest theme and the most noble theatre that ever fell to the lot of any orator, and he effected more remarkable changes by dint of eloquence than are related of any modern speaker. He frequently abandoned the prescribed forms of public debate, and imitated Demosthenes in a direct attack or personal denunciation. He was once interrupted by a member who complained that Mirabeau was always assailing him with irony; Mirabeau looked at him for a minute, and then said with a very slow and articulate pronunciation,—"*Puisque vous n'aimez pas l'ironie, je vous lance le profond mépris.*" Being called to order upon one occasion, he turned round sharply upon the person, and replied, "*J'y suis, monsieur; c'est vous qui le troublez.*" He possessed the greatest excellence of oratory, which consists in rarely or never trusting an argument to its bare logical sufficiency, but in investing it with a garb of imagery, and in animating it with the spirit of human earnestness. He personified his thoughts, and impassioned his abstractions. He knocked directly at the

* It is said, that Mirabeau, when a boy of fourteen years of age, was taken to visit the Prince of Conti, who asked him what he would do if he, the Prince, were to strike him, "*Monseigneur, n'écrait!*"—"But suppose," said the Prince, "*the King were to strike you!*"—"Cette question," replied Mirabeau, "*eût été fort embarrassante avant l'invention des pistolets à deux coups.*"

door of the affections of his audience, and never stayed to trifle in the vestibule of their fancies. His eloquence acted all at once; the speech came *en masse*; there were no dreary intervals of narration, or deduction, or calculation, but every thing was amalgamated, and beaten into one mighty thunderbolt of reason, anger, ridicule, and invective.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ.

* * * * *

Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebat ——— flammisque sequacibus iras.

His power at the moment of his victory over the Jacobins was immense; his popularity approached to an idolatry for his person. He was tall, thick, and ugly, yet he reigned more indisputably in the hearts of the fair sex than he did even in the tribune. The girls embraced him as he walked in the streets; threw ribbons around his neck, and scattered flowers before his feet. He gave himself up to the most destructive excesses, and sunk himself to apathy in the mad voluptuousness which the finest women in Paris were proud to participate with him. At the same time he never ceased from his intellectual toils; his ambition was never lulled; his reason was never intoxicated, never asleep. He saw with accuracy the exact position in which he was placed, and understood the relative strength and intentions of the various parties with precision. He restrained the Aristocrats within bounds, and repressed the furies of the democratical faction; he might have strengthened the hands of the King; he might have quelled the clubs; he might have saved France!

But death came and snatched him from the earth, when his life was invaluable, and his loss irreparable. His debauches racked him with pain; his mind became lethargic, his energies languid. He had recourse to baths impregnated with corrosive sublimate; a species of treatment which permitted him to attend his duties in the Assembly, but which demanded the severest regimen. Mirabeau observed none. An orgy at La Coulon's, an opera dancer, in which he combined every sort of excess with every mean of exciting it, gave him his mortal blow. A violent fever was the consequence; the acrid particles of the sublimate, not being able to escape through the pores on account of the unnatural tension of the body, turned their dreadful influence inwards on the vital system, and actually poisoned the very sources of life.

Mirabeau felt that his end was approaching, and submitted to it with fortitude. The news of his illness agitated Paris to the centre: the doors of his house were surrounded with an immense multitude, who kept a profound silence, and watched for the announcement of the hourly bulletin of his health. Barnave headed

a deputation of the Jacobins to wait upon him; for the Jacobins themselves dared not resist the torrent of public opinion so decidedly expressed. One young man, having heard that an infusion of new blood might prove serviceable, came and offered his life for that frantic purpose. Mirabeau loved life like an epicurean, but nothing could for a moment shake the fixedness of his soul. He was dignified and imaginative to the last. "You are a great physician," said he to Cabanis; "but there is a greater physician than you—he who made the wind which destroys every thing, the water which penetrates and fertilizes every thing, the fire which vivifies every thing." He ordered the windows to be opened wide on the day of his death;—"My friend," said he to Cabanis, "I shall die this day; when a man has arrived at this point, there remains but one thing to do—to languish in perfumes, to enwreath the head with flowers, to surround the senses with music, that so he may enter sweetly into that sleep from which he shall never more arise." He then talked about the actual state of France, and developed the secrets of the various parties which had operated the revolution: "I carry in my heart," added he, "the ~~morning~~ of the monarchy which is now falling a prey to the hatred of the factious." He speculated also on the affairs of Europe; "Ce Pitt," said he, "est le ministre des préparatifs; il gouverne avec ce dont il menace plutôt qu'avec ce qu'il fait; si j'eusse vécu, je crois que je lui aurais donné du chagrin."

He became speechless, but still remained perfectly sensible. His sufferings were excruciating, and taking up a pen he wrote legibly the word *Dormir*. He twice or thrice wrote to express his request that they would give him opium; he fell back again apparently dead, when some artillery being discharged in the neighbourhood, the dying Mirabeau raised himself up on one arm, opened his eyes, smiled, and said with a clear and almost exulting voice, "Sont-ce déjà les funérailles d'Achille?—J'ai pour un siècle de courage, et je n'ai plus pour un instant de force." He sunk with the effort, and expired.

The theatres were closed, the shops shut, the people silent. The National Assembly decreed that the body of the deceased ~~orator~~ should be carried to the new church of Sainte-Geneviève, which was then for the first time entitled the Pantheon. Barrère pronounced his eulogy in the tribune, and moved that the deputies should attend the funeral. "We will all go," was the cry. No monarch was ever carried to his long home with such imposing magnificence; it was rather an apotheosis than a human entombment. The representatives of the people, all the public functionaries, twelve thousand of the national guard, and more than four thousand citizens in mourning formed the procession. A slow and melancholy music told of departed greatness; the thousand torches,

the intermittent cannons, the windows and balconies breathing with all the beauty of Paris, presented a striking and a memorable contrast of motion and stillness, of life and of death.

No one dared to assume the sceptre of power which Mirabeau had left behind him. His greatest enemies were the most embarrassed; and the eyes of all mechanically fixed themselves in deep abstraction on the vacant seat of him who had so often risen from thence to illumine and to direct their counsels.

Tu vero felix, Mirabilis, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis. Nam tibi aut pro virtute animi, constantiaque tua, civilis febris subeunda fuit crudelitas, aut siqua te fortuna ab atrocitate mortis vindicavit, eadem esse te funereum patriæ spectatorem coegisset; neque solum tibi improborum dominatus, sed etiam propter admistam civium cædem, bonorum victoria mœrori fuisset.

MUSIC.

Me dulcis dominæ Musa Lycinnæ
Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum,
Fulgentes oculos.

Now, listen to the Lady's minstrelsy !
She sings ; and Music is an airy God
Who crowns her alabaster temples broad
With flowers, as though the enchanted blood run mad
In its fine channels, and with breathing blue
Coloured each panting pulse and artery.
Look ! her rich cheek is flush'd, and her proud eye
Throws strange illuminations far and near !
She sings—divine one ! Oh ! not all the sounds
Of morning hereof idling poets rave,
Can match her perfect and aerial song.
She sings—" Love, Love !" softer than passion sigheth ;
Now ' absence ' and the conquer'd ' maiden's shame ;'
And now " Him who soars on golden wing,"—
Telling how the night-charming Philomel,
Whose voice goes wandering like a summer wind,
Threading the forest, ' smoothed the rugged brow
Of Darkness ' and the cloud-entangled Moon
Lured, till she walked abroad on the blue roads
Of Heaven, unfettered, like a virgin pale.

NARENOR.

PART II.

ALL happened as the old man had foretold. In the morning the guards entered the prison of Narenor, and seeing, as they thought, no one but a harmless idiot, they cried out that the wretch—the sorcerer, who could make bad money look like true coin, had evaporated through the key-hole, and had left this poor, mis-shapen dwarf in his place. So he was set free immediately, with many acclamations. Once more Narenor returned to the Schelwer forest.

How peaceful every thing appeared, contrasted with the scenes, through which he had lately passed! It was morning, when he wound along the margin of the small lake, which embosomed its quiet depth in trees, about three miles distant from his cottage. A hill, covered with brushwood, rose at once from the reedy shore of the lake, and its shadow descended far into the water with all the clearness of reality. The light, thus intercepted over the greater part of the lake, gleamed magically from behind the shadow of the hill; and (as a poet has expressed it)

“—————Fairer than all the scene.

Which smiled around, those imaged tints appear;

As Fancy's dreams are dearer to the heart,

Than all that colder Truth, or Reason can impart!”

On one side of the lake, a rocky bank left just sufficient space for a narrow weedy path between it and the water. Every where else was the impenetrable forest.

I suppose that every one has felt the exhilarating effect of the early morning air—yes, every one—for the fine lady has felt it in coming home from a ball, just as much as the peasant in going out to his work. But to a person of susceptible frame (prompt in replying to the outward impulses of nature) the cool invigorating *oxygen* of the morning air conveys positively a new sense of existence. Every sound comes more sweetly upon the ear—every object is presented more vividly to the eye—and (were I not afraid of growing less poetical, I should say) every smell (fragrant, of course) is wafted more freshly, more dewily, to the nose. How very odd it is that *nose* should not do in poetry as well as *ear*. There are equally base associations connected with both. A nose may be pulled, but an ear may be lost in the pillory. A nose—but I forbear.—To return.

Narenor felt this intoxication of the morning air—so far above all that sparkling champagne (well enough in its way) or ruby-coloured claret can produce—(which puts me in mind that I *must*

quote a noble passage, to this effect, in by far the best dramatic composition of the present day—John Woodvil, a tragedy by Charles Lamb: most strangely neglected by this acute generation of critics.

"*Lovel.*—I marvel why the poets, who, of all men, methinks, should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

"*John.*—Because your poet-born hath an internal wine, richer than lippara, or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

"*Lovel.*—What may be the name of this wine?

"*John.*—It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration; but its most royal and comprehensive name is Fancy.

"*Lovel.*—And where keeps he this sovereign liquor?

"*John.*—Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will; while his animal spirits, catching a pride [from the quality and neighbourhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines, and fermentations of earth.

"*Lovel.*—But is your poet-born always tipsy with this liquor?

"*John.*—He hath his stoopings and repostages; but his proper element is the sky, and in the suburbs of the empyrean.

"*Lovel.*—Is your wine intellectual so exquisite?"

Drunk with this wine-intellectual, Narenor forgot the past, and no longer anticipated the future. He felt that independent, undivided happiness, which is so rare in life—rare indeed as a day without a cloud in the natural world, is an hour of cloudless atmosphere in the intellectual existence. Then (like Mrs. Ratcliffe's heroines) he began to compose—no—"his feelings found vent in"—the following—two lines, which were meant for the beginning of—a sonnet

"Youth, health, and morning, ye are things to make
The heart of man bound high with ecstasy!"

Here his ideas failed, because happiness has few ideas. It is rather a sensation.

"And why not (thus communed he with himself) make unto myself an endurable and daily happiness out of these simple elements? Why should not the rocks, the trees, the waters, the air, the sky, the sun, and the answer to these in my own heart, suffice for pleasure?

So mused Narenor as he slowly proceeded along the unfrequented, overgrown path, that conducted to his cottage. Presently he heard a short, quick cry of canine pleasure, and a poor wretched skeleton of a dog flew to his feet, sprung up almost to a level with his face,—then grovelled again upon the ground, inviting, imploring the caress of his master's hand. "Poor

Orra, thou odd shaggy creature, thou shambling, scrambling, ill-mannered, ill-gaited animal, so regardless of all the conveniences, and bienséances of society, how hast thou contrived to shuffle on with existence, in thy master's absence? Well, Orra, there *is* a living being to welcome me, on my return home—so I will call it *home*. Certes, thou art not beautiful; the meeter comrade for me, poor dog! Come, and we will be laughed at, spurned at, and scouted together!" The dog looked at him with very human eyes, as if comprehending all that was said, and, still whining with uneasy joy, ran before him to the cottage. *There* every thing looked as it did, on the morning of his last departure. The white embers were yet unscattered on the hearth. A book, open at a particular page, lay on the old oak table with three claws, as if he had just risen from its perusal. "No, I have never been away! (he exclaimed) It is all a dream. Surely I have walked into the forest and slept! And yet I could write a journal of four months: on such a day rode into the country—on such a day, played at tennis—on such another, attended lady Leonora on the promenade. But it is all past, past, past."

Narenor was really very happy for some days. A man, who has been just going to be hanged, and has escaped so little-pleasing a ceremony, has reason to be so. He pursued his occupation as a wood-cutter, and rambled to all the most coy recesses of the forest. He tried to draw his pleasures from the simplest source of common nature—but then he *read* still; and still he found that

" Knowledge is sorrow, they who know the most,
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth
The tree of knowledge is not that of life."

The worst of it is that he was not meant to be a Timon. His heart was full of *human* feelings, and though he *said* to his dog, twenty times a day, "Orra, I want no other companion, than thee!" he was not at all the less pining after a reasoning speech-endued being. Then came the long, long winter-evenings. "I must have some one to speak to, or I shall forget how to speak," was the thought that passed through his mind at length; and "so his whole heart exhaled into one want."

One day he saw a very beautiful child asleep in the forest. The little fellow had wandered away from home in search of wild flowers, and there he lay, with thick auburn curls peeping through the ragged hat, the glowing cheek pillowed on the naked chubby arm, while even in sleep he tightly grasped his treasure—an enormous bunch of spring-flowers. "Now if even this child could love me," thought Narenor. Gently he lifted up the boy, and kissed his smooth fair forehead. The child, awaking, and seeing a face so hideous in such close contact with his own, set up a roar as

loud as the stoutest pair of lungs could enable him to execute, and began to kick, scratch, and cuff most manfully. At this unlucky moment the mother, guided by the well-known sounds, came up to the scene of action. "Monster, thou hast bewitched my child! Set him down this moment. Don't touch him! Don't look at him! Thou hast an evil eye!" Screamed the enraged parent; at the same time displaying her fingers in a manner that enforced a shrinking of Narenor's face, which had already suffered from the urchin's vigour. Bitter, bitter were his thoughts, as his feet mechanically conveyed him homewards, without the aid of eyes—for all his senses were absorbed in the one distracted feeling, "I am the outcast of heaven, and earth." He threw himself on the ground, and a flood of tears convulsed his whole frame.

This past away, and hope, the very last deserter from the fortress of the human heart, began to maintain the siege against despair more vigorously. "Surely, he thought, if I once more restore my person to a bearable comeliness, I may find, among the gentler sex of my own sphere, a partner of existence, without the fatal aid of wealth, or the adventitious glare of rank." The transformation was soon effected, and Narenor began to join the village dance, and the wrestlers on the green,

"Where rustic eyes ▲

Rain'd influence, and adjudged the prize,"

amidst the envy of the men and the admiration of the maidens. But Narenor was unfortunately too refined to endure the shock and jostle of coarse common natures. He saw, in humble life, the same mean motives and petty passions operating which he had beheld in a higher walk of society—but without the *veil*; which rendered the latter tolerable. There was one girl, she was certainly very beautiful; Raphael would have chosen her for one of his Madonnas. The same clear brown complexion, with a tint, like that of the pink may-blossom, blushing through it; the same full pouting lips; the same liquid hazel eye. Her figure, too, was fine, though somewhat unformed, (for Francesca was but sixteen,) and, it must be confessed, (unlike those poetical creations, who have always a native, inherent, incommunicable grace,) that there was a slight awkwardness, an *uncultivatedness*, (if I may be allowed the expression,) in her fine figure. Did this want of cultivation extend to the mind? Narenor, for a time, thought not. Narenor had a vivid imagination.

"Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds,
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth, nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds

The fatal spell ; and still it draws us on,
 Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
 The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
 Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest, when most undone."

So says the poet, whom death has now consecrated among the classics of our own language. Narenor had begun this alchemy of the heart, and Francesca was adorned with all its golden product. But the ground-work was defective. Not but that Francesca was a *very good girl* :—but then she wanted tact ; and she was—a woman. She played off a few little tricks of coquetry against Narenor with *another young peasant*. Here was the unpardonable offence. The mind ; the information, the intellectual polish of Narenor, were as nothing to the little rustic, who only saw a handsome young man, where she ought to have discovered a superior order of being. Carl was a handsomse young man too,—and—Francesca married him.

After this, Narenor would sit for hours immovable as a statue. When he moved, he moved listlessly. He seemed to have lost all that vital spring which makes *existence* really *life*. But

" The deepest ice that ever froze,
 Can only o'er the surface close ;
 The living stream lies deep below,
 And flows, and cannot cease to flow."

It was thus that the passion of his heart broke forth from this state of apathy—" Fool that I was to imagine that wealth, or person could avail me without life's chiefest talisman—rank ! With the three combined, I had burst irresistibly upon the world ;—but now I am for ever fettered in a condition that I abhor. I cannot mate myself with an uneducated mind : I cannot endure this round of monotonous labour without an object,—this dull, ceaseless pain, which returns unshared upon my own heart. Better that I had died in the dungeons of Cronstadt, than that I should support this living death ; and there is no remedy ! The magician's art might change my form—might endow me with exhaustless wealth ; but to ennoble the plebeian blood that flows in these veins is beyond his power !"

" Not so !" replied a voice, which Narenor recognised for that of the old man, who now appeared before him, with a scroll of parchment in his withered hand. All men (continued the phantom) are noble, if they did but know it. Could the meanest peasant trace back his ancestry, he might find that the mean rill descended from a mighty source, some lustres ago—while the loftiest lord, in pursuing the same process, might discover that the Nile of his genealogy sprang from an almost imperceptible stream. In short, were all things known, the humblest might have cause for pride,

and the proudest for humiliation. *Your* ancestors, Narenor, were noble not many centuries back. Behold the record of your race! But your father (honest man) was a cobbler. This genealogy then is so artfully managed that you appear to be directly sprung from peers and princesses—but, if ever you attempt to make a wrong, or dishonourable use of it, the noble list will be instantly replaced by that of your immediate ancestors, with your father (honest man) bringing up the rear."

You shall no longer have any reason to complain that my gifts are imperfect. If you accept this, you will possess all that, in the eyes of mankind, constitutes perfection: yet once again, I urge you to take time for reflection, before you make another trial of endowments as perilous as they are brilliant. "Any thing is preferable (replied Narenor) to this waveless calm; this desert of the mind, in which I have passed my late most wretched hours. Welcome danger, difficulty, even death itself, rather than that I should end my days in such a state of joyless apathy. Give me the scroll." It was given.

Vienna was the wider theatre, which Narenor now chose, for the display of his varied qualifications. The genealogy was handed about, in confidence, among a few particular friends; and this, combined with the attractions of a handsome person, a magnificent hotel, and a boundless profusion of expenditure, arguing a boundless possession of wealth, was irresistible. Narenor was fêted beyond measure, and was made the *indispensable* of every distinguished party. Narenor was in search of a wife, and it was his object to see as many high-born dames as were to be seen in Vienna. There was a beautiful widow, the Baroness Rudolpha di Hornputh, who shone superior among the ladies of Vienna,

"——— Velut inter ignes

Luna minores."

She was, I know not precisely of what age, but she *looked* only five and twenty. Her beauty was of a very voluptuous and remarkable kind—what the French call *épanoui*; there was an easy negligence—an air of abandon—in her figure, that admirably accorded with the "eyes' blue languish, and the golden hair." Indeed, there was something altogether Circassian in her form and face. The large lids fell droopingly over those full blue eyes, which seemed always to unveil themselves with a tender reluctance. The profuse, luxuriant, redundant hair appeared to baffle every knot and braid that would have confined it, and gathered towards the top of the head, fell again, with graceful ease, upon the polished shoulder. Her movements in the dance corresponded with the character of her beauty. She did not

"trip upon the light fantastic toe," but, like the Queen of Pleasures in Gray's Progress of Poesy,

"With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state, she won her easy way."

And did the mind fulfil the promise of the face? Pity it was, that so fair a casket should have enclosed a poison! but so it was. The character of the Baroness may be summed up in a few words: she was a bad, ill-tempered, artful woman. By means of the last qualification she contrived to conceal the two first, from all but—her maid—and her husband (for such it may have been conjectured, Narenor became). Her previous history may also soon be told. At the age of fifteen, she had voluntarily married the Baron de Hormuth, who was old, infirm, and rich. But, unlike most doting old men, the Baron could see, and judge for himself. Either Rudolpha's art was not yet perfected, or her temper not sufficiently under the control of prudence—for she failed most ingloriously in her prime object—to keep him in good humour, till he died. He left her a handsome jointure certainly, but the bulk of his immense fortune was bequeathed to his nephews and nieces. This very circumstance, which one would have thought must have been her ruin in the eyes of the world, she made use of to throw an additional lustre around her name. Through her suggestion it was that the Baron had done justice to his relations. This was universally believed, for the lawyer who drew up the will had said so. (N.B. The lawyer had nothing further to hope from the side of the *relations*, who already had every thing in their own power.) From the moment that the Baroness saw Narenor, she resolved to throw out her lures for him. He had not only rank and wealth, but, as far as a cold-hearted woman's affections could be engaged, his person was by no means unpleasing to her. This time there was no "just cause or impediment" in the way of Narenor's felicity. Settlements were made, investments endorsed—the genealogy blazed upon its snowy parchment—"Merrily, merrily, rang the bells" and gratulating crowds poured in, to pay their bridal visits to the happy pair.

"But mortal pleasure, what art thou in sooth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below."

This last line is also admirably adapted to express the character of the Baroness: *she* was "the torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below." The first time that Narenor heard the muttering of the cataract from afar, he was astonished, he was uneasy; but when the whole collected force met his ear, he was overwhelmed. It is said that they who live near the falls of Niagara become deaf from the continual roar of waters. Ah happy, if the shock of matrimonial

violence could have the same effect! The Baroness had unfortunately a very sharp voice, which, *before company*, was carefully repressed, and sounded almost harmoniously from its very piano tones. As I have said before, her whole manner, and appearance was languishing: but every thing like languor wholly disappeared in a conjugal tête-à-tête. She then seemed determined to indemnify herself for the constraint, which she had so painfully practised in the world. If there be any thing more especially startling, and in its effect, disgusting, it is to hear a disagreeable voice proceed from a lovely mouth. Madame de Genlis has a story entitled *Le Charme de la Voix*, in which a plain girl, with sweet voice, carries off the heart of the hero from a beautiful girl with a dissonant voice. I confess myself to be of her opinion. A sweet voice is "a most excellent thing in woman:" but of all irritating things, the most irritating is to hear one's name called upon in sharp exalted tones from one end of the house to the other, seeming, like the shrill, ear-piercing sife, to "play the prelude to dispute." Narenor had frequently this gratification. He was obliged to have recourse to the beautifying elixir at least twenty times a day, and to fly precipitately from the presence of the Baroness, lest his secret should be discovered. But, even this did not avail him, for the indefatigable Rudolpha followed him one day to his retreat, and, making use of that convenient aperture—a key-hole—beheld her beloved spouse in all his native deformity, witnessed the application of the elixir, and his restoration to "the human face divine." Now, the Baroness herself was indifferently well versed in magic; therefore she did not shriek out, or fall into fits, but quietly descended the stairs, in the pleasing persuasion that she was married either to a sorcerer, or to one who had sold himself—"for a consideration"—to the powers of darkness. Nevertheless, she felt a degree of exultation in the thought, that he was now in her power. She was at least in possession of his secret; and first she resolved to torment him a little by dark hints and startling allusions. Accordingly, placing herself before the glass one day, she pretended to look pensively at her own lovely image, heaved a sigh, and said, "I begin to grow very old: you did not know how old I was when you married me. Positively I do see a wrinkle. Could you not invent for me some wash or lotion that would make me grow young and handsome again?" Narenor started; he well knew that the Baroness said few things without a meaning; especially out-of-the-way things. She was consummate mistress of the *masked battery*, that most ingenious method of tormenting which forbids reprisals, because to recriminate would be to "own the wound." Again, on another occasion, the Baroness observed, "How very ugly it makes one look to put oneself in a passion: therefore I endeavour always to pre-

serve my temper." And so she did, as long as such a method of proceeding was the most likely means of exasperating her opponent. At another time, she appeared to be attentively studying a huge folio, which half-closing, and looking up abstractedly, she thus began, "Do you know, my dear, I have been reading the very shocking history of Dr. Faustus! How *very* dreadful it was of him (was it not?) to sell himself to the devil! And it says, too, that he signed the contract with his own blood! How horrible! Do you think such things have ever *really* happened? To be sure, he gained every earthly advantage. Do you think he was an ugly man before he bartered his precious soul?—because, you know, it says that he was to be young and handsome till he died; so I suppose he was *naturally* very plain; perhaps a little deformed:—why not?" In this manner, the Baroness made Narenor perfectly aware that she knew of his occasional transformations;—yet she so managed that he could never come to an explanation with her on the subject. This she kept as a *dernière* resource. At length, Narenor one day, with as much calmness as he could command, proposed separate board and maintenance. The Baroness was resolved that such a measure should never take place; for character was her idol; and she contrived to maintain, in the eyes of the world, the reputation of a most exemplary wife. She told him, then, that, if he said another word on the subject, she would denounce him as a wretch, who practised forbidden arts; and she also dropped a hint, tending to caution him in what manner he would speak of her to others. Now was Narenor indeed most wretched. Look which way he would, he saw no means of escape from the miseries of his present situation: he was bound in inextricable fetters. How willingly would he now have forgone those extrinsic advantages, for the mere sake of which the partner of his life had bound her lot with his! How sadly did he now recognise the justness of those warnings which the old man of the forest had addressed to him. But how vainly torturing is that voice,

"Which cries, I warn'd thee, when the deed is o'er."

There is a certain point of suffering beyond which the human mind will resort to any desperate remedy, or even to any thing that promises a *change* of place, or circumstance. "Farthest from the fatal spot is best," is the genuine language of impatient wretchedness. To this pitch was Narenor wrought up. He determined to fly from Vienna, and from his wife. His escape was easily effected, because it had not been foreseen, and he reached the little village of — in safety. There was something in the peaceful appearance of this spot peculiarly inviting to the harassed, and storm-tossed voyager of the tempestuous

ocean of life. It was approached by no regular track of human commerce or traffic, being bounded on the most accessible side by a thick forest, and on every other by lofty hills of every varied form and aspect. A small silver lake reflected the white walls of the village in its unruffled bosom. A chapel, surmounted by a cross, seemed to preside over the humble dwellings beneath it, occupying the most elevated station in the valley, as if to invite the weary from afar, silently proclaiming, "Religion is the guardian of the quiet, that reigns here; religion embraces all this spot in her venerable arms." A little below the chapel, on a circular mound, or platform, that commanded a delicious view of the lake, the forest, and the summits of faint blue hills beyond, was the minister's house, whose simple white-washed walls and rose-encircled porch were perfectly in unison with the character of the surrounding scenery. "Here then," said Narenor, "I will hope to find as much peace as can remain unto a soul that has been so agitated as mine. I no longer ask for happiness;—rest, rest is all that I pray for from my inmost heart!" And thus it is with men! They "labour for peace," and, when it is attained they call it stagnation. Again, they "make ready unto the battle;—again, they sigh for repose;—and so life passes. But the thirst with which Narenor panted for rest was, in this case, the effect of bodily disease as well as of the mind's fever. The wrought-up energies cannot suddenly subside without a shock to the frame, similar (in kind) to that which is felt on first falling to sleep after long fatigue, when a person starts up with the sensation of falling down a precipice. Not long after Narenor had taken possession of an apartment in a small neat cottage, occupied by a kind-hearted old couple, he was unable to rise from his bed, and soon, in the delirium of sickness, he lost all consciousness of what was passing around him. On the first day, when his recollection returned, he heard the voices of two persons near his bed. They were conversing very gently; yet he could distinguish that the sweet low tones of one were very different from the aged pipe of the other, who was his good old hostess. The sweet low voice said, "You know, Maude, it will be quite improper for me to come into his room when he gets better. The delirium will soon be over, and then, poor fellow, I must not bring on a worse sort of delirium by making him fall in love with me. Do you know, Maude, I have half lost my heart. He really must be very handsome when he is well." "Dear Miss, (replied Maude,) it would be very unkind in you to leave him just as he is getting better. It might bring on the fever again; because, you know, he would only take his physic out of your pretty hands, though he did fancy you were an angel! Lord bless your sweet face, no wonder!"

"He will wonder, I think, when he gets well, if he should ever know of it (replied the softly-laughing girl). I an angel! an angel, with a turn-up nose! more like one of the cherubs over the altar! Dear Maude, I often think what an ugly old woman I shall make—not like you with your fine Roman face: such noses are not to be seen now-a-days. Oh, do imagine me with spectacles on! lend me yours, just to show you how I shall look:"—and she rose to adjust them at the glass. By this movement, Narenor obtained a view of the speaker, through a fortunate aperture in the curtain. There she stood—a slight girl, rather under the middle size; her age might be about eighteen—dark glossy curls escaped from a large cottage bonnet, from underneath which peered an arch countenance, which was not beautiful, if beauty consist in feature, but which was truly beautiful if beauty consist in expression. Her large dark eyes had a diamond spark in them: her complexion was rich with youth, and health, and her laughing-lip had eloquent blood in it. Figure to yourself this sweet infantine face, trying with all its might to look like an old woman! There she stood—pursing up her pretty mouth, putting forward her dimpled chin, and half-shutting her radiant eyes behind Maude's spectacles. But in a moment (whether it was that she detected the gaze of Narenor with more speculation in it than it had lately displayed) she ran out of the room, saying, "Well, I must go, or I shall be too late to make tea for my dear uncle."

And was the medicine again presented by the same fair hand? It was not. But this circumstance, far from retarding the recovery of Narenor, accelerated it, by the impatience it produced once more to behold the lovely vision, which at times seemed almost to hover on the verge of the unsubstantial creations of his delirium: but Maude had assured him that the fair form was real flesh and blood, that it had a human name, and an actual living uncle. The name was Ernestine: the uncle was Mr. De Villac, minister of the village, who lived in that pretty white-washed cottage on the mount. I am afraid to describe so hackneyed a theme for description as a good, pious, old-ish clergyman. Let the reader, then, imagine something less sentimental than *La Roche*, and rather less simple (in one sense) than the *Vicar of Wakefield*;—in short, a plain, honest man, religious, and sensible, well-informed, and cheerful. I have, alas! no pathetic tale to tell of blighted affections, or of a wife lost soon after the birth of the first innocent pledge of connubial love; nor can I interest my readers' feelings by telling them what delicate health Mr. De Villac had; he was always well—had never been unhappy—and was an old bachelor. I will not affirm that he had never been, or fancied himself, in love; but certain it is that he was none the worse for it, if he had. Ernestine was his brother's only child: her father and mother were

both dead; and, therefore, she lived with her nearest surviving relative, whom she dearly loved, and by whom she was as dearly loved again. She was his little kind nurse for his sick poor, and his sweet lady Bountiful for the needy, and his pretty schoolmistress for the chubby children. And so she had found out Narenor, who, as a friendless stranger, had double claims upon her kindness, and had visited him in his illness. As soon as he could walk, he bent his steps to Mr. De Vallac's: common gratitude required this. Gratitude to Maude would have been all very well; but *gratitude* to a young and lovely woman is (as every body knows) a dangerous thing. O Narenor! I tremble for you! Remember that you have a wife!

Ernestine was not at all sorry to see her patient, who now began to justify her encomium upon his looks. She shewed him her birds, her flowers, her drawings, with all the innocent delight of a young creature, who has for the first time found something better than all these. There was peculiar danger for Narenor in the manner of Ernestine towards him. The utter absence of all art, or affectation—the ease, the unconsciousness, with which she addressed him—formed a more effectual veil to the peril, than the most studied reserve could have done. In the gaiety of her heart, she would rally Narenor most unmercifully whenever she could find occasion, and laugh at him so sincerely, that (while he himself became every hour more and more fascinated with the lively girl) he never would have dreamed of becoming an object of *tender* interest to her. The grand subject of her raillery was the awkwardness with which Narenor climbed her native hills; while she, as if endued unto them, flew, like a wild gazelle, from steep to steep, and frequently, having gained some point of vantage, would stand, mocking at his snail-like progress, and waving to him, triumphantly with her hat, while her uncovered locks were shaken sportively in the mountain breeze. Yet Ernestine began to shew marks of attachment, which, to a less inexperienced eye than Narenor's, would have been indubitable. As long as they were in the free open air, where she could dart away from him, like a bird, and return at her pleasure, and where every object supplied matter for conversation, her manner was wholly unembarrassed; but, alone with him in a room, surrounded by four impenetrable walls, she always sunk into unusual silence, and seemed to shew him a sort of deference and respect, as if *then* only she betrayed her real opinion of him. But the moment Mr. De Villac entered the apartment, it was again, “Who cares what you say?” “Go along you fright!” “Here, come and hold my silk for me! Awkward! Fidelin would hold it better! Here, Fidelin, my dear dog, come and teach this man how to hold it!”

“She despises me, (thought Narenor to himself one day,) and

therefore she can never love me." But I may worship her from a distance, and sun myself beneath her eyes, without a thought or wish beyond the happiness of her presence."

All this is very well for a time; but poor human nature will get tired of living upon looks, and being dieted upon smiles. And what was Mr. De Villac about all this while? He was visiting the sick, and composing his sermons; and, being as poor a novice in affairs of the heart as Narenor, thought, whenever he saw the young people together, that his dear Ernestine was very hard upon the poor young man; and sometimes he would give her a little lecture upon good manners, and beseech her to treat his visiter with somewhat more consideration.

One summer evening, Ernestine told Narenor that she was going to practice a little air which he had taught her, on the guitar, in her bower. "It will sound so well, in the still calm evening, (she said,) and besides it will be so romantic;—and you love a little romance." Narenor accompanied her to the bower. It was in a little dell between Mr. De Villac's house and the church, and commanded a view of a fall of water, just far enough distant to blend its murmurs soothingly with music in the bower. Ernestine ran over the chords lightly, and, in a fresh, clear, gushing sort of voice, thus began.

"I envy thee, thou careless wind,
So light, so wild, thy wandering,
Thou hast no earthly chain to bind
One fetter on thine airy wing;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

The flower's first sigh of blossoming,
The harp's soft note, the woodlark's song,
All unto thee their treasures bring,
All to thy fairy reign belong;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!

Thy jocund wing o'er ocean roves,
An echo to the sea-maid's lay;
Then, over rose and orange groves,
Thy fragrant breath exhales away;—
I envy thee, thou careless wind!"

"Yes, I do indeed envy thee!" said Narenor half involuntarily. "Come, good, now, do not be pensive, (returned Ernestine, laughing,) or I shall run away from you and leave you to write a sonnet to the rising moon." There was something in the gaiety of Ernestine, at this moment, which jarred disagreeably with the

* I hope that the fair authoress of this song will forgive me for the liberty I have taken in transferring it to my pages.

feelings of Narenor. "I would that you could be serious for a few minutes, (he said,) I am not happy, indeed I am not! I have no friend but you, and perhaps I may be soon obliged to leave you, my only friend. If I go away, dear Ernestine, will you sometimes play that song I taught you!" Ernestine answered not. He looked at her; her head was bent down and averted. He was conscious that she was weeping.

The next morning Narenor waited on Mr. De Villac to ask the hand of Ernestine.

What! with a wife still living?

Even so! After having debated with himself all night, he had at length pronounced a divorce in foro conscientie, sophistry sitting umpire in the gown and wig of conscience. The baroness, he argued had broken all her marriage vows of loving, honouring, and obeying. *With* her he could not live—yet he could not obtain a legal divorce;—and was he to pass the remainder of his days wifeless—a widower, yet forbidden to marry? He snatched up his hat, and went to Mr. De Villac's.

The first questions which that gentleman asked, on being solicited for the hand of his niece, were pertinent enough. "Of what family are you, and what fortune can you ensure to Ernestine?" "I am the only one surviving of a noble family," replied Narenor—(he had so long been accustomed to consider himself in that light!) "My fortune is chiefly in specie. One voucher for myself I have brought with me—my genealogy, duly drawn out and emblazoned;" and he unfolded the glittering scroll, rich with vermillion, azure, and gold. "You need not give yourself the trouble, (said Mr. De Villac, putting back his hand) I have much confidence in you—but stop! what is this? Son of — — cobbler! hum—hum—tinker! What is all this? Do you mean to mock me, sir? Sir, let me tell you, that, though I am only a poor minister, my descent is unblemished! I am not to be imposed upon by tawdry letters; though perhaps you flattered yourself that I should pass over them (as indeed I nearly had) without inspection. I would advise you to withdraw, and not to insult an honest family any longer by your presence!" While Narenor stammered, hesitated, and was ready to expire with shame, a voice—a not-to-be-mistaken voice—reached his ear from without, and rooted him to the ground like a statue.—"Where is my lord? (it said) Where is my dearest husband? Conduct me instantly to him!" The door flew widely open, and the baroness Rudolpha appeared, leaning most becomingly on a female attendant. She swam across the apartment with easy grace, and half-sunk into the passive arms of Narenor. Mr. De Villac now addressed the baroness: "Is this gentleman, madam, really your husband?" "I have the happiness to call him so," she replied with fascinating sweetness;—then

turning to Narenor, "My dear, will you not own your poor wife?" Narenor was silent. "Consummate villain!" exclaimed Mr. De Villac. At this moment, a sweet face looked in through the half-unclosed door. "Is not the conference over yet?—But who are all these?" "Come in, Ernestine, my dearest child!" said Mr. De Villac. "You have had a most wonderful escape from the greatest wretch that ever breathed. Look at him! He cannot speak a word. What! quite dumb! Nay, then, I must speak for you! In the first place, he has insulted me with a ridiculous genealogy. In the next, my dear, that lady is his wife! That is all!" Ernestine did not faint, but she became dreadfully pale. She pressed her heart a moment as if for breath, and then turning to Narenor, said, "Is this true?" He flew to her, he fell at her feet, he caught her hand. "Oh hear me! but for one moment! I will explain —" Again the door opened—and a tall dark sinister-looking man stood before them. "Where is my wife?" exclaimed the portentous stranger. "I am assured that she is here. Long, long has been my search for her, and weary and toilsome has been the way. But revenge thinks only of the last step, that leads it to its purpose." The attention of the party was now drawn to the baroness Rudolpha, who cried out in the *red* accents of distress, "Oh save me from him!" and immediately fell senseless to the ground. "Nothing can save thee from me now!" said the dark-browed stranger, as he stood, with folded arms, contemplating the prostrate form of the baroness, with looks of intense malice, and gloomy exultation. "She is mine! and all the world cannot take her from me! She married me because she thought me rich;—she left me, because she found me poor. But the despised Conrade has tracked his victim. Come! no more of this weakness? You must away with me!" "Never, never!" cried the reviving baroness; "This is my husband!" Narenor, you will protect me!" Narenor did not look as if he *would* protect her. "But who can bring witness that I am your wife?" said Rudolpha to Conrade. "I can!" exclaimed a voice whose unearthly and sepulchral tones did not proceed from any one present. All started, and looked round. In a dusky recess at the lower end of the apartment was seen a shadowy figure, which Narenor instantly recognised for that of the old man of the forest. By degrees, a lambent light illuminated the form, and at length the countenance, pale and venerable, was distinctly beheld. Then it was that Ernestine rushed forward, and, flinging herself before the phantom, exclaimed, "My Father! oh speak to me!" "Ernestine, (returned the vision,) my daughter! solicitude for thy happiness has summoned me from the grave. Attend, while I explain all that at present seems mysterious. After the death of her first husband, the adventurer Conrade, by artfully

counterfeiting wealth and rank, obtained the hand of the baroness Rudolpha. On discovering the cheat, she fled from him, and employed measures to have him buried in the mines of Idria. She then most unlawfully married Narenor. But in *his* destiny I have interested myself. I saw in him the elements of good becoming, from the agency of ungoverned passions, the ministers of evil. By leading him through a series of adventures, I have endeavoured to give him lessons suited to his mind's disease. By nature deformed, I have embellished his person. In fortune poor, I have enriched him. By descent unillustrious, I have ennobled him. Have these things made him happy? Yet, fear not, Ernestine, to bestow on him thy affections. Thy father himself sanctions it. The clay that is most carefully tempered, will make the finest porcelain.

"But first, Narenor, I must impose on thee a penance for having dared to affect my daughter's hand, while thine was, as thou didst think, bound to another. Return to thy native deformity, and only recover the graces of thy present form, in proportion as thy mind becomes the temple of well-ordered thoughts, and harmonious passions. When that is the case, Ernestine shall be yours.

"To Rudolpha and Conrade, I can assign no greater punishment than that of living together. Unhappy couple, depart!

"Narenor, retire to the Schelwer forest, and there pass the time of thy probation!

"Scatter the elixir to the winds—cast away the philosopher's stone, and burn the genealogy."

Let the curtain drop.

'Ο μῦθος δηλοῖ.—But I will not insult my readers with a moral. I will only bid them most heartily farewell.

E. B.

IMPROMPTU.

Written for a Design of a Fountain.

STRANGER! if in thy heart thou bear the love
Of Nature, whether for her own sweet sake
Or for the sake of thoughts, which, mute elsewhere
And lifeless, spring up in thee at her call,
As the lute vibrates to the minstrel's hand;
Pause, stranger, here! and to this lucid stream,
These waving boughs, and this sweet solemn calm,
Enhancing grace by added awe, approach
A welcome guest!—for they were made for thee.

OPENING OF THE ELEVENTH ILIAD.

Now from the couch of Tithon, ministering
 New light to gods and men, rose Morn ; when Strife,
 Despatch'd by Jove, to the Achaian ships
 Rush'd down, and in her hand the sign of war
 Wav'd fearful. On Ulysses' broad black ship,
 The midmost of the fleet, whence easily
 Thy shout might by Achilles have been heard,
 Or Ajax, at its far extremities,
 She stood, and to the congregated Greeks
 Rais'd the loud Orthian war-song, that each heart
 With sudden valour fired ; and had a God
 Then given them choice of battle or return,
 They would have chosen battle. Loud was heard
 The voice of Agamemnon, as he call'd
 His men to arm, and in the midst himself
 Braced on his glittering armour.

————— The hosts
 Array'd for battle : on the trench's verge
 They left their chariots, and in arms themselves,
 Horsemen and foot, pour'd forth. Incessant shouts
 Vex'd the still morn. The foot mov'd first, the horse
 Close follow'd : Jove, the martial tumult wide
 Awakening, sent from heaven a rain-shower mix'd
 With blood, in sign that many a valiant soul
 Should to its reckoning fleet. On th' other side
 The Trojans arm'd for battle ; Hector them
 Array'd, and wise Polydamas, and he
 Honour'd by Trojans even as a god,
 Æneas, and Antenor's warrior sons,
 Agenor, Polybus, Acamas of form
 Unmatch'd by mortals. In the foremost rank
 Was Hector, by his round effulgent shield
 Distinguish'd. As the star of pestilence
 Now breaks in all its glory forth, anon
 Cowers under darkness, Hector now was seen
 The van exhorting, now amidst the rear
 Conspicuous, while his frame all o'er with arms
 Flash'd, like the lightnings of our father Jove.

As reapers in some rich man's field mow down
 Oppos'd, the harvest, barley, or wheat ; the sheaves
 Fall thick : so, each to each oppos'd, they held
 In even scale the war ; equal were set
 The squadrons, and like wolves their rage ; with joy
 Discord beheld, she only of the Gods
 There present ; from on high the deities,
 Each at his shining threshold set, survey'd
 The war, while all arraign'd the Thunderer's will,
 Too partial to the Trojans. He of them
 Light heeding, sate on Ida's top apart,
 Rejoicing in his glory ; thence survey'd
 The towers of Ilium, and the ships of Greece,
 The flash of arms, the slayers, and the slain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BARBARY.

No. II.

TUNIS, the capital of the kingdom or regency of Tunis, is a large and populous city, built at the inland or western extremity of a salt lake, which communicates with the bay at a place called La Goletta, about twelve miles from the capital. This lake, or marsh, is shallow and muddy, and the exhalations from it, as well as from the ditches which surround the city, and in which all sort of filth is thrown, are, especially in summer, extremely offensive. Yet Tunis is considered a healthy place, being seldom visited by epidemic diseases. When I was there, it had been for many years free from the plague, notwithstanding the dangerous proximity of Egypt, that great storehouse of contagion.

Tunis has the same appearance as the other Barbary towns ; the streets narrow, tortuous, and not paved ; the houses low and mean looking, with the exception of a few buildings belonging to government, of the mosques, the pointed minarets of which rise loftily above the other structures, and also the mansions of the European consuls, which are near each other in the district inhabited chiefly by Franks or Christians, and near the Marine or Goletta Gate. On entering the latter, there is a sort of square, an irregular open place, which is the rendezvous, or a kind of exchange, for Christians and Jews. There, in the evening, one might see a motley assemblage of people of various nations and conditions. Masters of Mediterranean vessels, European merchants, Jewish and Greek brokers, or tradesmen, clerks of the several

Consuls, Italian and French travellers or adventurers, all formed in groups, and talking of money matters: while the inferior crew of sailors, jugglers, Jews, and Christian captives, were hovering around, endeavouring either to excite the sympathy or impose upon the credulity of their betters. Now and then, as the hour of prayer drew near, a silent sullen Mussulman would stalk through the animated crowd, without being in the least moved from his habitual apathy,—without ever looking right or left out of his way. On one side of this square was seen the English Consulate house; opposite to it the Swedish; farther on the French; Spanish, and Austrian; and farther to the right that of the United States. These buildings have terraces raised on steps, on the highest part of which are staves, where, on Sundays and other particular days, the flags of the respective Powers are hoisted. It was pleasing in the midst of a most obstinate war, which was then raging all over the world, to see these flags flying peacefully by the side of each other; those of France and England almost meeting when flapped by the wind. The Consulate houses, although not remarkable by their exterior, are extensive and commodious; the apartments are spacious, the walls solid; a janizary or guard, who serves at the same time as dragoman or interpreter, stands at the door of each Consulate, to ensure protection and respect. At Tunis, there had been, for a long time, no instance of the least violation of that sacredness with which the Consuls' houses are invested.

There are, at Tunis, three or four inns for Christians; the Imperial hotel, the Italian, the French, and the English; under the patronage of their respective nations. The attendants were Greeks, as well as those of a wretched *café*, which was called by the name of the Christian Coffee-house. Provisions are very cheap at Tunis, except wine, which is brought from Sardinia and Sicily. Poultry, eggs, and vegetables are plentiful; as well as butcher's meat, chiefly mutton or lamb; fish; fruit, especially figs; melons, dates, peaches, &c. The national standing dish, which is also often served on Christian tables; is the *Kooskussob*, a kind of pudding made of Indian-corn flour, stuffed with hashed meat of various sorts, eggs and onions, and highly seasoned. The natives eat great quantities of it. The poor people live very frugally; bread dipped in olive oil, onions, salt fish, and melons, constitute their common food.

Tunis is called the Paris of Barbary. The inhabitants are more civilized than the Algerines, more humane, and more inclined to the peaceful pursuits of industry and trade. Tunisian vessels trade with Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Malta. Caravans set out yearly from Tunis, and cross the desert into Negroland; whence they bring gum, ivory, ostrich feathers,

and black slaves of both sexes. The latter are in great number at Tunis, where they are employed in most families as servants, and are in general humanely treated. I inquired what part of Africa they came from, and I was answered, from *Cashna*. There were two of these poor creatures, females, in the inn where I was; they seemed to have much activity, but little intelligence; they stared, grinned, and leaped about for joy like children; the sounds of their voice, meant for words, probably of their own inland dialect, and mixed with a few Moorish words, seemed hardly articulate. A piece of coarse blue cotton cloth thrown round the loins, and tied across one shoulder, was their garment. These blacks are in general good sized, well made, and of a fine jet colour. They appear generally to be good-natured harmless creatures; yet I have seen occasionally some of them quarrelling in the streets of Tunis, when the ferocious expression of their eyes, and their hideous guttural yells, make them look like demons.

The condition of the Christian slaves, however, was much more to be pitied than that of the blacks. There were, I understood, nearly two thousand whites in slavery between Tunis and *La Goletta*. They were chiefly Italians, with some Spaniards and Portuguese. Some were in the private service of the Bey, and worked in his gardens, at his castle of *Bardo*, and their lot was considered as tolerable; some of them even saved money. Others were in the service of private individuals, and their fate depended on the character of their masters. The most unhappy were those employed by Government to carry on the works at *La Goletta*, which is the harbour of Tunis, and where the Bey was raising fortifications and warehouses, and constructing a new mole. There, on a sandy shore, those unhappy creatures were working during the long days under a scorching sun, chained in pairs like vile criminals, carrying mortar, stones, and other heavy burdens, to assist to raise the defences of their oppressors; covered with rags and vermin, allowed a scanty pittance and brackish water, and exposed to the scourge of their overseers. At night they were huddled together in a sort of barn, to sleep upon filthy straw, if the exhalations of the place and the heat of the atmosphere allowed them any rest. The price of ransom for a common slave was about three hundred Venetian sequins, and double the sum for the master of a vessel or a priest. If the pirates happened to seize a man of fortune or condition, his ransom became proportionate to the means they supposed him to have of redeeming himself. The Sicilian Prince *Paternò*, the richest nobleman in Sicily, while crossing from that island to Naples with a considerable amount of property on board, was taken by some Tunisian cruizers, who, after having seized his

property, estimated his ransom at an enormous sum, I believe half a million of ducats. Part of the money was remitted to Tunis, and it was agreed that the rest should be sent as soon as the Prince was landed at Naples. The Bey accordingly sent him home; but once safe on the Neapolitan shore, Government interfered to prevent such a considerable amount of money being paid to the Barbarians. The Bey, however, remonstrated against this infraction of what he considered a just and fair agreement; but to no effect, and long after that occurrence, even of late years, when there were negotiations of peace between Tunis and the Neapolitan Government, the old Bey used to bring forth his ancient charge of bad faith against the Neapolitans in the affair of Prince Paternò. I believe at last the business was compromised.

After Napoleon incorporated the greatest part of Italy with his dominions, he claimed of course the release of his new subjects, and after some demur it took place; so that the number of slaves which amounted before to nearly eight thousand was reduced to less than two, and these were chiefly Sicilians, Sardinians, and Romans. They, however, have been also restored to their families, since the last peace, by a convention with Lord Exmouth. Now the poor Greeks alone fill their place. This last insult to Christian feelings will also be put an end to, and it is to be hoped shortly.

What is likely to become of these fine and extensive countries, now known under the appellation of Barbary? This is a question which closely concerns European powers, and especially those which border on the Mediterranean Sea. The old trade of privateering is now nearly extinct; Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli have given it up altogether; and though Algiers, the most stubborn of the three Barbary regencies, makes now and then some faint attempt to revive it, it will never succeed, at least for any length of time. Their occupation in that line is gone, and for ever. They must therefore turn to agriculture and commerce; and these honourable pursuits have now for many years been resorted to by the people of Tunis and Tripoli, and partly too by those of Algiers. They will become then regular Mussulman Governments, and follow the example of the Pasha of Egypt. But their rulers must first contrive to master their soldiers, as Mehemet Ali has freed himself of the Mamelukes; without however resorting to the same cruel and unjustifiable extremities. The lawless militia which sways Tunis and Algiers, recruited among the refuse of the Levant, the scum of Constantinople, Salonichi, Candia, and Anadouli, although amounting but to a few thousand in each of the regencies, is as formidable, if not more so, to the Beys, as the Janizaries of Istamboul to their Sultan.

They often oblige their Governors to act inconsistently with justice and policy, and perhaps against their own better judgment; and if they do not meet with ready compliance to their wishes, they depose and murder their nominal sovereign. Being mostly natives of the states of the Grand Seignior, they pride themselves on being Ottoman subjects, and under the immediate protection of the Porte, and think they have a right to act as masters over the poor natives. I have seen one of these fellows meeting in the street a Moor, who carried a basket of eggs, make him lay down his basket, help himself to some of the largest eggs, and then in lieu of payment visit the defenceless native with an application of his foot to a nameless part of the other's person; and the Moor would not have dared for his life to utter a complaint. Twice a year, at harvest time, this ruffian soldiery scour the provinces to collect the tribute which is levied upon the land, either in money or produce, and then all sorts of oppressions and atrocities are committed on the unfortunate country people. Before they proceed on these excursions, the soldiers assemble in the neighbourhood of the capital, where they remain for two or three days; and so great is the terror inspired by their vicinity, that the inhabitants, whether Mussulmans or Christians, shut themselves up during that time, barricade their doors, and avoid as much as possible appearing in the streets. Nevertheless, robberies and murders always occur at that epoch. I myself witnessed the dismay excited on one of these occasions. The best means to counteract the usurped power of the Levantins would be to form a corps of native Moorish troops, taken from the inhabitants of the country, and train them up regularly under the direction of some European officers, whether Christians or renegadoes.

It is to the interest of the European powers that Barbary should become civilized, as far, at least, as Mussulmans can become so; and this cannot be effected by any attempt to conquer them, which, besides the difficulties of localities and climate, would unite all inhabitants, whether Moors, Bedouins, Levantins, or blacks, against the Infidels. It would be chimerical for any one Christian power to think of holding the immense tract of territory called Barbary with a Mahomedan population, and against myriads of Arabs from the interior; and the alternative of parcelling it out among various powers seems, even at first sight, hardly more practicable. These countries, therefore, must become first of all civilized, industrious, and commercial; they must be prevented by the strong hand of the great maritime powers from renewing their piracies; and by degrees they will become not only inoffensive, but useful, by throwing an additional quantum of labour, produce, and commercial activity into circulation. Looking

further into futurity, this gradual progress might also be the means of recalling those populations, in course of time, from the ruthless and intolerent dogmas of Mahomedanism to a milder and more charitable belief.

In the present state of Eastern affairs, every thing connected with Mussulman countries becomes of interest. The followers of Mahomet constitute, if not the most numerous, at least decidedly the most warlike and powerful part of the population of Asia and Africa. They come in contact with the Europeans upon every point of the immense line of coasts of those continents. We meet them in India, on the shores of the Persian Gulf and of the Red Sea, along the Mozambique coast, and again on the Senegal and Morocco shores, and all along the southern coast of the Mediterranean. They occupy the whole of Syria and Asia Minor, and both sides of the Archipelago. We find them in the north, in Little Tartary, and the Crimea, and again on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and among the wilds of Tartary. Now, although the multitude of nations which inhabit all these countries differ in their extraction, appearance, language, and government, yet they all are united by one powerful bond, the Koran: so long as that book continues to be the rule of their faith, they will continue to be jealous of the Christians. They may be divided among themselves; they may even join, for a while, a Christian power against another of their own creed; but still they will look upon Giaours in general with a suspicious and jaundiced eye. Their religion is intolerant by principle, and this is its chief bane. Mussulmans and Christians can never be brethren; they can never be united in bonds of mutual charity. To conquer them, or convert them entirely, are very long and dubious processes; the best method is then to persuade them, if possible, that it is their own interests to cultivate the friendship of the Christians; there may be esteem and respect, if not affection.

The sovereign of Tunis, at the time I visited it, was Hamuda Bey, a man advanced in years, who had the reputation of being a just and wise prince. He favoured commerce and civilization, protected the Christians, gave frequent audiences to his subjects, as well as to strangers. He lived chiefly at El Bardo, a castle a short distance from Tunis, where he kept his court; but he was having a palace built of free-stone for him in the city. While giving audience, he sat on a carpet cross-legged, with a pair of loaded pistols laid before him: there he listened to every complaint, were it even for a trifle, and heard attentively both sides of the question; after which he often gave summary judgment, which was executed instantly. During the time the parties were in his presence, one of his guards kept his hand over each of them. In matters of assault and other petty offences, the offending party

generally was led out in one of the outer courts, and there received a certain number of bastinadoes, after which he was dismissed. The form of salutation in being introduced before him consists in bending the head and body towards the ground, keeping at the same time the right hand extended on the left breast.

Hamuda Bey was of a Moorish family; he was nominally subject to the Turkish Sultan, who is looked upon by all the Mussulmans of the sect of Omar, as the descendant and the representative of the Prophet; but this allegiance is more a matter of form and ceremony than real subjection. The Bey of Tunis sends occasionally presents to Constantinople, and in case of war between the Porte and other powers, he is expected to side with the former.

Hamuda's favourite and first minister, or *zapatapa*, was a Georgian renegade. The character of this man was not respected like that of his master; he was considered as unprincipled and rapacious.

The Bey tolerated two Catholic chapels at Tunis, in which two monks, one of the order of Mercy and the other a Capuchin, officiated. On these shores, the sight of a Christian temple was truly gratifying; the congregation on Sundays was numerous and extremely decorous. Religion has an unbounded influence over the manners and habits of Mussulmans, and upon their way of seeing things. The Koran is not only a religious, but also a civil and political code; it is really the *Book*, besides which all other books are, according to Omru's emphatic answer, either useless or mischievous. Besides the cast of solemnity which the Musselman's belief spreads over his actions and words, there is also the influence of the climate and the genius of the eastern languages; the former of which inclines him towards passive, contemplative, indolent existence; while the latter gives a hyperbolic and lofty turn to his conceptions and to his expressions. Sitting cross-legged, smoking, drinking coffee, or sherbet, and enjoying the coolness of the shade—these are his favourite pastimes. He does not like that any extraneous occurrence should draw him from this state of unmoved tranquillity. His eyes bent on the ground, he pays little or no attention to the objects which fleet before his view; it seems as if he had few sensations, and as if he drew the source of his ideas (for think he *must*) from within himself rather than from exterior objects. Perhaps the current of his thoughts is rapid and fitting; perhaps it leaves but a faint impression in his mind, resembling more a dream than a fixed well-connected train of ideas: and yet these people are naturally irritable, fiery, and quick; but habits of gravity have conquered nature to a certain extent. But if any of their dominant passions be excited, then the fascination of habit is dispelled at once, and nature, lawless

nature, resumes its empire. Point out to one of these calm and apparently passive Mussulmans, an Infidel who has dared to speak irreverently of the Prophet; show him a woman, his purchased slave, who has given way to the impulse of natural instinct; and you will see all at once this silent sedate being turned into a demon, giving way to his rage and venting his revenge upon his unfortunate victim. Ire and revenge, whether excited by jealousy or by fanaticism, are dominant passions among Mussulmans. Probably their very education, which compresses the passions and concentrates them within the heart, accounts for the violence with which they burst forth, like fire long concealed under the ashes. This is also perceivable with regard to the abstinence from wine. If a Mussulman be brought to swallow the first glass of the forbidden juice, the obstacle is passed; he drinks to intoxication, laughs at the Prophet, and at last becomes an unbeliever. If once he perceives the absurdity of one of the points of his Prophet's revelation, he discards the whole: accustomed to despise all other religions, he naturally falls into Atheism, or a vague sort of Deism. It is generally supposed that many of their men of state and fortune are in this last predicament; yet they keep appearances, and conform to outward ceremonies. Cupidity has also a powerful sway among the grandees at Court, governors of provinces, and persons in office; but the other class of Mussulmans enjoy the reputation of good faith and honesty in money matters.

Proud and uninformed, believing himself and his brethren the chosen people of God, the disciple of Islamism fancies still that the whole earth is intended to become the inheritance of the true believers. Mahomet has so promised, and the Caliphs and Sultans have partly fulfilled the prophecy. He despises other nations, even while he is obliged to acknowledge their superiority in many branches of knowledge, which advantage he considers as the only one the wretched unbelievers are doomed to enjoy; whilst his imagination wanders in visions of bliss, destined for the faithful only,—of that sort of bliss which alone he can conceive, and which will be realized after his death. The fanaticism of the Mussulman is however of a different and loftier nature than that of an inquisitor. He leaves to God the punishment of the infidels, and if he himself persecutes them in this world, it is through worldly reasons, through ambition or cupidity; but he does not torment their consciences; he allows them to pray to God in their own way.

The nullity of women in Mussulman countries, at least with regard to society, and the opinion of the inferiority of their nature, tend to maintain gravity and austerity in the manners of the stronger sex. A Mussulman thinks it of the dignity of man to speak but little, to look grave, to avoid lively and pantomimic

motions and gestures; he therefore stalks along with an imposing gait. Hence the great objection many of them have for those among Christian nations, who are of a mercurial disposition. I have myself heard them prefer the English or Germans to the French or Italians, because, from outward appearances, they thought there was more manliness in the former.

These habits tend to conceal and disguise the heart of man; but we must not suppose for all this that Mussulmans are destitute of feeling, and incapable of sympathy and tenderness, even towards infidels. There are many instances to the contrary. Denon, in his travels in Egypt, relates of them a fact which honours human nature. At the breaking out of the insurrection of the inhabitants of Cairo against Bonaparte's soldiers, some French women who had followed their husbands found themselves wandering in the narrow and intricate streets of that city; the shouts of the insurgents, the report of fire-arms, apprized them of a danger which they had no means to escape. In the midst of their perplexity they were accosted by some of the inhabitants, who, with a gentle violence, pushed them within the doors of a neighbouring house. The affrighted females shuddered at the fate which they feared awaited them, nor could the expressions of their hosts, which were unintelligible to them, dispel their fears. The kind landlord, however, left them a while in one of the apartments, and presently returned with two of his infant children, whom he placed in the arms of the strangers. The latter understood the meaning of this affecting assurance, and their terrors were dispelled; they remained quietly with their hospitable guests until the insurrection was quelled, when they were restored to their husbands; and this while the French soldiers were butchering without mercy the unfortunate Egyptians, even within the sanctuary of the Great Mosque, where the latter had taken refuge!

Mussulmans, as well as Catholics, have their Saints, only they are of a less dignified description than those of the Church of Rome. Besides which, the Saints in Barbary and in Eastern countries enjoy the reputation of holy character while living. Some of them are impostors; others are insane. A few are men of real merit, who have applied particularly to the study of the Koran and its commentaries, and who lead an irreproachable, retired, and sometimes beneficent life. But most of these Saints are a sort of vagabonds who pass with the vulgar for men inspired; and, as such, allow themselves all kind of irregularities. Some lie for years under a porch or shed, without any covering for their body, in the midst of filth; and the devout Mussulmans bring them every day a sufficient pittance for their food, and kiss their feet or hands, or the hem of their tattered garments. Some

of these creatures are stupid and inoffensive; others are mischievous, and it is chiefly against Christians that their malice shows itself. A Tuscan watchmaker, resident at Tunis, related to me that he had been himself in the greatest danger from one of these Saints, or madmen. He was strolling one evening out of the Marina or Goletta Gate, towards the banks of the lake, when he saw at some distance one of these villains with an axe in his hand, gazing steadfastly at him; the Tuscan suspected his intention, and began to effect his retreat towards the city at a quick step, looking askance at his enemy. When the Saint perceived that the other was escaping, he began to run after him, and despairing to overtake him, threw his axe at him, but fortunately missed him. The Tuscan, on entering the city, ran into the English Consul's house, which is guarded by a janizary at the door, and where the Saint durst not follow him. There he remained for a considerable time, while the Saint was loitering in front of it, and watching him when he should come out. At last the darkness of night induced the Saint to retire to his den, and the watchmaker slunk quietly home. It is extremely dangerous to have any disputes with these people, as there are always numbers of fanatics ready to take their part, and who excuse almost every act, however atrocious, which they commit. Hamuda Bey, the then sovereign of Tunis, had had the firmness to confine the most troublesome of these Saints, as he could not give redress for the mischief they might do if left to range at large; he, himself, felt he was obliged to bow before the vulgar superstition. It is a common practice with some of these fellows to beg in the streets, or on the side of the roads, and to abuse, and even pelt with stones, those who will not listen to their demands. The burial-places of some of the most celebrated Saints become so many sanctuaries, where it is not allowed to seize criminals who take refuge there. Several of these sanctuaries or monuments exist at Tunis, and in the neighbourhood.

One of the most remarkable places in Tunis is the Bazar; it consists of a long circular arcade, covered with a wooden roof, lined on both sides with a number of small shops, which, however, contain much precious and superb merchandise: rich shawls, Turkey and Persia carpets, cloth richly embroidered with gold or silver, ivory, amber, perfumes, and other oriental goods, besides European manufactures. There you see the Moorish tradesman squatted on a mat, smoking his pipe, bargaining with his customers, or waiting with great calmness that some should present themselves. The Bazar is a truly agreeable lounging-place; there you are sheltered from the rays of the sun; your eyes rest upon splendid objects; you see a display of industry hardly expected in a country of barbarians; and you inhale an atmosphere impregnated

with the emanations of attar of roses, of which perfume a great quantity is made in this country.

The kingdom of Tunis is the smallest in extent, (about 200 miles in length North to South, and about 100 in breadth;) but the wealthiest, and comparatively the most populous of the Barbary states. It includes the former most important Roman province called *Africa Propria*, which was divided into *Zeugitana* and *Byzacena*, and extended from the *Syrtis Minor* to the river *Tusca*, now the river of *Tabarca*, which divided it from *Numidia*, now the territory of *Algiers*. This extent of country constituted the territory of *Carthage*, although at one time the *Carthaginian* dominions extended far beyond it both East and West. The river *Mejerdah*, formerly *Bagradas*, runs through it; it has its source in the *Atlas Mountains*, and proceeding northward, empties itself into the *Mediterranean Sea*, near *Porto Farina*, to the westward of *Tunis*. To the South, the kingdom of *Tunis* is bounded by the *Great Desert*. Travelling in that direction, about 70 or 80 miles south of *Tunis*, one begins to run the danger of meeting lions, and other wild beasts. On the eastern coast, opposite the islands of *Malta* and *Lampedosa*, there are the roads of *Hammamet*, *Susa*, and *Sfax*, where there is anchorage for merchant vessels; but the whole of this coast is considered dangerous, on account of the sand-banks and rocks which line it. To the south-east, the territory of *Tunis* borders on that of the *Regency of Tripoli*. The country abounds in corn, oil, and dates, which last is a common food for the inhabitants. Provisions are brought into town from the interior every morning on camels; and you may see a great assemblage of these patient creatures, outside of the walls, resting themselves after their journey.

The *Tunisians* have had occasional disputes with their neighbours, the *Algerines*, and war has at times taken place between the two piratical regencies. I heard an Italian physician who had accompanied the *Tunisian* army (if such a name can be given to the motley crew that assembled on the occasion) in their campaign, give a curious account of their operations. The *Tunisians* entered the *Algerine* territory, and overran, in part, the province of *Constantina*, the nearest on that side; some desultory cavalry engagements took place, but the war was more of a predatory nature than a course of planned operations. The infantry, my informant said, was in a wretched condition; no order or discipline, no military precautions, they were exposed to continual false alarms; in short, it was a ridiculous piece of business from beginning to end. At last, the *Tunisians* retired, and peace was made, I believe, through the mediation of the *Porte*. The *Algerines* pride themselves on their superior valour, and look down with contempt upon the *Tunisians*, because the latter are a more civi-

lized and tamer race, and have been the first to give up their former occupation as pirates, for the more honest as well as safer pursuits of trade and industry. A Christian, who, at Algiers, would be exposed to continual insults, lives very peacefully and quietly at Tunis. Some of the lowest people and children will occasionally salute your ears with the appellation of *kelb*, (dog,) but this is the only offence to which a Christian stands exposed in ordinary times.

The above-mentioned physician attended several of the superior people in Tunis, and seemed to enjoy a comfortable competence. He stated, that the Tunisians are generally healthy, and live to a good age; that the climate is salubrious, notwithstanding the heat and the want of cleanliness; and that the most common disease he had met with was the dropsy, especially among women, which he attributed to their sedentary life, caged as they are within the walls of their harems.

I remained some time at Tunis, undecided upon what course to take. I was, for the first time, thrown into the great sea of life, and left to float by myself. I stood alone, debarred from my relatives and former connexions; and the suddenness of the change was rendered more striking by the strangeness of the country I was cast into. Malta was the place I fixed upon as my next station; but, in order to get there, my French passport was of no use, and there was at Tunis no representative of my native country. Having formed an acquaintance with the American Consul, in consequence of letters of introduction from Italy, I applied to him for a passport in order to take my passage on board of a ship of his nation, many of which there were then in the harbour of Tunis; but his orders from home forbade him to give passports to any but American citizens. I applied next to the Spanish Consul, that is to say, the representative, not of King Joseph, but of the Supreme Junta at Seville, and it was immediately and most politely granted. I felt then easier in my heart, and having learnt there was a Spanish brig going to set sail for Malta a few days after, I packed up my portmanteau, and, one fine summer morning walked out of the Marine gate, and stepped into a sandal or flat boat going to La Goletta. During two hours, our turbaned boatmen rowed across this Stygian palus, I suffered the inconveniencies of a scorching sun; for this was no pleasure-boat covered with gaily-coloured awning as those which glide on the Bay of Naples, but a rude, crazy, though capacious boat, such as befitted the dark grim Charons which impelled it along. The putrid exhalations from the marshy waters which they stirred were peculiarly offensive.

In a little more than two hours' time I was landed on the desolate shores of Goletta; there I saw nothing but vast tracts of

sand, and several batteries, store-houses, and other Government buildings, shining in all the whiteness of their stone walls, reflecting the rays of a Barbary sun in the month of August. Our brig was at anchor in the bay, and there was no boat to take us on board; we must wait till the captain came on shore in the evening. Meantime, I was glad to find shelter under a sort of shed erected in the middle of the sandy plain, the only accommodation the place afforded, and where a Moor was selling coffee and lemonade. There I found several Turks, apparently men in office, sitting on mats. One of them, after gazing at me for some time, entered into conversation, which was carried on between us in a sort of mongrel Italian. Having learned I was proceeding to Malta, he took an opportunity to express his political feelings, from which I could learn, that among the Christians, he liked the Americans best, (that nation being then the only neutral one, was carrying on most of the trade in the Mediterranean,) the English next, and the French least of any; which last assurance he accompanied with a rap on my shoulder, when I answered in the negative to his question whether I belonged to the last-named nation.

At last the captain's boat came, and I left the shores of Barbary, which had inspired me at first with a feeling of curiosity, that turned afterwards into a sentiment of weariness, mixed with a sort of uncontrollable loathing.

A. V.

FLOWERS.

From SCHILLER.

CHILDREN of the sun's first glancing,
 Flowers that deck the bounteous earth;
 Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,
 Nature smiled upon your birth;
 Light hath veined your petals tender,
 And with hues of matchless splendour
 Flora paints each dewy bell.
 But lament, ye sweet spring blossoms,
 Soul hath never thrilled your bosoms,
 All in cheerless night ye dwell.

Nightingale and lark are singing
 Many a lay of love to you:
 In your chalice blossoms swinging,
 Tiny sylphs their sylphids woo:

Deep within the painted bower
Of a soft and perfumed flower,
Venus once did fall asleep :
But no pulse of passion darted
Through your breast, by her imparted—
Children of the morning, weep:

When my mother's harsh rejection
Bids me cease my love to speak,—
Pledges of a true affection,
When your gentle aid I seek,—
Then by every voiceless token,
Hope, and faith unchanged, are spoken,
And by you my bosom grieves:
Love himself among you stealeth
And his awful form concealeth,
Shut within your folding leaves.

L. W.

THE GRIEF OF THE MAIDEN.

Partly from SCHILLER:

THE oak forest groaneth:
Dark is the sky;
And the maiden moaneth
In misery;
The torrent rolls past her in fearful might,
But she sitteth alone in dull drear night,

With fruitless sorrow
Her tears are shed,
For grief it never
Doth wake the dead;
Ah! what can comfort the desolate heart,
When the sweetest visions of life depart.

Her heart is broken;—
This earth can show
No charm to banish
Her hopeless woe;
But she prayeth in accents faint, and mild,
That God will pity his helpless child.

L. W.

THE CAMBRIDGE LECTURERS,

AS I REMEMBER THEM SOME TIME AGO.

I NEVER was entirely an idler, though I lament many days wasted in the best part of my life. Irregular in my pursuits, I seldom kept them long in view. I followed with zeal, while the novelty lasted, and thus saw much, and heard much, perhaps worth attention; but from a want of that steady and regulated perseverance, which alone leads to excellence, I fall far short of the promises which imagination once held out in the heated moments of early ambition. They are gone; but as the grey hairs have not yet appeared, and as life has better things than dejection and despair, I look upon the future with sanguine hopes, and on the past with as pleasant feelings as I can. Perhaps to a fault, I love to ponder upon things that are not, or give them a new existence in the storehouse of memory. Here then I shall write down some of my recollections. I shall record the characters of the different lecturers I sometimes heard, when I wore the blue gown at Trinity College, where I loitered away many an hour, and devoted many a long evening to merriment and laughter, which should have been more seriously employed. I begin with Daniel Edward Clarke, the enthusiastic traveller. He is now no more; or only lives in our recollections.

To give a correct idea of the energy and animation of this man's character requires a more forcible pencil than mine. I wish to paint him to the life; I wish to send out a portrait which cannot be mistaken by those who have seen Clarke some years ago, when he was among us in full vigour and spirit. But for this we must go to the lecture room; we must fancy ourselves a little younger, and the professor still alive; we will wile away a few minutes over those beautiful specimens which are so delicately arranged upon the table, and in the surrounding cases, from the primitive formations of granite to the costly stones and precious metals; the blow-pipes too, whose intense heat in fusing metal has so much assisted the science; the picture of the grotto of Antiparos, with its beautiful stalactites and crystal floor; the ingenious section of the strata of this island; the green god of the New Zealanders; and a vast collection of curious and precious things. But the professor has entered with his papers in his hand, and a favourite specimen; intelligence and genius are depicted on his strongly-marked countenance. His earnest manner of recommending his darling pursuit shews that his heart and soul are wrapt up in it. To a full audience he mentions the names of some ambitious travellers among his pupils, who have brought him specimens from Scandinavia, Switzerland, or the

Pyrenees. He calls for their wonder and admiration at their superlative beauty; whether they be diamonds or bits of rock. Every thing is matter for wonder with him. He is no cold speculator, but an enthusiast; he will tell you that the very streets will yield us gold from the dust we tread on; he would fain have us believe that we shall find gold mines in abundance among the rocks and cliffs of the West of England; but woe to the wretch who adventures upon this hopeless enterprise. All this is very amusing; and the many anecdotes which are related by way of illustration sometimes make the lecture a rich treat. His extensive travels gave him great opportunities. The more serious and severe amongst us consider his speculations as trifling and useless. But the professor has an equal contempt for their trivialities, and throws back their arrows upon them. He is invulnerable to such attacks. He finds

“Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Alas, to one enemy he has been forced to yield; his chair is no longer occupied and sustained with the fervid zeal, or his pursuit set forth with the elegant language, we have so often heard. He is gone; and the cheerful home, where many of us enjoyed his hospitality and entertaining conversation, is now destroyed. His beautiful widow and his little children are all far from the place. There is now nothing to remind us of this good man but his specimens and the Eleusinian Ceres.

I must now speak of the Professor of Geology, the *subterranean* lecturer. How shall I describe the physiognomy of Adam Sedgewick? Shall I give him the eye of the hawk, the head of the eagle, and the ferocious look of the wolf; with a multitude of other qualities to make up this strange “wild fowl?” Truly, I would scarcely hope to look upon so sinister a visage. If you recoil from it with alarm, you have only, as in similar cases, to look it in the face steadily, and your terrors will cease. You may find reasons for liking it at last. Heavens! what an impetuous tongue! yet the larum is never down: an incessant rattle, with a worthy contempt for the flowers of rhetoric. Now we traverse the globe with him, or descend into the bowels of the earth, freeze upon the Alps, climb Mont Blanc, totter on the Andes, or, disguised in a dirty frock, descend into a Cornish tin mine. Yet in the costume which he would have us wear, if we leave our letters of recommendation at any gentleman’s house, there is a possibility of our being driven from the door by a pampered menial, the parish beadle despatched to see us beyond the limits of the neighbourhood, or we may be subjected to the parochial inflections on dirty vagabonds. Such things have happened. Poor wandering geologist, what ills art thou heir to! With a green satchel slung

over his shoulders, and a mattock in his hand, this philosopher has worked his way among the natural curiosities of England: his toilsome tours speak highly for his indefatigable perseverance; and his erudite treatises which he now and then reads in the Philosophical Society clearly shew him to be one of a powerful mind and surpassing talent, who has made excellent use of his opportunities. His Woodwardian lectures are very amusing, anti-Wernerian to the bone. He will sometimes give a field lecture, taking some select philo-geologists on a pedestrian excursion, a few miles into the country. He has not yet adopted Professor Buckland's mode, at Oxford, of lecturing on horseback. That is a grotesque lecture, like a coursing meeting, or an otter hunt. The students are riding about over hedges and ditches, till the Professor has discovered a subject worthy of remark, when they all obey the whistle which calls them round him to listen to his observations. I prefer Sedgewick's lecture, as it is much less troublesome; and under favour of the Oxonians, I would say more amusing. With his excellent map of the country, and that valuable collection before us, such a lecturer, so accomplished and so communicative, is an estimable advantage to students. Long may he occupy his chair; may he continue his present pursuits with the same ardour as he commenced them; and may he live long to be the ornament of the university, which is so proud of him. The utility of the science is obvious. Without it we must remain ignorant of the resources and wealth of our own country; without it we must pass through others unobserving, unedified, unacquainted with the peculiarities which distinguish one from another, and return home with little more increase of knowledge, than that of babbling tongues and senseless faces.

Come with me to hear Professor Farish: the hour will be well employed. The Experimental Philosopher has laid out all his apparatus of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, blocks, &c., and with a complacent smile is contemplating the ingenious combination of all the parts. In the simplest, almost approaching to infantine, manner he explains all the intricate modes by which these wheels work upon one another, their multipliers, their momentums, and their checks. His sawing machines, his hat manufactory, his oil press, and cannon foundery, are abundant sources of entertainment. In the latter we see the whole process, from the casting to the firing off the instrument of war. His explanations of the art of mining and ship-building are perfect in clearness and precision; and the air of simplicity which he throws over the whole is such that the student cannot but smile at the seeming facility of the subject, and the serene indifference with which the Professor treats of the most complex machinery. Under all this appearance of simplicity, it is discoverable that he is a

great man. He is one of the best mathematicians the last age produced. A new kind has sprung up amongst us of late; since his time science has been greatly increased by introductions from foreign schools; but it remains to be proved, whether the finesse and nicety of the present system is of greater use in strengthening the mind than that which exercised the talents of Newton. Whoever is destined to occupy any situation of distinction or public utility, cannot do better than add to his stock of information the matter of these very improving lectures: he can never go unimproved away: he will carry with him into life so much ingenious knowledge, if he has given his attention to the course, that he will every where meet with consideration and respect, while he can render service or furnish instruction.

I always thought the study of Political Economy essential to a gentleman's education. I was a frequent, almost constant, attendant upon Professor Pryme. Many object to this study, as a dry, uninteresting complication of theories, which only harass or perplex the mind;—that it has a dangerous tendency, and is calculated to give the statesman's politics a discontented turn. Such is the language of smatterers and sciologists; flies, that have not power enough to burst the spider's web. "Drink deep, or taste not," is a precept as applicable to this as to any other branch of knowledge. The slender stock of these casuists is just enough to cause their own alarms; if they had proceeded to inquire with greater minuteness, the advantages would have instantly suggested themselves, and they would have obtained that entire and comprehensive view of the subject, which endues the mind with juster notions. There is scarcely a topic, even the commonest in the affairs of life, which is not connected with political economy. It is true that there is a great diversity of opinion among the leading authors, Malthus, Ricardo, and others; but practical knowledge and experience will correct many errors, and reconcile most of their differences. Pryme is a native of Yorkshire, and, as well as others of his countrymen, is not a very pleasing orator; but he is a man of talent, and has conquered his natural disadvantages. By the precision which he has gained from an excellent education, he has made his course of lectures a systematic and luminous exposition of his favourite science. I own it requires a strong liking for the study to go through to the end. "*Aliquando bonus dormitat.*" The good man sometimes nods. But those who want information will wait patiently for it. Those who have 'itching ears' will think their time thrown away. He has lately instituted *conversazioni* on Saturday evenings at his own house, which a few students attend, who wish to obtain explanations of knotty points in a more familiar manner than the public lecture allows of. This is a great advantage; and besides, is a sacrifice on the part of the Professor

which deserves the gratitude of those who have enjoyed his society and received so many kind attentions.

There is one person who must not be passed over without notice, because he is a remarkable instance of the manner in which men may make their own fortunes, and raise themselves by their own great exertions to a state of comparative independence, from the lowest situations in life. Professor Lee's powers of mind must be of the highest order, if the account which is generally received of his extensive learning be true. Under every difficulty and disadvantage he made himself a profound scholar. To accomplish this end, it is said of him that he purchased the elements of his classical and oriental library with the bounty which he received on entering the militia, as a private soldier; and in that obscure character he secretly laid the foundation of his present fame. The honours of the university, which has adopted this self-taught son of science, are but just tributes to his acknowledged merit and celebrated learning. His Hebrew lectures are attended by many young men, who, by their researches in those hitherto too much neglected paths of sacred literature, aim at distinction in their profession. The fountains of learning are here opened with no niggard hand; and those fertilizing streams are poured forth on cultivated soils, which may well be expected to produce the fairest fruits.

There are many names which deserve attention; but their pursuits are not so popular as others, or they are confined to particular professions. The Professor of Botany is superannuated. The professors of Medicine are very patiently heard by embryo physicians and young apothecaries. They are all excellent in their different departments: I have no inclination to decide between them, or their more important rivalry with the Machaons of Edinburgh. I must remark, by the way, respecting Anatomy, that although the Professor is a man of great talents, and has a very pleasant manner of communicating his knowledge, still I should wish to see none among his auditors, but those who intend to embrace the medical profession exclusively. It requires deep attention, and must abstract a young man's thoughts from his prescribed studies; so that when he engages with his contemporaries in the contest of honours, he finds how entirely he has misapplied his time and talents. I have known instances of such failures.

ON THE ATHENIAN ORATORS.

To the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Welded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and thundered over Greece
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.—MILTON.

THE celebrity of the great classical writers is confined within no limits, except those which separate civilized from savage man: Their works are the common property of every polished nation. They have furnished subjects for the painter, and models for the poet. In the minds of the educated classes throughout Europe, their names are indissolubly associated with the endearing recollections of childhood,—the old school-room,—the dog-eared grammar,—the first prize,—the tears so often shed and so quickly dried. So great is the veneration with which they are regarded, that even the editors and commentators, who perform the lowest menial offices to their memory, are considered, like the equerries and chamberlains of sovereign princes, as entitled to a high rank in the table of literary precedence. It is, therefore, somewhat singular that their productions should so rarely have been examined on just and philosophical principles of criticism.

The ancient writers themselves afford us but little assistance. When they particularize, they are commonly trivial: when they would generalize, they become indistinct. An exception must, indeed, be made in favour of Aristotle. Both in analysis and in combination, that great man was without a rival. No philosopher has ever possessed, in an equal degree, the talent either of separating established systems into their primary elements, or of connecting detached phenomena in harmonious systems. He was the great fashioner of the intellectual chaos: he changed its darkness into light, and its discord into order. He brought to literary researches the same vigour and amplitude of mind, to which both physical and metaphysical science are so greatly indebted. His fundamental principles of criticism are excellent. To cite only a single instance;—the doctrine which he established, that poetry is an imitative art, when justly understood is to the critic what the compass is to the navigator. With it he may venture upon the most extensive excursions. Without it he must creep cautiously along the coast, or lose himself in a trackless expanse, and trust, at best, to the guidance of an occasional star. It is a discovery which changes a caprice into a science.

The general propositions of Aristotle are valuable. But the

merit of the superstructure bears no proportion to that of the foundation. This is partly to be ascribed to the character of the philosopher, who, though qualified to do all that could be done by the resolving and combining powers of the understanding, seems not to have possessed much of sensibility or imagination. Partly also, it may be attributed to the deficiency of materials. The great works of genius which then existed, were not either sufficiently numerous or sufficiently varied, to enable any man to form a perfect code of literature. To require that a critic should conceive classes of composition which had never existed, and then investigate their principles, would be as unreasonable as the demand of Nebuchadnezzar, who expected his magicians first to tell him his dream and then to interpret it.

With all his deficiencies Aristotle was the most enlightened and profound critic of antiquity. Dionysius was far from possessing the same exquisite subtilty, or the same vast comprehension. But he had access to a much greater number of specimens; and he had devoted himself, as it appears, more exclusively to the study of elegant literature. His particular judgments are of more value than his general principles. He is only the historian of literature. Aristotle is its philosopher.

Quintilian applied to general literature the same principles by which he had been accustomed to judge of the declamations of his pupils. He looks for nothing but rhetoric, and rhetoric not of the highest order. He speaks coldly of the incomparable works of Æschylus. He admires, beyond expression, those inexhaustible mines of common-places, the plays of Euripides. He bestows a few vague words on the poetical character of Homer. He then proceeds to consider him merely as an orator. An orator Homer doubtless was, and a great orator. But surely nothing is more remarkable, in his admirable works, than the art with which his oratorical powers are made subservient to the purposes of poetry. Nor can I think Quintilian a great critic in his own province. Just as are many of his remarks, beautiful as are many of his illustrations, we can perpetually detect in his thoughts that flavour which the soil of despotism generally communicates to all the fruits of genius. Eloquence was, in his time, little more than a condiment which served to stimulate in a despot the jaded appetite for panegyric, an amusement for the travelled nobles, and the blue-stocking matrons of Rome. It is, therefore, with him, rather a sport than a war: it is a contest of foils, not of swords. He appears to think more of the grace of the attitude than of the direction and vigour of the thrust. It must be acknowledged, in justice to Quintilian, that this is an error to which Cicero has too often given the sanction, both of his precept and of his example.

Longinus seems to have had great sensibility, but little discrimination. He gives us eloquent sentences, but no principles. It was happily said that Montesquieu ought to have changed the name of his book from *L'esprit des lois* to *L'esprit sur les lois*. In the same manner the philosopher of Palmyra ought to have entitled his famous work not "Longinus, on the Sublime," but "The Sublimities of Longinus." The origin of the sublime is one of the most curious and interesting subjects of inquiry that can occupy the attention of a critic. In our own country it has been discussed, with great ability, and, I think, with very little success, by Burke, and Dugald Stewart. Longinus dispenses himself from all investigations of this nature, by telling his friend Terentianus that he already knows every thing that can be said upon the question. It is to be regretted that Terentianus did not impart some of his knowledge to his instructor: for from Longinus we learn only that sublimity means height—or elevation*. This name, so commodiously vague, is applied indifferently to the noble prayer of Ajax in the *Iliad*, and to a passage of Plato about the human body, as full of conceits as an ode of Cowley. Having no fixed standard, Longinus is right only by accident. He is rather a fancier than a critic.

Modern writers have been prevented by many causes from supplying the deficiencies of their classical predecessors. At the time of the revival of literature, no man could, without great and painful labour, acquire an accurate and elegant knowledge of the ancient languages. And, unfortunately, those grammatical and philological studies, without which it was impossible to understand the great works of Athenian and Roman genius, have a tendency to contract the views and deaden the sensibility of those who follow them with extreme assiduity. A powerful mind, which has been long employed in such studies, may be compared to the gigantic spirit in the Arabian tale, who was persuaded to contract himself to small dimensions in order to enter within the enchanted vessel, and, when his prison had been closed upon him, found himself unable to escape from the narrow boundaries to the measure of which he had reduced his stature. When the means have long been the objects of application, they are naturally substituted for the end. It was said, by Eugene of Savoy, that the greatest generals have commonly been those who have been at once raised to command, and introduced to the great operations of war, without being employed in the petty calculations and manœuvres which employ the time of an inferior officer. In literature, the principle is equally sound. The great tactics of criticism will, in general, be best understood by those

* *Αυρίστης καὶ ἐλαχὶ τις λόγος ἐστὶ τὰ ὑψηλά.*

who have not had much practice in drilling syllables and particles.

I remember to have observed among the French Anas a ludicrous instance of this. A scholar, doubtless of great learning, recommends the study of some long Latin treatise, of which I now forget the name, on the religion, manners, government, and language of the early Greeks. "For there," says he, "you will learn every thing of importance that is contained in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, without the trouble of reading two such tedious books." Alas! it had not occurred to the poor gentleman that all the knowledge to which he attached so much value, was useful only as it illustrated the great poems which he despised, and would be as worthless for any other purpose as the mythology of *Caffraria*, or the vocabulary of *Otaheite*.

Of those scholars who have disdained to confine themselves to verbal criticism, few have been successful. The ancient languages have, generally, a magical influence on their faculties. They were "fools called into a circle by Greek invocations." The *Iliad* and *Æneid* were to them not books, but curiosities, or rather reliques. They no more admired those works for their merits, than a good Catholic venerates the house of the Virgin at Loretto for its architecture. Whatever was classical was good. Homer was a great poet; and so was Callimachus. The epistles of Cicero were fine; and so were those of Phalaris. Even with respect to questions of evidence, they fell into the same error. The authority of all narrations, written in Greek or Latin, was the same with them. It never crossed their minds that the lapse of five hundred years, or the distance of five hundred leagues, could affect the accuracy of a narration;—that Livy could be a less veracious historian than Polybius;—or that Plutarch could know less about the friends of Xenophon than Xenophon himself. Deceived by the distance of time, they seem to consider all the Classics as contemporaries; just as I have known people in England, deceived by the distance of place, take it for granted, that all persons who live in India are neighbours, and ask an inhabitant of Bombay about the health of an acquaintance at Calcutta. It is to be hoped, that no barbarian deluge will ever again pass over Europe. But, should such a calamity happen, it seems not improbable that some future Rollin or Gillies will compile a history of England from Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, Miss Lee's *Recess*, and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's *Memoirs*.

It is surely time that ancient literature should be examined in a different manner, without pedantical prepossessions, but with a just allowance, at the same time, for the difference of circumstances and manners. I am far from pretending to the knowledge or ability which such a task would require. All that I

mean to offer is a collection of desultory remarks upon a most interesting portion of Greek literature.

It may be doubted whether any compositions which have ever been produced in the world, are equally perfect in their kind with the great Athenian orations. Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of cotton and molasses. The supply adjusts itself to the demand. The quantity may be diminished by restrictions, and multiplied by bounties. The singular excellence to which eloquence attained at Athens is to be mainly attributed to the influence which it exerted there. In turbulent times, under a constitution purely democratic, among a people educated exactly to that point at which men are most susceptible of strong and sudden impressions, acute, but not sound reasoners, warm in their feelings, unfixed in their principles, and passionate admirers of fine composition, oratory received such encouragement as it has never since obtained.

The taste and knowledge of the Athenian people was a favourite object of the contemptuous derision of Samuel Johnson; a man who knew nothing of Greek literature beyond the common school-books, and who seems to have brought to what he had read, scarcely more than the discernment of a common school-boy. He used to assert, with that arrogant absurdity which, in spite of his great abilities and virtues, renders him, perhaps, the most ridiculous character in literary history, that Demosthenes spoke to a people of brutes;—to a barbarous people;—that there could have been no civilization before the invention of printing. Johnson was a keen, but a very narrow-minded observer, of mankind. He perpetually confounded their general nature with their particular circumstances. He knew London intimately. The sagacity of his remarks on its society is perfectly astonishing. But Fleet-street was the world to him. He saw that Londoners, who did not read, were profoundly ignorant; and he inferred that a Greek, who had few or no books, must have been as uninformed as one of Mr. Thrale's draymen.

There seems to be, on the contrary, every reason to believe that, in general intelligence, the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed. It must be considered, that to be a citizen was to be a legislator,—a soldier,—a judge,—one upon whose voice might depend the fate of the wealthiest tributary state, of the most eminent public man. The lowest offices, both of agriculture and of trade, were, in common, performed by slaves. The commonwealth supplied its meanest members with the support of life, the opportunity of leisure, and the means of amusement. Books were indeed few, but they were excellent, and they were accurately known. It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and in-

tently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined. A man of letters must now read much that he soon forgets, and much from which he learns nothing worthy to be remembered. The best works employ, in general, but a small portion of his time. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed, six times, the History of Thucydides. If he had been a young politician of the present age, he might, in the same space of time, have skimmed innumerable newspapers and pamphlets. I do not condemn that desultory mode of study which the state of things, in our day, renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes on which the admirers of modern institutions delight to dwell, have improved our condition so much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the elector of Bavaria, a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity, thus eaten, would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know how Rumford's proposition was received; but, to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume.

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves, in thought, to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates, in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him: the tears are running down their cheeks: their eyes are fixed: their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands,—the terrible,—the murderous,—which had slain so many of his sons*. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward, with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous Atheist, from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying—"Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—"Who wishes to speak." There is a shout, and a clapping of hands: Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

Knowledge thus acquired, and opinions thus formed, were, in-

* καὶ τότε χίους,
δαίς, ἀνδραγαθούς, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες ἄνδρας ὄντας.

deed, likely to be, in some respects, defective. Propositions, which are advanced in discourse, generally result from a partial view of the question, and cannot be kept under examination long enough to be corrected. Men of great conversational powers almost universally practise a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment, both themselves and their auditors. Thus we see doctrines, which cannot bear a close inspection, triumph perpetually in drawing-rooms, in debating societies, and even in legislative or judicial assemblies. To the conversational education of the Athenians, I am inclined to attribute the great looseness of reasoning, which is remarkable in most of their scientific writings. Even the most illogical of modern writers would stand perfectly aghast at the puerile fallacies which seem to have deluded some of the greatest men of antiquity. Sir Thomas Lethbridge would stare at the political economy of Xenophon; and the author of *Soirées de Pétersbourg* would be ashamed of some of the metaphysical arguments of Plato. But the very circumstances which retarded the growth of science, were peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of eloquence. From the early habit of taking a share in animated discussion, the intelligent student would derive that readiness of resource, that copiousness of language, and that knowledge of the temper and understanding of an audience, which are far more valuable to an orator than the greatest logical powers.

Horace has prettily compared poems to those paintings of which the effect varies as the spectator changes his stand. The same remark applies with at least equal justice to speeches. They must be read with the temper of those to whom they were addressed, or they must necessarily appear to offend against the laws of taste and reason; as the finest picture, seen in a light different from that for which it was designed, will appear fit only for a sign. This is perpetually forgotten by those who criticise oratory. Because they are reading at leisure, pausing at every line, reconsidering every argument, they forget that the hearers were hurried from point to point too rapidly to detect the fallacies through which they were conducted; that they had no time to disentangle sophisms, or to notice slight inaccuracies of expression; that elaborate excellence, either of reasoning or of language, would have been absolutely thrown away. To recur to the analogy of the sister art, these connoisseurs examine a panorama through a microscope, and quarrel with a scene-painter because he does not give to his work the exquisite finish of Gerard Dow.

Oratory is to be estimated on principles different from those which are applied to other productions. Truth is the object of philosophy and history. Truth is the object even of those works which are peculiarly called works of fiction, but which, in fact,

bear the same relation to history which algebra bears to arithmetic. The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth,—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors. The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion. The admiration of the multitude does not make Moore a greater poet than Coleridge, or Beattie a greater philosopher than Berkeley. But the criterion of eloquence is different. A speaker, who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition, but he is not an orator. If he miss the mark, it makes no difference whether he have taken aim too high or too low.

The effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been, in a great measure, to destroy this distinction, and to leave among us little of what I call Oratory Proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers. At Athens, the case was different; there the only object of the speaker was immediate conviction and persuasion. He, therefore, who would justly appreciate the merit of the Grecian orators, should place himself, as nearly as possible, in the situation of their auditors: he should divest himself of his modern feelings and acquirements, and make the prejudices and interests of the Athenian citizens his own. He who studies their works in this spirit, will find that many of those things which, to an English reader, appear to be blemishes,—the frequent violation of those excellent rules of evidence, by which our courts of law are regulated,—the introduction of extraneous matter,—the reference to considerations of political expediency in judicial investigations,—the assertions, without proof,—the passionate entreaties,—the furious invectives,—are really proofs of the prudence and address of the speakers. He must not dwell maliciously on arguments or phrases; but acquiesce in his first impressions. It requires repeated perusal and reflection to decide rightly on any other portion of literature. But with respect to works of which the merit depends on their instantaneous effect, the most hasty judgment is likely to be best.

The history of eloquence at Athens is remarkable. From a very early period great speakers had flourished there. Pisistratus and Themistocles are said to have owed much of their influence to their talents for debate. We learn, with more certainty, that Pericles was distinguished by extraordinary oratorical powers. The substance of some of his speeches is transmitted to us by

Thucydides, and that excellent writer has doubtless faithfully reported the general line of his arguments. But the manner, which in oratory is of at least as much consequence as the matter, was of no importance to his narration. It is evident that he has not attempted to preserve it. Throughout his work, every speech on every subject, whatever may have been the character or the dialect of the speaker, is in exactly the same form. The grave king of Sparta, the furious demagogue of Athens, the general encouraging his army, the captive supplicating for his life, all are represented as speakers in one unvaried style,—a style moreover wholly unfit for oratorical purposes. His mode of reasoning is singularly elliptical,—in reality most consecutive,—yet in appearance often incoherent. His meaning, in itself sufficiently perplexing, is compressed into the fewest possible words. His great fondness for antithetical expression has not a little conduced to this effect. Every one must have observed how much more the sense is condensed in the verses of Pope and his imitators, who never ventured to continue the same clause from couplet to couplet, than in those of poets who allow themselves that license. Every artificial division, which is strongly marked, and which frequently recurs, has the same tendency. The natural and perspicuous expression which spontaneously rises to the mind, will often refuse to accommodate itself to such a form. It is necessary either to expand it into weakness, or to compress it into almost impenetrable density. The latter is generally the choice of an able man, and was assuredly the choice of Thucydides.

It is scarcely necessary to say that such speeches could never have been delivered. They are perhaps among the most difficult passages in the Greek language, and would probably have been scarcely more intelligible to an Athenian auditor than to a modern reader. Their obscurity was acknowledged by Cicero, who was as intimate with the literature and language of Greece as the most accomplished of its natives, and who seems to have held a respectable rank among the Greek authors. Their difficulty to a modern reader lies, not in the words, but in the reasoning. A dictionary is of far less use in studying them, than a clear head and a close attention to the context. They are valuable to the scholar as displaying, beyond almost any other compositions, the powers of the finest of languages:—they are valuable to the philosopher, as illustrating the morals and manners of a most interesting age:—they abound in just thought and energetic expression. But they do not enable us to form any accurate opinion on the merits of the early Greek orators.

Though it cannot be doubted, that, before the Persian wars, Athens had produced eminent speakers, yet the period during which eloquence most flourished among her citizens was by no

means that of her greatest power and glory. It commenced at the close of the Peloponnesian war. In fact, the steps by which Athenian oratory approached to its finished excellence, seem to have been almost contemporaneous with those by which the Athenian character and the Athenian empire sunk to degradation. At the time when the little commonwealth achieved those victories which twenty-five eventful centuries have left unequalled, eloquence was in its infancy. The deliverers of Greece became its plunderers and oppressors. Unmeasured exaction, atrocious vengeance, the madness of the multitude, the tyranny of the great, filled the Cyclades with tears, and blood, and mourning. The sword unpeopled whole islands in a day. The plough passed over the ruins of famous cities. The imperial republic sent forth her children by thousands to pine in the quarries of Syracuse, or to feed the vultures of *Ægospotami*. She was at length reduced by famine and slaughter to humble herself before her enemies, and to purchase existence by the sacrifice of her empire and her laws. During these disastrous and gloomy years, oratory was advancing towards its highest excellence. And it was when the moral, the political, and the military character of the people was most utterly degraded; it was when the Viceroy of a Macedonian Sovereign gave law to Greece, that the courts of Athens witnessed the most splendid contest of eloquence that the world has ever known.

The causes of this phenomenon it is not, I think, difficult to assign. The division of labour operates on the productions of the orator as it does on those of the mechanic. It was remarked by the ancients, that the Pentathlete, who divided his attention between several exercises, though he could not vie with a boxer in the use of the cestus, or with one who had confined his attention to running in the contest of the stadium, yet enjoyed far greater general vigour and health than either. It is the same with the mind. The superiority in technical skill is often more than compensated by the inferiority in general intelligence. And this is peculiarly the case in politics. States have always been best governed by men who have taken a wide view of public affairs, and who have rather a general acquaintance with many sciences than a perfect mastery of one. The union of the political and military departments in Greece contributed not a little to the splendour of its early history. After their separation more skilful generals and greater speakers appeared;—but the breed of statesmen dwindled and became almost extinct. Themistocles or Pericles would have been no match for Demosthenes in the assembly, or for Iphicrates in the field. But surely they were incomparably better fitted than either for the supreme direction of affairs.

There is indeed a remarkable coincidence between the progress of the art of war, and that of the art of oratory, among the Greeks. They both advanced to perfection by contemporaneous steps, and from similar causes. The early speakers, like the early warriors of Greece, were merely a militia. It was found, that in both employments, practice and discipline gave superiority*. Each pursuit therefore became first an art, and then a trade. In proportion as the professors of each became more expert in their particular craft, they became less respectable in their general character. Their skill had been obtained at too great expense to be employed only from disinterested views. Thus, the soldiers forgot that they were citizens, and the orators that they were statesmen. I know not to what Demosthenes and his famous contemporaries can be so justly compared as to those mercenary troops, who, in their time, overran Greece; or those, who, from similar causes, were some centuries ago the scourge of the Italian republics,—perfectly acquainted with every part of their profession, irresistible in the field, powerful to defend or to destroy, but defending without love, and destroying without hatred. We may despise the characters of these political *Condottieri*; but it is impossible to examine the system of their tactics without being amazed at its perfection.

I had intended to proceed to this examination, and to consider separately the remains of Lysias, of Æschines, of Demosthenes, and of Isocrates, who, though strictly speaking, he was rather a pamphleteer than an orator, deserves, on many accounts, a place in such a disquisition. The length of my prolegomena and digressions compels me to postpone this part of the subject to

* It has often occurred to me, that to the circumstances mentioned in the text, is to be referred one of the most remarkable events in Grecian history, I mean the silent but rapid downfall of the Lacedæmonian power. Soon after the termination of the Peloponnesian war, the strength of Lacedæmon began to decline. Its military discipline, its social institutions were the same. Agesilaus, during whose reign the change took place, was the ablest of its kings. Yet the Spartan armies were frequently defeated in pitched battles,—an occurrence considered impossible in the earlier ages of Greece. They are allowed to have fought most bravely, yet they were no longer attended by the success to which they had formerly been accustomed. No solution of these circumstances is offered, as far as I know, by any ancient author. The real cause, I conceive, was this. The Lacedæmonians, alone among the Greeks, formed a permanent standing army. While the citizens of other commonwealths were engaged in agriculture and trade, they had no employment whatever but the study of military discipline. Hence, during the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, they had that advantage over their neighbours which regular troops always possess over militia. This advantage they lost, when other states began, at a latter period, to employ mercenary forces, who were probably as superior to them in the art of war as they had hitherto been to their antagonists.

another occasion. A Magazine is certainly a delightful invention for a very idle or a very busy man. He is not compelled to complete his plan or to adhere to his subject. He may ramble as far as he is inclined, and stop as soon as he is tired. No one takes the trouble to recollect his contradictory opinions or his unredeemed pledges. He may be as superficial, as inconsistent, and as careless as he chooses. Magazines resemble those little angels, who, according to the pretty Rabbinical tradition, are generated every morning by the brook which rolls over the flowers of Paradise,—whose life is a song,—who warble till sunset, and then sink back without regret into nothingness. Such spirits have nothing to do with the detecting spear of Ithuriel or the victorious sword of Michael. It is enough for them to please and be forgotten.

T. M.

HYMN TO THE PARTHENON.

The first beams of the red uprising sun
 Are on thee, glorious Temple. Mute beneath,
 Altars, tombs, statues, palaces, and fanes
 Sleep in the grey shroud of the chilly dawn.
 Hast thou a voice to answer to that light ;—
 A secret voice, a mystic harmony—
 Uttering the praise that hills and mountains peal
 When the day smites them?—Dancest thou with joy,
 Like the broad ocean, when the level sun
 Spreads a far line of lustre on his breast ?
 Or singest thou, sweetly as forest flower
 Unfolding its pure heart to the soft ray,
 To drink in life and joy. Beautiful temple,
 Why art thou dumb as the deep-hiding grave ?

Seat of Minerva, dwelling obscure of Wisdom !
 If by that name and symbol be reveal'd
 The mighty influence, the enduring light,
 The formless beauty, and the viewless strength,
 That roll the worlds in their eternal orbs,
 Or breathe a song of peace in the low wind,—
 O ! midst thy incense and thy erring rites,

Hast thou not seen a shadowy beam of truth
Hovering around thy dim and clouded shrines,
Like some pale star that lights the pilgrim's way ?
Awake, mute dwelling of that shapeless beam !
Awake, best image of all beauteous forms !
Before the step of man pollute thy gates,
Lift up thine own clear voice of righteous praise !

Why rear thy columns their proportion'd forms
Of simple splendour, deep magnificence,
Graceful solidity, o'erpowering height ?
More warm than life, why glows thy sculptured frieze
With mimic fire ?—why stand thy steadfast groups,
Heroes or Gods, with an awe-shedding look
Of keen reality, though grand abstractions
Of shapes more glorious than the earth has seen,
Condensing all of beauty and of truth ?
Is it to please the vainly-curious eye
Of dull beholders, or to lend a pomp
Of scenic grandeur to the solemn cheats
Of priests and auguries ? Who stamp'd those forms
Upon the plastic mind ? who shew'd the image
Of all thy unwrought loveliness and pride ?
Who breath'd the great idea till it grew
Like a creation ? Answer to earth and heaven,
That He who view'd the world before time was,
And number'd every star ; and He who saw,
As in a mirror, this fair-liveried globe,
Its seas and mountains, vales, torrents, and streams,
Yea, that conceived all being, say that He
Clothed thee with beauty. Stand, proud temple, stand !
Stand the great sign that Nature works in Art,
And God in each ; stand till the ocean-breeze
Scatter thy dust around the desert hill .
E'en then thy crumbling marbles shall bequeath
To other climes, trophies of conquering mind,
Pregnant with life.

Then lift thine own rich song
 At the still hour of dawn,—or when the eve
 Sheds all her sweet perfusive gentleness,—
 Or when the moon, dear to the votarist's eye,
 Pours her soft mellowing shadows o'er thy pride,—
 Or when the midnight throws around thine head
 A sacred veil, that only spirits pierce—
 Lift then thy glorious song of natural praise
 To the One pure, One holy, One supreme,
 Who saw and shaped thee. Lift thine own rich song,
 And may the voice of man repeat thy truth,
 And the one hymn of faith go up to Heaven.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PROVENÇALS.

WHEN the taste and habitual sentiment of our own age shall have become the object of literary history, it is probable that its distinguishing characteristic will be the mode in which we have disentangled ourselves from the trammels of the artificial and conventional system of the French school, and returned with renewed delight to the natural and universal poetry of our earlier writers. We became disgusted with the insipidity of the followers of Dryden and Pope, of men who conceived weakness and dullness to be an imitation of subdued and regulated enthusiasm; who imagined themselves to be correct writers, because they were precluded by nature herself from the glorious offences of greater wits; and substituted monotony for harmony, and conventional phrases for elegance of language. We discovered that what was termed poetic diction could not supply the place of poetic thought and poetic feeling. We became weary of the tribe, who trifled with words instead of seeking for ideas; who aspired to the praise of originality by varying and exaggerating, without regard to propriety, the terms of recognised metaphors; and who, by a process almost mechanical, compiled poems, like pieces of mosaic work, of set figures and phrases discreetly selected from their predecessors. We ceased at last to be pleased with sentiments, and characters, and descriptions, not drawn from the universal treasury of nature, but borrowed by poet from poet; and like images reflected from mirror to mirror, losing in vividness and distinctness at every transmission. We turned to nature herself, and to those poets of the olden time whose images and feelings were impressed upon their minds immediately from nature.

This impulse of true taste and sensibility has become a fashion and an affectation. In our own literature, that which had been forgotten, because it deserved to be forgotten, has been recalled to remembrance, admired, and consecrated, because it is old. The antique and obsolete of the literature of other nations has been ransacked; and much that is valuable, and much that is worthless, have been brought to light together. The investigation has been like a search in the lumber-room of an old family mansion. We have discovered tables, and chairs, and cabinets, of massive bulk and rich workmanship, and venerable from the associations of antiquity. The dust has been wiped from pictures that seem to speak from the canvass; gorgeous tapestry has been unrolled; records of the joys and sorrows of those who had been long forgotten in the grave have once more moved smiles and tears. But with all this, we have often wearied ourselves with fruitless labour, covered ourselves with dust and cobwebs, and pulled out from the receptacles, where it had been left to decay in peace, the accumulated rubbish of preceding generations, and stuck up the fragments in our collection of curiosities.

In this general passion for the antique, the Provençal poetry has attracted scarcely a fair proportion of enthusiasm or attention. It is true that the ties which connect it with English literature are neither many nor strong. Chaucer, in one or two of his smaller poems, appears to have followed the style of the later Troubadours; and Dryden, in the preface to his *Fables*, has borrowed from Rymer the remark, that the Provençal was in that age the most cultivated of modern languages, and that Chaucer profited by it to adorn and enrich the English. But in the interval which intervened between the father of our poetry and the next writers who were worthy to succeed him, the Troubadours, and all their works, and all their fame, had already passed into oblivion; and the Italian writers remained as our models. In France and Italy, during the last century, the Provençal literature became an object of the curiosity of the learned. Of *La Crusca Provenzale* of Bastero I can merely report the name. Crescimbeni, in his *Istoria della Volgar Poesia* has devoted a volume to the Lives of the Provençal Poets, which are taken (except some corrections and additions) from the lives published in 1575, by Jean Nostradamus, Procureur to the Parliament of Provence, and father of the celebrated astrologer Michael Nostradamus. There are also Spanish writers who have illustrated this portion of literary history*. M. de Sainte Palaye, the learned author of the *Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry*, with indefatigable industry made a collection of the works of the Troubadours, which with his own comments

* Sismondi, *Litterature du Midi de l'Europe*. T. I. ch. iii. p. 82.

and illustrations filled at least five and twenty folio volumes in manuscript. From this immense treasury L'Abbé Millot extracted his *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours**, in which he has given a short account of the lives and productions of each. That fastidiousness of national taste, which impels a Frenchman to make every thing that he touches French, has detracted very materially from the value of this work. All the strong and coarse lines, which mark the sentiments and manners of a rude and uncultivated age, have been refined and softened down, for fear of offending the decorous precision of Parisian criticism. The Abbé appears unable to feel and estimate rightly the simplicity and vigour of ancient times; and even where he has ventured beyond his usual limits, he is evidently trembling with apprehension, and haunted by the dread of *grossièreté* and *malstance*. His history is consequently tame and dull, though apparently exceedingly correct; his translations are diffuse and without raciness; and he seems as if instead of a picture of the age of the Troubadours, glowing with all the colours of light and life, he had merely sketched a pencil outline. M. de Sismondi in his *History of the Literature of the South of Europe* has devoted four chapters to a comprehensive and luminous survey of the rise, and progress, and decay of the Provençal poetry. For personal anecdotes of the Troubadours he has relied upon Millot; but from his knowledge of the political history of their age he has thrown a singular light on his view of the history of their literature. By reference to the original manuscripts, he has frequently given more vigour to his translations than Millot: he has perceived and enjoyed with much more delicacy of taste the peculiar beauties of the Provençal poetry; and he has diffused over the whole subject the charm of his animated and elegant style. He seems, however, to have experienced the sensation of disappointment which must be felt by every student of the poetry of the Troubadours. He appears to have been at first even enthusiastically delighted with this national and universal developement of imagination, and feeling, and sensibility, in the perception of grace and harmony; but to have become gradually weary of the sameness of all its productions, and grieved, and even ashamed, that it should have left no great monument of superior genius, and impressed no durable character upon the literature of Europe.

The literature of Provence, till within a very few years, was concealed in the obscurity of manuscripts, and could be known only by the observations and partial extracts of critics. The elaborate work of M. Raynouard has thrown it open to the curiosity

* In three volumes 12mo, & Paris, 1774.

of the learned*. In one volume he has investigated the origin and formation of the *Langue Romane*, and the principles of its grammar. In the second volume he has given, in a free and elegant translation, specimens of the general style of subject and sentiment among the Troubadours; he has investigated the existence and the institutions of the Courts of Love; he has collected monuments of the *Langue Romane* anterior to the age of the Troubadours, both public Acts and Deeds, and various religious poems; and he has explained, in an accurate and entertaining essay, the various forms of poetical composition which were employed by the Provençals. The third volume contains their amatory poetry; the fourth, their military, political, and moral pieces. The fifth volume is a biographical dictionary of the Troubadours, in which are given all the narratives respecting them which are found in the ancient Provençal manuscripts, and very numerous extracts from those pieces which were not thought worthy of being published entire. The sixth volume may be considered as a supplement to the first, and comprehends very extensive philological researches on the connexion of the *Langue Romane* with the other languages of modern Europe, derived from the Latin.

If a person of an ardent and romantic temperament should make the Troubadours the object of his enthusiasm, it is probable that upon his first researches he will experience no slight feeling of dissatisfaction. We picture to ourselves the very country and age of chivalry: a climate of serene and deep-blue skies; a land of budding springs and fruitful autumns; sunny hills, rich plains, and winding rivers; forests of ancient days, and lordly castles looking out from the broken thickets of their woodland parks. The magnificence and festivity of feudal courts; princes and nobles in their dimly-lighted council-chamber; knights and squires pacing impatiently the lofty hall, or basking in the glare of blazing logs; ladies and damsels, descending from their bowers to see the gallant chase sweep by, or on their palfreys watching the flight of the falcon with turned necks and heavenward eyes; tournaments with all their heraldry, and Courts of Love with all their array of beauty; pass in splendid vision before our half-dreaming phantasy. Then every knight was religious and loyal, full of faith, and honour, and valour, devoted to the lady of his heart, wearing her tokens in the Holy Land, wandering through distant and unknown regions, and returning to sue with music and with song for the recompense of his pure, and fervent, and enduring love. Then every lady was beautiful, and chaste, and humble, and pious; noble in birth, and form, and face, and soul; watching, with all a woman's love, for the return of her devoted warrior, and

* *Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*, in 6 vols. 8vo. à Paris, 816—1821.

only affecting coldness or indifference till the praises of her beauty had become familiar to melodious lips. Then the courts of sovereigns were the resort of valour and genius; and a knight glowing with their mingled enthusiasm, and who in true knightly guise could break a lance and compose a *canzon*, became at once the friend of princes, and found no rank too high for the aspirations of his ambitious love. In such an age, and from such feelings, we expect in poetry all that is romantic, and tender, and imaginative.

Such in fact, in many aspects, was the theory of morals and manners in the time of the Troubadours: but in practice this golden age of chivalry had never an actual existence. If we look more closely into the records of those days, we find, that princes could even then be ambitious and unjust; that courts were crowded with flatterers and slanderers; that feudal lords were often prodigal, and rapacious, and oppressive, the clergy selfish, and luxurious, and bigotted, and bloodthirsty, and knights faithless at once to their sovereign and their lady-love. In the place of piety we meet with an ignorant and blasphemous ascription of human feelings and infirmities to the divine nature. Crimes have not even the terrific grandeur which we anticipated, if any crimes were to deface the beauty and splendour of our ideal world.—We have all the pettiness of modern perfidy and treachery. We find heartless profligacy, where we expected the purest and most refined passion; and we discover that adultery was the recognised fashion of the times. Of this state of morals the result is a falseness of sentiment, an insincerity and affectation, which is utterly destructive of genuine poetry. The poetry of the Troubadours has frequently the defects of an uncultivated and unintellectual age, without the simplicity, or force, or grandeur, which we expect from rude unadulterated nature. Instead of pathos and sublimity we often meet with a coldness and dullness, a want of originality, and a passion for false ornament, and artificial restraint, and laboured obscurity, which might have become the rhyming cavaliers of the court of Charles the First. Yet if we have patience to endure this partial disappointment, we find very many pieces which breathe the genuine spirit of passionate tenderness or military enthusiasm; traits of feeling, and character, and manners, which embody to us the genius of the age; and much that is interesting to the student of human nature, even in the detail of its vices and excesses.

It is clear that the peculiar character of the Provençal poetry must be intimately connected with the political and social state of the country in which it took its rise: and this is especially true of the singular intermixture of the simplicity and straightforwardness, and unlaboured and unconscious beauty, which characterize the literature of an uncultivated people, not only with refinement and elegance, but with the affectation of sentiment, and the false

taste, and cold conceit, which we should expect from the decline of an effete age, in which poetry had become a mere fashion of the day. This remarkable confusion of style and taste, (for qualities so opposite could scarcely form an absolute union,) resulted from the species and degree of civilization which had been attained in the southern provinces of France. They had reached a high pitch of wealth, and power, and magnificence, and luxury, and polish; but their culture and civilization was all external and material, not internal and intellectual. To the Provençals, as to the other nations of Europe, the treasures of classical antiquity were as yet but as a sealed book; and they themselves had made no progress, no efforts, in the direction of natural science, or the philosophy of reason. If any glimmerings of knowledge had reached them, they were only some scattered rays, which had penetrated through the darkness of the schools, or were reflected from the learning and science of the Arabs by the intervention of the kindred people of Catalonia and Aragon. We may judge of the extent of their knowledge by a singular piece which still remains to us, entitled the *Treasure of Pierre de Corbiac**; and it must be borne in mind that the author was probably one of the later Troubadours. Maître Pierre de Corbiac, or Corbian, is as happy in his *Treasure*, as the ideal sage of the stoics in the possession of all his wisdom. "I am rich in mind; and although I have neither lands, nor castles, nor towns, nor other domains; although I have neither gold, nor silver, nor silk, yet I am not poor; I am even richer than a man with a thousand marks in gold. If you ask me who I am, and whence, and of what people, my name is Maître Pierre, and my birth was from Corbia, where I have my brothers and my relations. My income is moderate, but my courtesy and my sense make me live in honour among honourable persons. I walk upright, as if I were rich; and so indeed I am, since I have amassed a rich treasure, splendid and noble, and more precious, more dear, and more valuable, than precious stones, or fine gold and silver; a treasure which cannot perish, nor be taken from me, nor carried off by theft; a treasure which, far from being diminished, increases from day to day. This treasure is the knowledge of many points of learning." He acknowledges God to be the fountain of all wisdom: "from God then came mine, and from God I begin."

He then gives an account of the ten orders of angels, the rebellion of Lucifer, the creation, the four elements, the sun, moon, and stars, the appointment of the seven days of the week and of the sabbath, the fall of man, and the whole scriptural and apocryphal

*Millot, T. iii. p. 297. Raynouard, T. v. p. 316. It is worth remarking that this piece of 840 lines is written all upon one rhyme.

history, down to the martyrdom of the Apostles; from which he passes to the day of judgment. This is the first and principal part of the treasure of his knowledge. The second part he esteems less. "I am sufficiently learned in all the seven arts; by grammar I know how to speak Latin, to decline, and construe, and make derivations, and to beware of barbarism in my pronunciation. By logic I know very rationally how to answer and refute arguments, and make sophisms, and draw conclusions, and ingeniously to lead my adversary to confess himself in the wrong." He speaks of his knowledge of rhetoric, and enlarges at considerable length upon his musical science. In arithmetic he knows how to add, multiply, and divide. He understands geography, astronomy, the indiction, the epact, and all the ecclesiastical calendar; a little medicine, pharmacy, and surgery; necromancy, geomancy, magic, and divination; mythology "better than Ovid and Thales;" the histories of Thebes, of Troy, of Rome, of Romulus, of Cæsar, of Pompey, of Augustus, of Nero, *of the twelve Cæsars down to Constantine*; the history of Greece, of Alexander, who on his death-bed divided his kingdom among his twelve peers; the history of France, from the time of Clovis; the victories of Charlemagne and Roland over the Pagans; the history of Brutus, how he arrived from Troy in Brittany, and passed over into England, where he conquered the giant Cornieu, and divided the country among his followers; the prophecies of Merlin, the mysterious death of Arthur, the adventures of Gawain, the loves of Tristan and Ysolt; and in fine the history of other nations. He understands chaunting also, and can compose verses, songs, pastorals, amatory and amusing poems, rondeaux, and dances; and can make himself beloved by clerks, knights, burgesses, jongleurs, squires, and serving-men.

Maître Pierre, from the display which he makes of his knowledge, evidently considered himself, and probably with justice, as one of the most learned persons of his age and country. If this then, at a late period of Provençal history, were the amount of the knowledge attained by a person of professed learning, apparently of that order to which education was almost restricted, at least in the full enjoyment of literary leisure, we may judge what degree of knowledge was possessed by the knights and nobles of an earlier age, whose lives were divided between revelry and war. Among the multitude of the pieces of the Troubadours which have come down to us, there are exceedingly few allusions to the mythology or history of Greece or Rome; and these are of such a nature, that they appear to have been only borrowed from monkish chronicles and compilations; and that the knowledge of the Latin language was rare, at least among the poets, may be conjectured from the ostentatious manner in which a few who possessed it make quotations, not from classical authors, but from the Vulgate, or the

phrases of the schools*. It does not appear that Maître Pierre de Corbiac had read any classical author, not even "*Ovid and Thales*." In science it might have been expected that the Provençals would have made a greater progress, from the facility of intercourse with the Moorish schools established in Spain; but in all their works scarcely a solitary illustration or allusion is to be traced to such a source. The knowledge of the Troubadours appears to have been in general confined to the science of music, and to the romances which formed the common literature of their age. In a few pieces which remain to us, in which advice is addressed to Jongleurs†, the knowledge of romances, and a facility in narrating them, is considered as an indispensable qualification for their profession; and we may accordingly conclude that they formed one of the amusements of the baronial halls. But even romances seem to have been ill suited to the general literature and taste of the Provençals. They had sprung up, and sprung up luxuriantly, in the North of France, in the language called the Roman-Wallon, or Langue d'Oil; but in Provence they were not native, and they made no growth. The allusions to them are not frequent; the poetry of the Troubadours is in general as far removed as possible from the narrative style; and the researches of the learned have discovered little more than a solitary relic of romances in the Provençal language‡. The mind of the people was left, therefore, with but little to occupy it; and not only reason, but imagination also, languished for the want of a proper aliment to sustain them.

* Sismondi, T. i. p. 195.

† The Troubadours were the poets, who composed songs and verses, frequently both the music and the words. The Jongleurs were persons of an inferior class, who made a trade of singing and reciting the verses of the Troubadours. The Envoi, or concluding stanza of a poem, telling to whom it is sent, or for what purpose it is written, is frequently addressed to the Jongleur, who is to publish it to the world. A Troubadour, if he were deserted by his patrons, or reduced to want, frequently embraced the mercenary profession of a Jongleur. A Jongleur of talent would often not only recite the verses of others, but compose for himself, and thus entitled himself to the honourable appellation of a Troubadour. This mixture of the two classes was one of the causes of the disrepute into which the Troubadours eventually fell; for they became confounded with the Jongleurs, who not only recited poems, narrated romances, and sang and played for pay, but also performed tricks of legerdemain, carried about bears and apes, in short, followed the profession of a modern juggler and mountebank. Giraud Riquier, one of the latest of the Troubadours, complains grievously of this confusion in his *Supplication*, a poem, addressed to Alphonso X., King of Castile; which produced a royal ordinance, dated in the year 1275, and designed to remedy the evil. The rank of poets cannot be determined by royal ordinances. The Jongleurs seem to have borne a considerable resemblance to the *ῥαψωδιστῆς* of early Greece.

‡ Raynouard, T. ii. p. 282.

But while the intellect of the nation was thus uncultivated, a happy combination of circumstances had raised the Provençals to a high degree of external prosperity. The diversities of climate and soil will work their effect immediately or mediately upon the mind of man: and a soil easily tilled and richly reproductive, a climate temperate and equable, and a pure and serene air, not only contributed to the wealth of the natives of the countries of the *Langue d'Oc**, but gave them leisure for the more refined pleasures of prosperity, and the physical and moral sensibility necessary for the enjoyment of them. These provinces had also been fortunate in their comparative repose during the tumults of the darker ages. They had not, like Italy and the more eastern provinces of the Roman Empire, been overrun by a succession of barbarous invaders, each dislodging and trampling upon the horde which had preceded them. They had not been exposed to the extreme barbarity of the Slavonian or Sarmatian tribes. In the later ages of the empire, the southern provinces of Gaul had been far more wealthy and more tranquil than even Italy itself, and had retained the advantages of civilization to a later period. The Burgundians and Visigoths had established themselves in them at nearly the same time. They suffered no subsequent invasion from the northern nations; and the fortune of Charles Martel upon the plains of Tours preserved France from the growing empire of the Arabs, which had overwhelmed the Visigoths of Spain. The new people had amalgamated themselves quietly and insensibly with the old inhabitants; and from their union sprang up new institutions and a new language, which began to acquire form and consistency, while, in almost every other country of Europe, strife and disorder filled the place of government; and the vulgar dialect was but a confused and irregular *patois*. These provinces suffered indeed from wars with the Franks, who had occupied the countries on the north of the Loire, and they were subjugated by Pepin and Charlemagne; but they escaped early from the troubles which arose under the imbecile princes of the Carlovingian race. In the year 879, an active and vigorous leader, the Duke Bozon, became the first monarch of the kingdom of Arles, and extended his authority over all the south of France. His descendants retained their sovereignty under the title of King or Count for more than two hundred years; and during this period, which bears that sure mark of prosperity that it has left almost a blank in history, we can collect that population

* It was usual to denominate languages from their affirmative particle. The Provençal was the *Langue d'Oc*; the language of the North of France was the *Langue d'Oïl*, or *Langue d'Oui*. Bernard d'Auriac, in speaking of an invasion of Aragon by the French, says, "In Aragon will be heard *oui* and *nenni*, in the place of *oc* and *no*." Millot; T. iii., p. 177.

and wealth increased, that commerce made some progress, and that the laws, and manners, and language of Provence became fixed. The vulgar dialect insensibly took the place of the Latin, and began to be employed for the purposes of literature. The family of Bozon ended in 1092, in the person of Count Gillibert; and his states became the dowry of his daughters, of whom Douce, the eldest and the heiress of Provence, was married to Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona.

It must not, however, be supposed that the transmission of the sovereignty of Provence to the Counts of Barcelona implied the subjection of the country to a foreign master. The natives of Catalonia and Aragon were one people with the Provençals, of similar laws and manners, and of the same language. The langue d'Oc was the common dialect both on the northern and southern sides of the Pyrenees; and, it is probable, that at this time it was more formed and polished in the Spanish provinces. The institutions of feudality were there imbued with the strongest and purest spirit of chivalry. The continual proximity of enemies of a different faith, who had dislodged the Gothic inhabitants of Spain from the possessions of their fathers, kept alive a temper of religious and patriotic enthusiasm, which involved within itself the finest elements of romantic poetry. The increasing commerce of Barcelona, and of other maritime towns, not only fostered the taste for luxury and magnificence to which it owed its origin, but gave birth to a spirit of liberty, which diffused itself among the middle class of society, and checked the tendency to tyranny which was the vice of the petty feudal sovereignties. At the same time, and chiefly through the medium of the Moçarabes or Christians subject to the Moorish states, the literature and poetry of the Arabs had begun to spread itself throughout Spain, and produced a general elegance of taste, and a disposition to vary the rude and sensual magnificence of the baronial courts and castles with intellectual pleasures and amusements. The spirit which resulted from the combination of all these causes was introduced into Provence by the accession of Raymond-Berenger. This was no attempt to force an union between uncongenial elements. It was inserting into a strong and healthy stock a graft from a richer and more cultivated variety of the same species. The character and manners of the Provençals were exalted and refined; and a new life was infused into the poetry, which had already sprung up amongst them.

The marriage of Raymond-Berenger with Douce, the heiress of Provence, took place in the year 1112*; and in the year 1125 a treaty was concluded by the Counts of Barcelona and Toulouse,

* Sismondi, *Hist. des Français*, T. v. p. 116.

by which the states of Gillibert were divided between them*. The disastrous consequences which might have been expected to follow such a partition, were not felt for nearly a century; and it was during this century that the poetry of the Troubadours grew and flourished in the most beautiful luxuriance. Dissensions might arise between the rival princes; the Counts of Barcelona were obliged to defend their possessions against the claims of their kinsmen, the Counts des Baux; but such petty internal wars kept alive the ardour of the military spirit, without materially affecting the prosperity of the country; and the fatal weakness which resulted from the want of union and solidity, was scarcely perceived, till the states of southern France became the prey of more powerful external enemies.

The great Counts of Provence and Toulouse were far from being the only potentates of this rich and flourishing country. The Counts of Poitiers, who bore also the title of Dukes of Aquitaine, rivalled them in power: and an almost innumerable multitude of petty sovereigns, under various names, exercised their jurisdiction within the limits of a province, a city, or even a single castle; and waged wars, and formed alliances, and held their courts, in all the plenitude of supreme power. Among these princely nobles existed a perpetual spirit of emulation, which took the form not of national but of personal rivalry, and made them strive to outshine each other, not only in deeds of arms and in every chivalrous accomplishment, but in the hospitality and splendour of their courts, in the number and equipment of their retainers, and especially in the protection which they afforded to the professors of the *gaye science*.

We have a singular testimony to the superior luxury and refinement of the nobles and knights of the countries of the Langue d'Oc, at a comparatively early period. Robert, the son of Hugh Capet, married Constance d'Aquitaine (about the year 1000,) and the retinue, whom the queen attracted to the court of France, are described by an ancient Chronicler as the vainest and lightest of men. He inveighs bitterly against the shameful and disorderly luxury of their dress, and even of their arms and the equipment of their horses. He denounces their want of manliness in shaving

* Sismondi, *Hist. des Français*, T. v. p. 170. There is some confusion with respect to the claims of the various competitors for the sovereignty of Provence. Sismondi mentions expressly that Gillibert left but two daughters; Douce married Raymond-Berenger; and, in the *History of France*, he relates the marriage of her sister Stéphanie with the Comte des Baux (T. v. p. 116,) while, in the *History of the Literature of the South of Europe*, he says that her sister, whom he calls Faydide, married Alphonse, Count of Toulouse, (T. i. p. 84.) It is evident, at least, that the three houses were connected by marriage with the old house of Provence.

and dressing their hair; and he represents this attention to external appearance as accompanied by a corresponding frivolity and effeminacy of manners. He complains grievously that the contagion of this example infected the French and Burgundian nobles; and he laments over the ill success of holy men, who remonstrated in vain against this scandal of the court, and could scarcely restrain persons of lower rank from falling into the same disorders by assuring them that these new fashions were the livery of the devil*.

This magnificence and luxury of the baronial courts could not be supported without the resources of commerce; and from an early time no inconsiderable intercourse had been maintained by the maritime towns of Provence, not only with Italy and the Moorish kingdoms of Spain, but even with Africa and the Levant. From these sources were procured the finely-tempered steel which formed the arms of the Provençal knights, and the gorgeous silks which gratified the vanity of the Provençal ladies. A spirit of activity and enterprise was thus diffused among the lower orders. They felt that they became more and more necessary to their superiors, in consequence of the new wants which were continually created by the progress of civilization and refinement. Their importance was augmented by the acquisition of wealth; and they were enabled to vindicate some portion of liberty from the oppression of feudal sovereignty. The inhabitants of the towns, the members of rich and flourishing communities, felt the weight which they derived from their union, and were raised far above the abject condition to which the slaves of the soil had been condemned in the days of barbarism. The spirit of freedom which was thus generated, grew so rapidly and so vigorously, that before the middle of the thirteenth century almost every town had gradually extorted from its feudal lord privileges which amounted nearly to a recognition of independence†: and these municipalities would apparently have risen into states, which might have rivalled the commercial republics of Italy, if they had not been involved in the common ruin which stopped at once the developement of social and individual energy in their devoted country. At all events, we perceive here another active element in the public mind, which contributed to the national effervescence of sentiment and imagination in the poetry of the Troubadours.

The growth of the towns had tended still more directly to the advancement of the Provençal poetry, by enriching and polishing the *Langue Romaine*: and the internal circulation, of which they

* See Sismondi, Hist. des Français, T. iv. p. 137, and Raynouard, Choix des Poésies des Troubadours, T. ii. p. 64.

† See Sismondi, Hist. des Français, T. iv. pp. 256, 484. T. v. p. 130. T. vi. p. 159.

were the organs, had made it one national language, instead of suffering it to remain broken up into a multitude of village dialects. To the external intercourse which was established immediately or mediately with the Saracens, is to be attributed not only much of the refinement and elegance which distinguished the people of the South of France, but much of the spirit and the form of their poetry.

To us, who derive our notions of the countries of Islam from their present state, and who from our greater familiarity with the Turks, the least intellectual of all the nations that have professed the religion of Mahomet, are apt to consider them as a fair specimen of the whole, it may seem strange to refer to the Arabs any share in the origin of the civilization and literature of modern Europe. Yet at the period of which we are speaking, in wealth and luxury, and in every species of elegance and refinement, in learning and science, and in imagination and imaginative sensibility, the Europeans were very far inferior to the Saracens. The empire of the Khalifs had extended over the richest and most voluptuous regions of the earth. The Arabs, in all the vigour of a youthful nation, when they were wearied with conquest, had satiated themselves with the luxuries addressed merely to the senses; and still in quest of fresh excitement, turned to the pursuit of intellectual pleasures, with all the enthusiasm which had hitherto found its aliment and its exercise in religion, in ambition, and in the enjoyment of sensual magnificence. Poetry especially became a passion of the nation; and from the exquisite sensibility of these natives of a milder climate and a purer air, it was generally the expression of strong individual feeling, and was inseparably blended with the sentiment of harmony. The same tastes were gradually communicated to those nations of Europe who were placed most nearly in contact, or possessed the greatest facility of intercourse with the people of the East; and the refinements of civilization, and the luxuries of the intellect, were estimated and enjoyed in Spain, and Sicily, and Provence, before they were known in countries more remote. The energies of the human mind were now beginning to develop themselves in every direction. The spirit of poetry was generated, and made rapid progress in circumstances so favourable to its growth. But it retained a character which marked its origin. The halls of the castles of Provence resounded with the music which had mingled with the murmurs of fountains in the Moorish palaces; and the same passionate expressions of personal feeling, and the same exquisite perception of harmony, were embodied in the *canzos* of the Troubadours, and the *casides* of the Arabian poets*.

* See Sismondi, *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, T. i., p. 94.

From this sketch of the internal political state of the Provençals, and their intercourse with the people of the East, we shall pass to a review of their manners and social institutions, and of the great public events which influenced their literature ; and then proceed to an examination of their poetry, and of the causes of its rapid decline.

(End of Part I.)

THE INCOGNITO ; OR, COUNT FITZ-HUM.

[The following Tale is translated from the German of Schulze, a living author of great popularity, not known at all under that name, but under the *nom-de-guerre* of Frederic Laun. A judicious selection (well translated) from the immense body of his novels, would have a triple claim on public attention : first, as reflecting in a lively way the general aspect of German manners in the domestic life of the middle ranks : secondly, as pretty faithful evidences of the state of German taste amongst the most *numerous* class of readers ; no writer, except Kotzebue perhaps, having dedicated his exertions with more success to the single purpose of meeting the popular taste, and adapting himself to the immediate demands of the market : thirdly, as possessing considerable intrinsic merit in the lighter department of comic tales. On this point, for our sakes as well as to guard the reader against disappointment from seeking for more than was designed, we shall say all that needs to be said in one sentence ; they have just that merit, and they pretend to that merit, neither more nor less, which we look for in a clever dramatic after-piece ;—the very slightest basis of fable ; a few lively or laughable situations ; a playful style ; and an airy, *sketchy* mode of catching those common-places in manners or in character which are best suited to a ludicrous display. The novels of Laun are mines of what is called *Fun*, which in its way is no bad thing. To apply any more elaborate criticism to them, would be “ to break a fly upon the wheel.”]

THE Town-Council were sitting, and in gloomy silence ; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received), which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled : old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency ; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright

quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed they were divided on every point, except one; and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the pannels of the door outside. What presumption is this? exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity: necessity has no law: and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the pursy Commissioner, "allow me to take breath:" and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: "Permit me, Mr. Pig."—"No!" said Mr. Pig: "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honour of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows:—"We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately: he means to preserve the strictest *incognito*; and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber; viz., Mr. Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau, the body painted dark blue: and for his Highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that, if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honour of his first visit; and

on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you."

"Doubtless : most important intelligence !" said the chairman : "but who is your correspondent?"—"The old and eminent house of Wassermüller and Co. : and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure : and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest : for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favour. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig in his next sentence made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy : and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion ; but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "treason !" was raised by a member ; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair—perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him, (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation) and after being amerced in a considerable fine which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the Commissioner : which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the Commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner ; in one half hour let each and all be at work : and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work ! but what for ? what for, Pig ?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them both out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the Commissioner went on:—"and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the ——"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo ; stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear then my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, this haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred."

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig ; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before "his passions : " and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale : for before night-fall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child, in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the Commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the Commissioner would exclaim, What then ? Who would believe what newspapers say ? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say. Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former : peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events

which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of visionary politicians. Pure hypochondriacal fiction! says he: No such affair ever could have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters: they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once; none whatever.—Such being the character of the Commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed on reflection to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal; amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The Commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied: it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor: and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honour, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics." The Commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples: for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the gentleman with the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes: Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here: not coming, but come; and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-théâtre*, on the side of the true believers: the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epistolicum* was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire; something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon: before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room, before the ——" At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door: a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy: the steps were audibly let down: and the Commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately in order to do the honours of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum: "for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!" So saying, he stretched out his hand to the Commissioner; and, though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig on his part sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The Commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the Count would not hear of it. "Affection to my person," said he, "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it."—And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—“Ah! what?” said the Count, gaily, “my dear Commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these.” Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him: every thing was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose, was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at 11 o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air—at the same time bowing to the ladies who sat on his right and left hand, and saying—“Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?” At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the Commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honour and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbre*

upon his family; and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears such as tender fathers shed" had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the Commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honoured by a long private interview with the Count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously: and, upon retiring, being immediately honoured by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace; the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city *who* was sleeping at the Commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the Count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "*Vivat Serenissimus!*" ascended from the mob; amongst whom the Count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering in fact fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labour of love like the present. The Count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with

the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—"early promotion," and "order of merit." In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and deep premeditation were required; a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable "balance" of the musquets not quite *au fait* in the art of going off. Men and musquets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. "But in commercial cities," as the good-natured Count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast was now over: the bells of the churches were ringing; the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes; and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the Count's answer was received:—"On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure; and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners and to the honour and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honour of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoe-makers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request that for the better encouragement of wigs a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder.

The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations: a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerating from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite: "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d — they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases; for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favour.

The corporate bodies were now despatched: but such was the report of the Prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the Commissioner's house, and pressing for the honour of an audience. The Commissioner represented to the mob that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered—that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the Prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a *ruse*. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered; the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from

their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pig-house was raised. Farewell, now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present: all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the Count, and puzzled only on one point, *viz.*, the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the Commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a Prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the Commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The Count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connexions; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honour was too much for the Commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the Count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, *viz.*, in opposing the wishes of his sovereign; and he joyfully gave his consent: upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honour of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the Commissioner's gate. A special messenger with despatches, no doubt, said the Count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "*merely* petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the Count a "despatch from the Privy Council." The Count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Commissioner, deriving courage

from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state-affairs.

"No, no,—none of any importance," said the Count, with great suavity: "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, loud: "nothing *more*!" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth——"

"Yes, my dear Sir, rebellion: a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant; and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of——"

"Oh, my dear Sir," interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety,—*"make yourself easy: nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigour and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me however is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field: so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."*

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the Count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the Commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few moments "the blue landau," and the gentleman with "the superb whiskers" had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, the "rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool: but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the Commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the Commissioner was informed that his accounts

were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the Commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax : this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on re-collecting himself, "no doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an *estafette*, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this however the Commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs; and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote:—

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— and Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman however had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed that in connexion with his scheme for winning the wager he should attempt another, more interesting to them both: in pursuance of which arrangement, he

contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P——, the father of his mistress; and the result is that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains however to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his serene highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum: and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they *would* kiss his hand, was it for him an humble individual of no pretensions arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion," (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot amongst his creditors for seizing his person,) the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H. had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favour to Von H., could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was, that upon hearing of the total extinction of the "rebellion," he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of —, has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered 100 dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette for the information of

the wits in the capital, "that he will not consider himself bound by that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate." With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c., they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment that he well deserved to have been a true one.

ON THE POETRY OF SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY and Scott are the only great writers of the present day, that have confined themselves in their verses to the fair and direct path of poetry. They have come forward simply, as men moulded and informed like the rest of the world, not affecting to be honoured with temper or wisdom different from that of their fellows. They display superiority of genius, 'tis true, but that superiority not in kind, but in degree. They do not strike at any latent chord of sympathy, at any untried sentiment; but their bold and seemingly hopeless attempt is to enchant and enthrall us by touching on those common feelings, that have been stricken, and harped, and jarred, almost into apathy. Yet do they succeed. Pure heroism, unmingled with any save common traits of character, infantine love, unsophisticated religion—these are the trite sentiments with which they yet contrive to fling a spell over us—these are the vulgar every-day passions, with which unalloyed they enchain our sympathy, and lead us, lost in delight, from volume to volume.

Few people accustomed to the egotism and consequent facility of our present style of verse, are aware of the great arduousness attendant on writing poetry in this old and modest style. In past times there were no schools of poetry, as amongst us; there might have been diversity of taste, but that applied merely to the *accidents* of criticism, to words, to rhymes, to melody, or some such particulars. And whatever different creeds of philosophy were then afloat, they at least had not as yet pretended to make part of poetry.

To this unity and universality of feeling there was allowed but a general appeal. Then was fraternity in the reading world—all were to be addressed or none. The poet, to be one, must have been "the poet of all civilization," and his only means of success lay in awakening those feelings that were in every heart. Any attempt,

similar to those made in the present day, to obtain the name and reputation of a poet, by catering to the select passions or philosophies of a narrow sect, would have fallen to the ground, contemned and unnoticed. The poet was compelled to look abroad, not within; and to consult his own spirit but so far as it beat in unison with all its fellows. The fillagree work of oddness, or of egotism, would have availed nothing. He could work but on the staple feelings of humanity; on those which every writer of sense and nonsense had been weaving and interweaving for a thousand years.

It would not be astonishing, if other poets of inferior, at least of not superior talents, have reached a much higher point of fame and popularity by deserting this strait path. These have sought by-paths in the sympathies of individuals, and, as a narrow sect is always loudest in its adorations, their names have been noised and are famed in places even where their works are unknown. This has in a great degree been the good fortune of the Lake school, to which, as developed in most popular publications, we can scarcely consider Mr. Southey to belong.

When Mr. Wordsworth presents the public with a volume, he presupposes them to have gone through a certain course of thought and chain of argument, without which his verse is nonsense. When Lord Byron presents us with a canto in octave rhyme, he presupposes us to be worn-out men of dissipation, who have made sufficient progress in sentiment to have none, without which his verses are worse than nonsense*. So that if a person will not undergo the pains of hard thinking to enjoy the one poet, or hard raking to enjoy the other, he may as well leave their volumes on the shelf. Southey and Scott make no such unreasonable demands; it is merely necessary for their readers to be blessed with sound sense, fair taste, a decent respect for religion and virtue, in order to enjoy all the delights of poetry from the instant they open the volume. The greater the reader's feeling or his taste, the greater will be his pleasure; and if he have but a moderate portion of either, he is still not debarred from a proportionable measure of delight. The door is not slapped in the face of his understanding, as would be the case if such a reader ventured on the *Excursion*; nor would his rigid sense of propriety be outraged, as in the case of his opening *Don Juan*.

There are two modes of criticism—the absolute, which judges a work singly, examines how far and how justly it is calculated to convey pleasure, and how much it excels or falls below the ideal standard of excellence in its kind—the other, which we may call

* We need scarce assert, that the essay containing these allusions to the great man we have so lately lost, had been written before tidings of that melancholy event had reached England.

the relative, is more the mode at present, and chiefly aims at determining the comparative powers and genius of the writer. It is a pity that the first, or old, stern species of criticism has been so utterly destroyed and rendered disgusting by the dull scholastic cant, verbal cavillings, and straight-waistcoated rules of its ancient professors. If its influence still prevailed, we should at least not be so inundated with crude volumes of silly affectations, or of loose verses loosely strung together. Still, however, it might be too stiff the other way: and were its judgments without appeal, there can be no doubt that Southey would be considered the first poet of the age. This is not altogether our opinion; but we are much mistaken, if it would not be the opinion of Dennis, or of Johnson, were these critics resuscitated. The new or comparative species of criticism, seems at the first glance *odious*, according to the proverb; but it is so vague, so indefinite, possesses so many outlets, and permits so many digressions into infinite speculation, that it is, notwithstanding, less personal and more kindly than its predecessor. For all disquisitions of the kind—the balancing of one poet against another, and estimating their respective merits,—at length become resolved into one or two questions, which must ever be left at issue, as incapable of being decided one way or the other. Southey, of all the poets of the day, has undoubtedly the greatest power in pictures of pure imagination. Byron has equal or greater pre-eminence in the conception and expression of passion—but who shall decide which of these qualities, their degrees supposed equal, constitutes the greater genius. Southey has no passion—he seems all as bloodless as a fish. Byron, on the other hand, hath but scant imagination, and whenever he is in want of a basis for any of his poetic fabrics, he generally takes it from the nearest source, without even the affectation of originality. But then who shall speak a passionate soliloquy like to him? No poet, that the earth ever produced, except Shakspeare. In this point of view, Southey and Byron stand together, as Milton and Shakspeare; for Milton had none of the passion we speak of, yet few would class him inferior to his brother-bard. Were we compelled to decide as to the pre-eminence of mental powers, we should be inclined to bestow it on the *mixed imagination*—on the inventive faculty, nourished by observation of self and others, and applied to the scenes of life. In this, Shakspeare again excepted, Scott is without a rival. But he is not equal to scenes of *pure imagination*: he can conjure up a spirit, and cause us to shudder at it, but his sympathies are all the while with his fellows,—with the flesh and blood, not the spirit. Whereas Southey seems quite a denizen of the kingdom of the elements. He is calm and loftily at ease in the midst of marvel and magic—he does not create his world of spirits to gaze on them from a distance, or from this grovelling earth—he

spreads his wing like his own beautiful Glendoveer, and becomes one of the celestial throng:

"Of human form divine was he,
The immortal youth of heaven who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire." KAHAMA.

There is no man of genius, the cast of whose spirit is so much to be envied as Southey's. It is the pure "well of feeling undefiled,"—the mind of an infant grown, with the maturity of all but disappointment about it. It has never been steeped in passion, nor resolved by the alchemy of human life into any essence of feeling, foreign to itself. It has not undergone the usual changes of quick and high-wrought minds, that run a brief career from one vain species of excitement to another, till they end in languor and demoralization. There is all life and freshness about Southey, as palpable in his latest as in his earliest productions; he betrays no morbidity, no disease of the heart, but seems ever ready, as a child, to play with the bright creations of his own fancy. The gradual loss of this freshness is the great canker of passionate minds, which soon lose all taste for *pure imagination*, and cease at last to discover mental food in aught save downright egotism. They corrupt their own minds, and in retribution are condemned to behold no object but that same mind corrupted. The imagination, in its natural state the medium of poetic vision, becomes unavoidably tinged by the objects that are permitted to pass through or to dwell in it. If these be corrupt and base, the imagination itself is corrupted by them, grows coloured, and at length opaque; it excludes the beautiful and refreshing pictures of life, while it presents itself in their stead, no longer the medium, but the sole and exclusive object of contemplation.

From this description of poets is Mr. Southey *toto cælo* removed, and he is in consequence much and unjustly looked down upon by the followers of the impassioned muse. He has thus met the fate of all who avoid extremes and choose the middle way, whether in politics or poetry. Contemned by the lovers of turbid frenzy and frantic passion in verse, he is almost equally deserted by the contemplative votaries of the Lake school, who deem him but an uninitiated intruder upon their fantastic realms. And if it were not their policy to keep on good terms with the critic, it is to be doubted if the poet alone would possess attractions powerful enough to preserve the co-fraternity.

If Southey in some instances does appear to disadvantage in comparison with Wordsworth, it is that he has not so devotedly

paid his court to the muse. He argues and reviews, has meddled with politics and controversy, and even in earliest life interested himself in unpoetical considerations of church and state. Perhaps the great cause of mediocrity in our poets of the eighteenth century was, that they did not live poetical lives, that they did not nourish those peculiar veins of thought which suit their calling. It was but by fits and starts that they recurred to their epigrams and couplets, and never thought of exercising the "vision and the faculty divine," except in the very act of composition. Now Mr. Southey, we should suspect, has lived a poetical life no further than living a regular and a virtuous one; this is a great way to the object, but not all. His soul has not been exclusively in his poetry, which uncondensed and diffuse, marks that little was brought to it, save the casual thoughts of immediate inspiration. His poetry has no body, no substratum from which it springs, as that of Wordsworth so manifestly has. Hence Southey wants that homogeneousness, remarked as the peculiar characteristic of his friend, which unites all his thoughts and composition, however fugitive and various, by one common bond, and sheds an interest and beauty even upon his puerilities. This great characteristic of Lakeism, Southey wants altogether; although he seems not to be aware of any difference or deficiency of the kind, by his imprudently publishing several minor poems, similar in simplicity to those of his friends, but without any of their redeeming qualities to support them. He has shown in this and at all times too much confidence perhaps, and seems to think his milk-and-water hours quite good enough for the public. But his vanity is at the same time so ingenuous and put forward with such perfect *bonne foi*, that it passes more for strength than for weakness of character.

To enter into the spirit of Wordsworth and Southey; the former must be studied in his minor poems, the latter in his larger works. With the exception of some exquisite ballads, and one or two other poems, the light effusions of Southey are scarce readable in our opinion; whilst, on the contrary, the *Lyrical Ballads* rank with us higher than the *Excursion*. It is but the *accidents* of the Lake school that Southey possesses; he seems neither to value nor indeed to understand their more subtle principles. He cannot look upon inanimate nature with their glorious and all hallowing thoughts. He is religious, simply religious; but his devotion is single, concentrated, and not any thing like the fine poetical adoration of Wordsworth and Coleridge. His mode of contemplating man too has nothing in common with the Lakers,—except when he unsuccessfully imitates them in his minor pieces. Animals he regards more in their vein, and the following beautiful passage from "*Thalaba*" strongly marks how far he adopts their peculiar modes of feeling. He is theirs at first, but as soon as he comes to paint inanimate nature—

the subject most obnoxious to Lakeism—he proceeds with equal spirit, but unmarked by any peculiarity.

“There peacefully slept Thalaba
And the green Bird of Paradise
Lay nestling in his breast.

The Dogs awoke him at the dawn,
They knelt and wept again;
Then rapidly they journey’d on
And still the plain was desolate,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb!
And ever at the hour of prayer
They stopt, and knelt, and wept;
And still that green and graceful bird
Was as a friend to him by day,
And, ever when at night he slept
Lay nestling in his breast.

In that most utter solitude,
It cheer’d his heart to hear
Her soft and soothing voice;
Her voice was soft and sweet,
It swell’d not with the blackbird’s thrill,
Nor warbl’d rich like the dear bird, that holds
The solitary man
A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve;
But if no overflowing joy
Spake in its tones of tenderness,
They sooth’d the soften’d soul.”

The ease with which Mr. Southey has always written has been of great detriment to his fame; but it evinces nevertheless the even and lofty flow of his genius, disdaining to depend on what are called happy moments, or hours of excitement. He displays “the calm air of strength,” as Campbell says of Milton, “beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort.” This is the chief quality worthy of notice in the *Joan of Arc*; the poem is stately and sonorous, not much above mediocrity, but in the youthful confidence it breathes may with ease be read the promise of future success, since fulfilled. What is most interesting in it is the contrast between the minds of the two young poets—the deep and turbid thoughts of Coleridge mingling with the purer but shallower strain of his friend. Amongst all their experiments upon poetic melody, we wonder that they did not attempt something like poetic harmony. On the same theme, and on opposite pages, they might have treated us to a tenor and bass.

Indeed we almost have them in the second canto of the *Joan of Arc*. For instance Coleridge—

“For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
For infant minds ; and we in this low world,
Placed with our backs to bright reality,
That we may learn with young, unwounded ken
Things from their shadows.”

And Southey succeeds, like a flute to the deep notes of the bassoon.

If a poet, as some one observes, should be all eye, Southey must be eminently one. He seems incapable of being interested or attached by invisible speculations. Intimate with the authors of *Christabel* and *The Excursion*—“with Lucan and Akenside in youth at his tongue’s end,” as he informs us, he was scarce imbued with one metaphysical feeling ; and though affected by the moral and political tenets of these latter poets, even they laid but a weak and temporary hold upon him. But in “*Thalaba*” he found himself at once at home—in the realms of all imagery and no thought, where fancy rioted undisturbed by reason or abstraction.

Southey was certainly born a century or so too late. He should have been cotemporary with Ariosto or with Spenser, and should have been granted to the world in its days of pure and unsatiated taste, when its eagerness for novelty and marvel was awake, ere fancy had become exhausted or insipid. But we have now little sympathy with shadowy worlds or beings—we are downright matter-of-fact creatures, even in our romance, and refuse to bestow our interest on scenes or persons, whose sufferings or pleasures are other than our own. The fancies of poetic readers of old were obsequious and active—they thought nothing of a flight beyond the moon to any sphere or heaven—their wings were always ready. But times are changed ; we no longer love to “tempt the fields of air”—we will not go out of our way to an ideal world for any poet ; so the poet must bring his ideal world to us. He must fashion it to our lazy sympathies—his heroic spirits must be as one of ourselves, of flesh and blood, and human feelings—his powers of evil must copy the villain of the day—no witch nor gorgon will we tolerate. Plain wax candles must illumine his saloon—we have no longer faith in the light of the carbuncle ; and the whole tribe of geni and oriental invisibles must learn the language of western sentimentalism, ere we will listen or read. Like the *Medecin malgré lui*, we have altered the position of the heart—“*Nous avons changé tout cela ?*”

The good old taste that we regret Mr. Southey has endeavoured

to revive. As far as he fails, the want is not in him, but in us. If we cannot embody his fancies, and follow him to his world of spirits, it is that we are bound to earth and sunk in egotism. Southey is a Spenser dropt upon the nineteenth century—with all the bright-eyed fancy, the pure imagination, and infantine simplicity of the elder bard. Still however he did not tread the beaten path of chivalry and old romance, but brought novelty of scene, and machinery, and creed, to support the antiquated purity of his style. The “*Thalaba*” was a splendid conception, a noble graft upon our literature. The rising generation, who have sprung up since, and who look upon it with a retrospective glance, seldom do it justice; they should consider the state of our poetry before and at its appearance, and then form an idea not only of what an important addition it made to our stock, but also the avenue which it opened to imitation. There have been few direct imitations of it, to be sure, if we except *Lalla Rookh*; but to an indirect use of the conception, we owe undoubtedly most of the popular productions of the present day.

The “*Thalaba*” is not our prime favourite among Southey’s poems; it scarce excites even that feeble interest that is allowed to stories of pure fancy. The evil spirits are not sufficiently developed either in their characters or actions; we are told too little about them to feel any degree of hatred towards them, or predilection for the destroyer. The beauty of the poem lies in its episodes and gorgeous pictures, but the general impressions left after reading the whole is rather unpleasant: we seem to have escaped from under the grasp of a night-mare. The darker Arabian superstitions are at the best indeed a most unfit subject for poetry, unless when, as in *Vathek*, they strongly resemble, and can illusively be identified with, parts of our own creed. “*Kehama*” forms a beautiful contrast with “*Thalaba*.” Superior in the terrific even to that work, the beautiful so much abounds and is so vivid throughout, as to form the predominant feature of the poem. This reconciles us to the fantastic machinery with which it is conducted; and so aptly is the tale fitted to the scene and fable, that the poem soon assumes the consistency and veri-similitude of life. For a supernatural story that makes no use of ghosts or vulgar terrors, it possesses surprising interest; we fear not only for *Ladurlad* and his daughter, but at last become alarmed for the fate of heaven and the gods themselves. During the perusal of this delicious poem, we have smiled more than once at catching ourselves borne along in blind enthusiasm, even to the point of seriously moralizing on the evil effects of such a radical, as *Kehama*, being let loose in heaven.

We must here take leave of the reader rather abruptly, as the rest of the essay, in speaking of the *Vision of Judgment*, and Southey’s

later works, necessarily contained allusions to the immortal poet whom we have just lost, and whose memory, deeply and sadly as it is impressed upon all our breasts at this moment, we would not disturb by the unfeeling breath of criticism. But as we have for this reason cancelled our remarks on Southey's other poems, passing over even the "Roderick" in silence, allow us to conclude with a passage from that cold and formal, but truly grand and splendid epic:—

"Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderick
 With such commanding majesty dispensed
 His princely gifts, as dignified him now;
 When with slow movement, solemnly upraised,
 Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
 As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
 And carried to all spirits with the act
 Its effluent inspiration. Silently
 The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe
 Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry
 Who far above them, at her highest flight
 A speck scarce visible, wheeled round and round,
 Was heard distinctly, and the mountain stream,
 Which from the distant glen sent forth its sound
 Wafted upon the wind was audible
 In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
 Of waters in the stillness of the night."

THE WILD VALLEY.

Oh for the poetical or the prosaic pen of Walter Scott! I hardly know which to prefer: perhaps the latter. For I have in my mind's eye one of those rude scenes, in which he would rove with delight. Scotland is his grand country, and Edinburgh his "own romantic town;" and his genius has thrown around them the splendour of its creations, not unfounded on the interesting annals of their eventful history. But we, southrons, must seek among our green woods and beautiful vales for themes of description, or fancy's dwelling-places: and why should we not decorate our own homes, and our own names, like him, with a poem or a tale?

Gentle reader, I must lead you into a lonely part of that most aboriginal county "in the west," ycleped Cornwall: the pleasant land of warm hearts and melodious voices. Yes, I aver, I have rarely met with kinder hearts, or more harmonious speech: for, wherever I wandered, I was sure to receive a welcome, and that

welcome was, as I have said, always delivered in a natural, delightful chaunt, "far above singing."

Some months after this my Hesperian pilgrimage, I passed a few weeks at Florence, and as I listened to the beautiful recitative discourse of a fair Etruscan, who enchanted my ear daily with the pure elegance of her own *lingua Toscana*, and the silver sweetness of her Italian voice, the chaunting answers of the Cornish peasants instantly came into my mind: the similarity of the tones was so forcibly striking.

It was a bright sunny morning in the early part of September, when I left the town called Launceston: in truth a most chivalric name, which is interpreted "the Town of Lances." I shaped my course towards a part of the country I had heard much praised by a brother of the long robe, who consumes his brief leisure, upon the circuits, in hunting out all the picturesque spots in the vicinity of their lordships' troublesome resting-places. After a weary march over seven miles of the worst roads in our good king's dominions, up one hill and down another, where, thought I, will all this end, and when shall I come to the wild valley, with its woods, and rocks, and mountain stream? "Hollo, friend, which is the way to the Berah Rocks, and how much farther have I to walk?" "Anon!" was the answer of a cutter of browse by the road-side; by which sign I conjectured that the information was not to be had in a hurry: perhaps busy Francis's "Anon, Anon, Sir"—"And where do ye come from?" "Launceston, my good man." "O Lanson,—well then, keep along here, and straight a-hawt the four-cross-way, and so along, ye can't miss it—over the hill, and down the vale, across the ford, and through the mead, and you'll soon have the rocks of Berah right afore ye!"

A short walk brought me to the brow of a hill, from which I looked down upon this romantic valley. It was a wide and winding gorge, through what might be called mountains, with some propriety, in the south: the steep sides were covered with wood, while here and there the grey rocks, partially concealed by bright green ivy, stood boldly out from the luxuriant coppice, which had just begun to shew the first tints of autumn: underneath, a clear stream, brawling and gurgling as it flowed along, wound gracefully through a small meadow, which lay quietly shut in on all sides by the surrounding hills, except where the river entered and ran out of the vale. It was the Tempe of England, a very native Thessaly: you might look for young Dryads peeping among the leafy oaks, and Naiads sporting upon the margin of the blue stream. Beyond the western boundaries, at some distance, there were large Tors, rising into the air, forming a grand and broken outline to the horizon. These are immense rocks of granite crowning the tops of the highest hills, in

the midst of the moors and most desolate wilds; sometimes they are long jagged ridges of rock, which are remarkably picturesque, but their forms are constantly varied, as the situation of the beholder is changed; Sharp-Tor and Kilman, are the names of those which were seen from Berah; indeed they were very majestic ornaments to that lovely scene.

The beauty of the whole landscape well repaid the labours of my toilsome walk. I began to descend into the valley by a precipitous path, and at last reached the river, which washes the base of the largest rocks: there was barely space to pass between them and the water. On looking up, the rocks which jutted out from the sides of the lofty hills, seemed much more massive and sublime than when viewed from above. Now every part was visible, and they stood forth grand, awful, and antediluvian. Here they were black, as if scathed or scorched by the lightning, or darkened by the rust of time: in other parts, they were whitened by the ashy lichens, which centuries had spread over them; forming deep contrasts of colours, by which their grandeur, and mysterious awe, was greatly heightened. I paused awhile to gaze on nature in one of her wildest, yet calmest, attitudes: above were these primæval rocks, butting over the transparent stream, ages of ivy clustering around them, varied with the strong lights and shadows of mid-day: below was spread the smooth green meadow, on which the sun seemed to rejoice to throw his golden beams: while the venerable oaks, which hung over some scattered ruins of granite, and shading some languid cattle from the heat, formed altogether a subject which would have demanded the pencil of Poussin or Salvator to do it justice.

While I was meditating with a painter's delight on the landscape, some distant sounds of solemn music, sung in the open air, floated towards me: it seemed, as if it were a hymn rising to heaven from a great assemblage of voices in this beautiful wilderness: at times it was low and plaintive, and scarcely to be heard; and then it would break forth into an universal choir of melody. Some very sweet tones, sweeter than the rest, could now and then be distinguished; but to all the air gave a softness and a harmony not their own. I remained to enjoy the pleasing delusion of the senses, till this "concord of sweet sounds" was ended; and then, anxious to know from whence they came, continued my walk round the most projecting rocks, which concealed from me a part of the valley. Instantly there burst upon my view a great congregation of Methodists, who had been collected together from many neighbouring villages, for the sake of public worship in this chosen retreat. Rows of seats had been hastily arranged in a retired angle of the meadow; but they were not sufficient for the numbers who were present, so that many groups of peasants, lying on the

green turf, or sitting on the huge blocks of granite, were scattered about, without order: some had selected more elevated situations on projecting points of the rock, among the green underwood, sometimes shaded from the sun by the pendant broom, or the large luxuriant fern: there might be seen a father with his wife, and his young children clinging round his knees; and there some shepherd-boys, or a knot of rustic girls, all in their holiday garb, clustering in different situations, about the ivy-mantled precipices, in mute and fixed attention, catching with eager ears the inspiring words of their eloquent minister. He was standing on a single crag, considerably raised above the multitude; and as he delivered his sermon, he leaned on a railing, erected for the purpose, firm enough to support his energetic action. He was about the middle age, strong and healthy in appearance; his countenance was animated and expressive of great shrewdness, though it did not betray much refinement of mind, nor was remarkable for manly beauty: but earnestness and sincerity were its characteristics. I should say he was, in rank of life, rather above the generality of his hearers: though there were some respectable grey-headed elders there, who if they were not his equals, might have been, by a little only, his superiors: but the constant exercise of his talents, and the study necessary for his occupation, had given a decision to his manner, which was beyond their simplicity. Yet he was by no means wanting in that: there were every now and then bursts of nature, and revealings of the inward spirit, which betrayed unequivocal signs of native genius, in no ordinary degree, and at which no art could ever arrive.

He preached on the mission of John. If there was one subject more appropriate than another to the scene before him, it was this very one. Here was the Jordan of the Baptist; and here was the wilderness of the Eremite; his locusts, and his wild honey. Nothing could be in more perfect harmony. Then how his fervid eloquence rose, as he advanced, into a flame, carrying him beyond himself, with peculiar enthusiasm, while his audience seemed to thrill with awakened emotion. Indeed, I never witnessed such rapt attention: they devoured his words, and hung breathlessly expecting the finest language from his lips. His passionate appeals were ever varied: he embraced many topics, and illustrated them with most beautiful scriptural allusions. I cannot forget how he suddenly brought out that exquisite figure of the Psalmist, after having exhorted his hearers to place their whole trust in their Maker. "*The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the Lord round about his people.*" I could not but turn to look upon those very hills, by which we were all environed, and the sentiment, which they had just called forth, added to the appearance of perfect security. The discourse was more an exhor-

tation than a lecture, mild and conciliatory rather than accusing. The minister was none of that anathematizing, terrifying kind of declaimers, who have been known to make this earth, even, a hell to self-torturing spirits, till in the utter wretchedness of despair they have miserably sought their own destruction. His manner was that of a winning soothing instructor, who preferred using persuasion and consolation to driving weak minds into madness: yet, if it was required, he had that language on his tongue, which could render the terrors of religion sufficiently awful.

I remained to hear and see all: for besides the singularity of the circumstance and the situation, which were of themselves deeply interesting, it would not have been well to walk away, after having once come among them. I might not altogether have approved of the doctrine, which, I remember, advanced farther than I felt inclined to trust myself: but there was in all a deep confirmed persuasion of the right, a religious devotional feeling throughout, which hallowed their proceedings. I would be most liberal, most charitable in my notions, as touching this matter; and, in my heart, I believe that, among Christians, where there is no wilful perversion, but a steady, firm, conscientious conviction is the ground of difference, the same consideration and respect is due, as to any more general or approved opinion: for with the heart and conscience, it is devotion, it is religion. If any one is startled at what I have said, I think he would not be surprised had he been with me, on that day, under the rocks of Berah.

I am no seceder. I see no reason for separation; that is, as far as my own feelings are concerned, for I would not be suspected of wishing to bias the opinions of others: but I think that the existence of it in some degree (perhaps it is a cause of regret that it is so prevalent) has a very beneficial tendency in making the members of our own establishment more watchful and alert in their sacred cause; moreover, I must express my disapprobation of the practice, which some people adopt, of rendering it a matter of mere taste, not one of conscience; and testifying their disdain at the idea of praying in a conventicle when they can worship in a cathedral.

The chasm is too great; the gulf between us is too deep: every nerve should be strained, now that it is beyond hope that the parties will ever reunite, to excell in good deeds. It is become a race; and the foremost will have the greatest opportunities of gaining proselytes, and exalting their opinions to respect among mankind.

Such was the train of thought, which I pursued at the breaking up of this rustic congregation. I was delighted at the harmony which prevailed among them, as they sat down to their simple repasts in different parts of the meadow, and enjoyed with all

the unsuspecting heartiness of union and fellowship sweet converse and harmless communication. They had been led forth beside the waters of comfort, and fed in green pastures, and on their souls descended the influence of holy thoughts and heavenly meditation.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

MR. Edgeworth says, in his *Memoirs*, that he distinctly recollects transactions which occurred when he was only seven years old; a fact which he mentions with due solemnity, because, as he tells us, he had found persons who had doubted the possibility of the memory reaching back to so early an age. These people must have had a great talent for scepticism. I know very few who do not recollect from a much earlier age than that; for my own part I should esteem it a severe misfortune to have the history of the four years of life, from three to seven, erased from my mind.

The simple existence of a child is poetry. There were giants in those days. Every thing was vast, powerful, and imposing, whereas it has now dwindled into insignificance, at least in effect. Relative magnitude is every thing, and whether the objects around the child shrink down to meet him, or he grow to match them, is a matter of perfect indifference. The vividness of my early recollections gives my native town quite a Lilliputian appearance to me whenever I visit it. There is a garden wall over which I can now lean at ease, which, in my childhood, seemed an impassable barrier, shutting out another world. I had used to hear persons talking and singing on the other side, and employed myself in speculating on the phenomena which nature might exhibit in that unexplored region. I do not wonder at the ardent wishes of children to be men and women—we forget that every thing is calculated to our own standard. How often have I gazed with wonder on the awful stature of my father, as he stretched forth his arm to reach down my hat from a nail, as inaccessible to my exertions as the summit of Mont Blanc.

But the great subject of childish wonder is the wealth they see spread around them. What has adult life to give compared with the astonishment and delight the child receives the first time it goes to a country fair?—Well do I remember that great epoch! The fair lasted two days. I was not taken on the first day, but I remember standing on the window-seat of my father's dining-room, watching the people pass to and fro, and listening to the distant murmur of the immense concourse. The second day was the children's fair, the first being employed (sadly mis-spent I thought)

in buying and selling cattle. When our time arrived we set out under a strong escort of relatives and servants. As we approached I saw so many children coming away with rattles, penny trumpets, whistles, and drums, that I began to be seriously alarmed lest these treasures should be exhausted before we arrived, and kept my money warm in my hand, ready to tender it at a moment's notice. But how shall I describe the glories of the scene truly? Our language, alas! is too poor in superlatives to justify the attempt. The splendour of the toy booths, the savoury Elysium of the pastry cook's shop, the music of the spheres by mortals called a barrel organ, the incomparably witty Punch, the astounding pictures of the wild beasts, the hollowing and the rolling backwards and forwards of the mob: these appeals to the senses and the imagination, produced an intoxication of mind exquisitely delightful, but which I am persuaded is often mistaken by grown persons for stupid wonder, or mere apathy. Then came the weighty matters of business—I had a lurking fear that when I came to the push the owners of the shining treasures which I saw around me would not part with them for a few miserable pieces of dark brown metal; but the cruel dilemma in which the necessity of choice placed me was the great drawback to my happiness. I had but three pence to spend—but three pence do I say—when I set out from home I thought myself wealthy, and though on comparing my means with my wants, I found my fortune more humble than I at first imagined, yet, like parson Adams, when he produced his half guinea, I felt that I could not fairly be reproached with poverty—moreover, I had a sort of indistinct hope that more might be done with my money than at first sight appeared feasible: I found that I might have this, *or* that, *or* the other for my three pence, and it did not appear to me beyond the probable reach of my nurse's ingenuity to find some expedient by which the conjunction disjunctive might be got rid of, and the *copula* fairly introduced.

The undefined, says Burke, is a great source of the sublime. If he is right, and I have no doubt he is, it is very easy to see that childhood must be the state in which the feeling of sublimity must be most frequently enjoyed. I remember the terror which I had used to feel on being carried by the house of a man, who I was told was very wicked; what his offences were I have forgotten, if ever I knew, but the proximate cause of my fear was curious enough—his windows were glazed with very coarse glass, which reflected objects in revolving circles as they passed; this effect I imagined was caused, in some way or other, by the enemy, and signified his approach. I am not so sure of the superior happiness of childhood over adult age, as it is the fashion to assume. I remember suffering very acutely both in body and mind. We

are accustomed, by habit, to the restraints of artificial life—but in childhood, when the habits are unformed and the sensations acute, there is much to be endured from them. I was a long time, for instance, in learning to bear worsted stockings; I had, indeed, an immense number of antipathies which did not always meet with due respect. It is impossible to calculate the suffering which is inflicted on children by disregarding what we are pleased to call their whims. I can never forget the horror I felt at the simple operation of having my finger nails cut; it set my teeth an edge—why I do not know, but I cannot mistake the fact. On the other hand, this acuteness of sensation was often a source of great enjoyment. It is impossible to describe the ravishing delight I felt from the odour of a flower garden. I well remember that every house with which I was acquainted had its own peculiar smell—I ought, however, to observe, that I have reason to think my sense of smelling is more acute than is usually possessed, a faculty which, as my lot is cast in London, I could be well content should be in somewhat less vigour.

I perfectly recollect suffering under that state of the eye so powerfully described by the Opium-Eater. The moment my nurse left me in the dark, after putting me to bed, scenes passed before my eyes as vivid and perfect as the diorama. In very early childhood this was a source of great terror. I well remember once when I was about three years of age, entering into an agreement with my aunt, that in consideration of one table-spoon full of sweet syrup first had and received, I would undertake to be quiet and peaceable for the term of the whole night then next ensuing. I swallowed my syrup and lay down fully determined to perform my share of the contract like an honest man; but no sooner was the candle gone than I was transported bed and all into an empty church, where I saw pews, pulpit, and organ, with as much reality as a minute before I had contemplated the precious bottle and the silver spoon. I roared—the scene vanished, and then fears of another kind possessed me; I trembled to hear the reproaches of my betrayed aunt—my conscience smote me, and I lay equally balanced between the opposing fears of the church and my aunt, until the gleam through the key-hole of her approaching light dispelled my visionary terrors, but wofully increased my dread of meeting the frowns of my human antagonist. By degrees my alarm at these visions wore away, but the sights themselves lasted for many years, until I was nearly grown up. I remember that any thing which in the course of the day strongly excited my imagination, influenced these nightly appearances. At six years of age I read the *Pilgrim's Progress*; my edition had a print representing Giant Despair pursuing Christian and Hopeful in their escape from Doubting Castle. That print haunted me cruelly.—The artist had placed the Giant frightfully near the

fugitives, who were running away at a very sleepy pace. My fears lest the grisly wretch should stretch out his hand, to seize the poor fellows, amounted sometimes almost to agony.

My literary pleasures began early. Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns for children" was the first book I called my own: my schoolmistress told me a copy was coming for me by the waggon, from London, where I had not the remotest doubt the vehicle had been despatched for the especial purpose of bringing down my book. On the day the waggon was expected to return I took my station on the window seat and waited for its advent with all the patience I could muster; at length it came, and to my dismay actually passed my father's house, without stopping to deliver my book—and I then learnt, for the first time, the melancholy fact that the waggon would go to the carrier's, that a package would then be sent to the bookseller's, that it would then have to be unpacked and my book to be sent to my school-mistress, and worse and worse, that the eternity of another night must be grappled with before I could set eyes on the object of so many anxious wishes. At length, however, the morrow came. I went at an early hour to demand my book; but, alas, in the mean time, "a young lady" had requested to have a copy, and my dame knew I would readily give up my claim to "a young lady." I gave up my claim, of course, because I was obliged to it, but I should have given it up to the dog with equal satisfaction. If it were not refining too much I should be very strongly inclined to attribute the want of gallantry which my friends too justly charge upon me, to my having, at six years and a half old, been forced to give up a new book to a "young lady." At length, however, I obtained a copy—how perfectly do I recollect that book—what a beautiful marble cover did it boast—what a delightful odour did it exhale. I have not seen it for five and twenty years, but I recollect perfectly well the minutest particulars connected with it: for instance, I remember that the hymn "Behold the Shepherd" began almost at the bottom of the right-hand page. I referred all the descriptions I found in my book to particular scenes with which I was familiar—I could point out now the rising ground which I appropriated to the use of the sheep bleating among the hills, and I know the timber yard in which "the harsh saw of the carpenter" was to be heard.

I ought to beg pardon for these minute and trifling details, uninteresting, perhaps, to all but myself. I have only one atonement to offer. If each of my readers will take the trouble to note down his early recollections, at the same length, I will undertake to read them and thank him for the opportunity*.

M. D. H.

* We object, in toto, to this publication being the vehicle of Mr. Heaviside's edification.—EDITOR.

JUDAS MACCABEUS,

A FRAGMENT, IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

THE warrior youth, who by the will rais'd up
 Of Israel's God, the chosen tribes releas'd
 From persecution, ignominy, and shame,
 Winning his way through toils, till he o'erthrew
 Syria's proud monarch, from his hands redeem'd
 The city of God, to Sion's Mount restor'd
 Her glory, and rekindled Israel's sun,
 Sing, heav'nly Muse ! who ne'er to fabled acts
 Of God or God-born hero militant
 Didst pay vain homage ; but before the throne
 Of the Omnipotent, for ever join'd
 With angels and the spirits of the blest,
 Tun'st the full hymn : O guide my wand'ring spirit,
 My lowly fancy raise, and be my mind
 From darkness light, that equal I may sing
 Theme not ignoble,—o'er his leagu'd foes,
 Judas in triumph riding, type of Him
 Who through this vale of mortal misery
 Travell'd with feet divine, and to his heav'n
 Return'd, victorious o'er the thrones of hell.

It was the hour of eve, and the slant sun
 Sinking, resign'd the air to Sleep, who shed
 Dews from his car oblivious, and all lands
 With quiet moisten'd ; all save one, where quiet
 Was none, nor hope, nor intermission sweet
 Of evil ; through Israel's bounds havoc and death
 Still rag'd dimensionless : the altar of God
 Fall'n, and the sanctuary with rites profan'd
 Idolatrous, their happy fields laid waste,
 Empty and void their streets, their virgins dragg'd
 To shame, their youths by torture slain, or sav'd
 For misery and bondage. Therefore prayers,

Arriv'd, the crystal gates, self-op'ning gave
 Easy descent adown the range adjoin'd
 Of ample golden stairs, into the vast
 Subjected universe: he on the verge
 Of outmost Heav'n, poising for downward flight
 His pinions, stood, then spread, and thro' the void
 Descending, while all gaz'd around, with speed
 By man immeasurable, tow'rd this earth,
 Scarce visible in distance, though to eye
 Of angel prime, so many and far between
 Worlds interjected lay, he steers his flight.
 As when from some far-potent land a ship
 Swift tilting scuds the midmost brine, despatch'd
 On weightiest errand to some foreign shore,
 Island, or colony, or hostile port,
 To subjugated realms some mandate high
 Bearing, or what in senate full free states
 To adverse states determine, peace or war:
 Thus, but on higher quest, and with no track
 Prest on th' etherial softness, flew the pow'r
 Commission'd; and at length with slacken'd wing
 On earth alighting, his appointed goal,
 Paus'd, as from rapid flight, awhile, then spread
 Refresh'd his plumes, and to the well-known realm
 Of Judah steer'd his flight. Deep midnight yet
 Slept on the earth, so swift had been through space
 His passage, and the moon with placid light
 Bath'd Modin's village cots, when on the roof
 Of old Mattathias lighting, with quick glance
 Inward directed (eye of angel prime
 Interposition checks not,) he beheld,
 Ev'n as foretold, the sons around their sire
 Each on his couch compos'd. They, when they rose
 From that sad converse, nought resolv'd, the meal
 Of ev'ning shar'd, and the due rites perform'd,
 Their inward souls by adoration calm'd,
 Now in profoundest sleep (sleep comes profound

After sad thought) lay stretch'd ; amidst them lay
 Their sire, he too asleep, though not, like them,
 Calm, but with troubled fancies vex'd, exhal'd
 From daily thoughts : of wars and conquer'd fields
 His dreams were, and of God's high law restor'd,
 And vengeance for his violated fane
 Exacted of the impious foe, who seem'd
 Flying, while his flight with purple dropt the plain.
 Him on such thoughts intent when Michael
 Discern'd, with speed intuitive his plan
 He form'd, and with exerted pow'r (such pow'r
 Hath Heaven to its ministers of good
 Committed,) chang'd the current of his thoughts,
 Into new channels turn'd. [Such passion then
 Arose, as when sweet music heard afar
 Recalls past pleasant thoughts ; or when the form
 Of whom we early lov'd, and lov'd in vain,
 Comes after day-light travail, to our sleep *.]

* * * * *

* The concluding lines bear marks of interpolation.

SONNET.

SCOTCH QUADRILLES.

PERISH the Coxcomb who united first
 To these vain whimsies, hatch'd beyond the seas,
 Old Caledonia's touching melodies !
 Wedding the follies of that land accurst
 To strains whose high or soothing fancies nurst
 Heroic spirits, or had power to ease
 The poor man's heart with blest remembrances
 Of rapture, when his griefs were at the worst.
 Oh ye sweet notes, ye were not fram'd to lead
 The measured steps of Fashion ; ye should tell
 Of highland glen, wild rock, and pastoral dell,
 And scenes like those of which the world doth read
 In that bright page which many a wondrous deed
 Of Scottish story hath embalmed so well.

The Anniversary.

THERE is a MYSTERY about this, the Fifth Number of our invaluable Work, which must invest it with an immense interest (if any interest were wanting to mark those æras in literature which are created by our periodical appearance)—an interest which has excited the reading world to a greater extent than any circumstance whatever since the suppression of the celebrated “Book.”

We cannot, at this moment, presume to solve this mystery; but we may venture to affirm, that the circumstances which have delayed the publication of this Number, will have conferred upon mankind the benefit of reading the narrative we are about to write, of one of the most singularly agreeable and important meetings that has ever been held in this age of public dinners, with the exception of the anniversaries of the Literary Fund, and of the worshipful society of the Licensed Victuallers.

There are none living but those enlightened few, who possess not only the *soul* of an Editor, but his *thews and sinews*,—his powers of enduring both exhaustion and repletion—his capacity to struggle against a foul proof and a fair invitation—his ability to grapple with a burning thought and a cool tankard—there are none but these who can understand the joy of reading the *last* revise of a work so elaborate and so varied as the Quarterly Magazine. We must, however, in justice to our worthy contributors, state that our labours are very much lightened by the excellence of their calligraphy. With one exception, that shall be nameless, each writes

“A fair hand
Fit for a secretary.”

We know that there is a ridiculous opinion afloat in the world, that all men of genius are execrable scribblers. This is just as absurd a notion as that all men of genius are of irregular habits. For the refutation of the one theory we have only to look at the *types* of Burke and Porson, and of the other at the lives of Milton and Cowper—but this is supererogation. We never find it necessary to enforce any position illustrative of the characteristics of genius, other than by a reference to our own beloved associates. Who can write ac learner hand,—as clear as Pica itself,—than Mr. Vyvyan Joyeuse, Mr. Edward Haselfoot, or Mr. Hamilton Murray? Who can be more exemplary in their lives and conversation, and hold themselves more unspotted from the world, than Mr. Gerard Montgomery or Mr. Martin Danvers Heavyside? We are so satisfied of the fact that clever men write legible

hands, that if a stray contribution arrive—(thanks to our inflexibility the quantity of this ballast amazingly diminishes,) and the superscription should not be so plain that it might have been decyphered by a postman in Cornwall, before the invention of national schools, we return it to the unhappy writer forthwith, though he may have learnt his running hand under Mr. Carstairs. In this matter we quite agree with Cobbett, who very properly boasted how much time he had saved through life by burning all letters that he found the slightest difficulty in reading. We hate the fops who practice their *free* hands on gilt wire-wove; we dismiss them with a very brief audience, in spite of their embossed and scented name-cards. Wretched wights!

“ Think not your verses sterling,
Though with a *ruby* pen you scrawl.”

This is digressive.

We were saying that no combination of mind and matter but that which makes the soul and body of a real Editor, (we do not mean the Editor of such a kickshaw as “The European Review, or Mind, and its productions in Britain, France, Italy, Germany, &c.”) but a real spick and span Editor of the new school, (not a scissors-and-paste fellow of the old leaven)—we were saying, that none but such a true brother can imagine the almost extra-mundane bliss of reading the *last* revise. It is possible to conceive of the joy of Baron Trenck, when he breathed the free air, after twenty years vegetation in the donjon-keep of Magdeburgh; or of a toad when he escapes to light, after being enclosed in a chalk-pit since the deluge—but it is not possible to conceive the elasticity, the light-heartedness, the bounding gaiety which we feel, when, for a month at least, our mountain of care is once fairly shoved off. It is the awful responsibility of our station which weighs us down. That is the night-mare which even the morning freshness and the noon-tide glare cannot dissipate: but let us once fairly cast off our load, and not even the Chancellor, when he exchanges his robe and seals for his shooting-jacket and shot-belt, and bags his ten brace instead of “taking home the papers,” can leap hedges, or swim rivers, or get sixty notches, or drink half pints of Champaign, or do any thing, in short, that shews the exuberance of youth and lustihood, half so ardently as ourselves. In such a mood it is a matter of indifference to us whether we shoot London Bridge, or our Aunt Bridget’s monkey, or ascend with Mr. Graham into a cloud when the thermometer stands ten degrees below zero, or with Mr. Joyeuse into the “brightest heaven of invention,” when the *marines* stand ten bottles above prudence. In such a mood (alas it only comes once a quarter) “the world is all before us where to choose,” and

whether we scamper down to Yately in a dog cart, to see Cannon thrash the cockney, or run off in the Leith packet to pass a few days with the author of *Waverley*, is a matter that admits of no hesitation. The first pleasure that asks us wins us—we then yield even to what would be pain at ordinary moments; we verily believe that at such a climax of content, we could put ourselves upon the top of the Salisbury coach, and spend four-and-twenty-hours of brandy-and-water and Havannahs, with Hazlitt, at Winterslow-hut.

“Oh que j’aime (nous aimons) l’inutile,” have we often exclaimed when these hours of “far between” joys have arrived. But, on the 10th of July last, when this blissful consummation was perfected, we had an object, and a glorious one. We had our ANNIVERSARY to keep. We had to celebrate the completion of our *first* year. Alas! the *Quarterly Review* has lived to fifteen, and the *Edinburgh* to twenty—to say nothing of the senility of the *British Critic*, and the dotage of the *Old Monthly Magazine*—and shall *we* too go on to a grave and respectable forgetfulness of our spirit and freshness!—Forbid it all ye good divinities that preside over happy memories and joyful hopes.

“Here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season!”

Be ye *here*, even though we should fill the editorial chair as long as Mr. Deputy Nicholls!

But we had to celebrate the completion of our first year—and we went to that celebration with the proud consciousness of having seen the completion of our fifth number. We had all laid our plans wisely. We were to meet at Eton; *there* was that best of attractions, Mr. Garraway’s claret—and that next best, the cherishing of old local attachments. Besides, the Etonians were to play a match with the Kingsmen, and Sir Thomas Nesbit was to be umpire, and Miss *****’s fair eyes were to rain influence. There could not have been a more fortunate concatenation of circumstances.

We were too eager and too happy to linger a moment in this hot and smoky metropolis. The town was getting thin, and we were got tired. The circles, those that were left, had nothing to talk of but the expected volume of Byron’s Correspondence, and our publisher had bored us with that subject till we were exhausted;—not to mention the two sheets and a quarter of Review that we ourselves had written, to appear simultaneously with that far-famed volume. The theatres were hot and the porter was heavy; and we had gone three nights to the Blue Posts without meeting any better puffer than two half-pay Cornets and a

Cheesemonger from the East. There was positively no man of genius left about town but ourselves, Odohertry, Theodore Hook, Mr. Place, and the Opium-Eater—and we should have enjoyed the latter better in the Lakes. So we rose with the milk-man's first call, (we have forgotten the call of the lark and the linnet,) and, without waiting for our worthy Knight, and our equally-worthy knave Mr. Paterson Aymer, the learned sub-editor of this miscellany, we ascended the box of the Royal Windsor, by the side of Mr. John Bowes, a gentleman well known in the atmosphere of Classical Literature.

It gives us pain that either from want of attention or want of sleep, we are unable to repeat more than two jokes upon the road, which fell from the laughter-moving lips of our vivacious coachman. These jokes, we have heard, are not quite new between Hyde-Park corner and the twentieth mile-stone; but they are not unfavourable specimens of Mr. Bowes' humour.

"Pray coachman," said a smart gentleman, after sundry luminous observations upon the unpleasantness of Brentford, the uncertainty of the weather, and the dearth of news—a gentleman who had evidently set out upon a journey of extensive inquiry and observation, but whose starched collar and tight cravat were perilous enemies to the freedom of either.—"Pray coachman, what is that-ere machine in that-ere garden, which looks like one scaffold-pole set a-top of another, in a T fashion." (It was a simple contrivance for drawing water.) "That Sir," said Mr. Bowes, "is a machine for drawing carrots in dry weather." "Very curious indeed—the mechanical arts have reached a great excellence in this country." The other joke of Mr. Bowes was in changing horses at the Rose and Crown, Hounslow. A young lady popped her head out of a baker's shop window, and exclaimed, "Bless my heart, how warm you must be upon the box, coachman." "Not so warm as in your oven, Miss Roll-y Poll-y," cried Mr. Bowes, with great gravity*.

Behold us landed at the Christopher. Mr. Garraway salutes us with his well-known bow of civility and independence; and we really felt a cordial pleasure in shaking this pillar of Eton by the hand, as there came over us such visions of his Royal Punch and Bishop, that tarried us back to the well-head of our orthodoxy, both in church and state. Old Grey-Pate! thou look'st hale and thriving, and well dost thou deserve thy prosperity;—for an honestest host never breathed the corrupting air of a public

* It grieves us much to say, for the credit of Mr. Bowes' originality, or what is of more importance for that of the aimable Miss Letitia-Matilda Hawkins, that we have just seen the same interesting anecdote told of a wine-merchant and a baker's daughter, in that most valuable volume of "*Memoirs, Facts, Anecdotes and Opinions*," just published by this very original lady.

school. He never imposes upon *juvenile* palates—there is no lime in his sack.

Behold us landed at the Christopher, and Haselfoot, Heaviside, and half a dozen aspiring sixth-forms waiting for us at an Eton breakfast. An Eton Breakfast! But such delights are not for unholy eyes.

Our moderate repast, coming upon the tail of our hot journey, left us a little weary. We beg distinctly to state that our weariness was not in the least connected with the slightest symptom of indigestion;—for any ill-effects that might have arisen from five episodical kidneys were abundantly counteracted by three glasses of Curaçoa. But we were too weary, rather too happy, for exertion;—and Haselfoot, therefore, with that tact for which he is so distinguished, embraced a favourable opportunity of reading to us an article which he had been unable to complete for No. V, but which he wished to hand in towards the already abundant stock of No. VI:

SHELLEY'S POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

AMIDST the crowd of feeble and tawdry writers with which we are surrounded, tantalizing us with a mere shew of power, and rendering their native baldness more disgusting by the exaggerations and distortions with which they attempt to hide it, it is refreshing to meet with a work upon which the genuine mark of intellectual greatness is stamped. Here are no misgivings, no chilling doubts, no reasoning with ourselves as to the grounds of our temporary admiration; no comparison of canons, no reference to criterions of beauty. We feel ourselves raised above criticism, to that of which criticism is only the shadow; we perceive that it is from sources like these that her rules, even where true, are exclusively derived,—servants that know not their master's will,—and we feel that we have no need of them, when all that they could teach us presents itself to us by intuition. It is a reviving feeling—a sense of deliverance and of exaltation; we are emancipated from the minute and narrowing restraints to which an habitual intercourse with petty prejudices almost insensibly subjects us; we breathe freely in the open air of enlarged thought; and we deem ourselves ennobled by our relation to a superior mind, and by the sense of our own capabilities which its grand conceptions awaken in us.

Such were the feelings—mixed, it is true, and alternating with feelings of a different kind—with which we perused the posthumous poems of Percy Shelley. We are aware that this expression of our sentiments will probably astonish some, and scandalize others.

We know that public opinion (that opinion to which every one is now required to surrender the independent suggestions of his own reason and conscience, on pain of ridicule and obloquy) has doomed the name of Shelley to unmingled reprobation. We are a review-and-newspaper-ridden people; and while we contend clamorously for the right of thinking for ourselves, we yet guide ourselves unconsciously by the opinion of censors whom we know to be partial and incompetent. Shelley was a leveller in politics—this all knew; and they had been told that Shelley was an Atheist, that he was a man of flagitious character, and that his poems are nothing more than a heap of bombast and verbiage, of immorality and blasphemy. They believe implicitly what they are taught, and he who would disturb the fixed persuasion runs some danger of being himself involved in the obloquy which he would remove from another. We may be excused from ceremony in contradicting the decisions of an authority of which we do not acknowledge the legitimacy. Let it not be supposed that we are standing forth as the panegyrists of Shelley, when we state our belief that the outcry against him originated in other causes than his personal delinquency, whether literary or moral. It was not merely that he erred, but that his errors (so far as they were such) were unpopular, and that he was incapable of concealing them. Could he have truckled to the time,—could he have refrained from violating the majesty of custom,—could he have avoided collision with established interests,—could he have condescended, as many others have done, to mask his peculiar opinions under a decent guise of conformity, he might have remained undisturbed. Besides this, the extravagant lengths to which he carried his system afforded more than ordinary facilities for attack; his poetical errors, being errors of excess and not of effect, were peculiarly obnoxious to that kind of ridicule in which modern criticism delights to indulge; and, to crown all, he was the friend of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt. Hence the critics of one party assailed him without mercy; and as the vindication of his fame was not calculated to serve any temporary purpose, the critics of the other party forbore to defend him! Blackwood's Magazine first praised him, then abused him, and then praised him again. Their laudatory critiques were acute, vigorous, and written with a true feeling of the excellence which they extolled; their attack was mere vapid banter, betraying its insincerity by its laborious feebleness. The author of the article on the Revolt of Islam in the Quarterly was, undoubtedly, a writer of a different cast from the reviewer of Keats: we believe him to have been a conscientious, and even a benevolent man, whose simplicity of mind had been impaired, as well as his natural perception of beauty deadened, by the habit of reviewing. Hence the scanty measure of cold praise doled out to a work of extraordinary beauty

and still more extraordinary promise, a work saturated and glowing all over with poetry beyond example since the days of *Comus*; hence the harsh and captious tone of the review, so discordant with the subject; and hence the disproportionate space allotted to the confutation of his errors. His attacks on the writer's character are not to be confounded with the wanton personalities so common of late among periodical writers; they were made deliberately and on principle, under the idea (an erroneous one, as it appears to us) that Shelley's situation as promulgator of a new moral theory placed him without the pale of that courtesy which protects private character from public discussion. In the remarks of the second reviewer on *Prometheus Unbound*, there is some justice, as far as relates to the mysticism of the design, and the intricacy of the style; but when the reviewer asserts that Shelley has never written good poetry, he only proves his own insensibility to whatever is poetical. But we must not linger on this unpleasant subject.

Even if our respect for truth did not prevent us from insulting its dignity by a shew of deference to such assailants, it would avail little to set the public opinion right on a particular subject, unless we could at the same time eradicate the servile principle which is the endless source of errors on all subjects. Our only aim in these remarks is to impress on the reader the self-evident truth, that the intellectual as well as the moral character of Shelley's writings is to be judged of from the writings themselves. With respect then to his poetry, the question admits of a very easy decision. We might appeal to the whole series of his writings, from *Alastor* to *Adonais*; but we shall content ourselves with referring to a few passages. If the vision of *Alastor* in the first mentioned poem, his voyage, and death,—if the exquisite dedication to the Revolt of Islam, the storm with which the poem opens, the allegorical combat which follows, and the appearance of the mysterious Lady on the sea-shore, Laon's history of his early years in the second book, and the dream with which the third opens,—if the *Æschylean* opening of the *Prometheus*, and the choral songs at p. 72 and 94, (the latter of which the reviewer has selected, with his usual felicity, as a specimen of words without meaning,)—if the inimitable fragment beginning "How wonderful is Death!" (to which we know not whether Milton himself, at the same early age, produced any thing superior,)—if the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, the description of the garden in the "Sensitive Plant," the lines beginning "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon," and those written in *Lechlade Church-yard**;—we have selected these as being compara-

* These two pieces ought to have formed part of the present volume, as *Alastor*, to which they were originally subjoined is reprinted. The former is remarkable for its singular and exquisitely beautiful versification.

tively free from the fault to which we adverted above;—if these are not poetry, we will not say poetry almost unequalled for beauty of conception, richness, and appropriateness of expression, and melody of versification; we do not insist upon this; we are content to have him degraded to the level of a second or third rate poet;—if these are denied to be poetry, the discussion is at an end; there is no common ground of argument. We are at issue with regard to the very essentials of poetry; for any definition, in which the above passages shall not be included, baffles our comprehension.

With regard to the moral tendency of Shelley's works, the same criterion must be applied. It is nothing to the purpose to say, that they must necessarily be immoral, from the nature of their subjects. Such, indeed, is the received logic—they must be so, therefore they are so: but this is a mere fallacy. It is not the subject on which an author writes, but the spirit in which he treats it, that determines the tendency of his work. It might as well be said that Professor Milman must be a moral and religious writer, because his dramas are on sacred subjects*. The true question is—what is the effect produced by Shelley's writings on the reader? Are they characterized by sentimental impurity, by high-wrought pictures of vice, with sophistical endeavours to confound the right and the wrong, with brutal jests on what is good and generous, and cold-hearted sneers at the belief in human virtue? Are they calculated to foster the sensual or the malignant passions? Are they writings to which a bad man would resort in search of food for his depraved propensities? We answer without hesitation—no. Such spirits, like Milton's builders of Babel, would quickly be "famished of breath" in that "thin clime." Even Wordsworth is scarcely worse adapted to that purpose. The tendency of his writings is uniformly elevated; they teach us, through the medium of lofty images and impassioned exhortation, to rise above petty interests, envy, vanity, and low enjoyments; to investigate and follow out the boundless capabilities of our being; to "fear ourselves, and love all human kind."

We are far, indeed, from holding him forth as a moral writer *par excellence*; though his faults were, perhaps, rather of omission than commission. There is a vagueness in his system; a want of substantial foundation for his principles; there is a turbulence, and a feverish restlessness, too much removed from that calm in

* We mean no disparagement to a man of Mr. Milman's talents and acquirements; but we can never hear his works extolled for their religious tendency, without thinking of Jemmy Twitcher in Gray;

"Besides, he repents—for he talks about God."

which wisdom loves to dwell; and there are a few pictures of passion which may be considered as too warmly wrought, sublimed as they are, and almost purified, by the atmosphere of noble thoughts and images with which they are surrounded. But let the reader compare the impression left on him by these poems with that resulting from the perusal of any one of those works which are universally allowed to be immoral; and let him declare, from his heart, whether he considers them writings of the same class. They inculcate truth and simplicity of heart, intellectual liberty and enlargement of thought, a passionate devotion to the graces and sublimities of nature, and above all, a love for others, fervent, deep-seated, persevering, unlimited by place or circumstance, and patient of shame, labour, and suffering, in the glorious endeavour to promote the general welfare;

“———— Overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.”

They inculcate a belief in the immutability of virtue, in the omnipotence of right intention, and in the final happiness and exaltation of human nature, to be brought about by the exertions and self-sacrifices of the good and wise;

“Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veil'd—but still it burneth;
Love repulsed—but it returneth!”

If this is not religion, it is something not wholly unallied to it; and there are numberless passages of his works in which every worthy and generous mind may recognise, with little or no change, the echo of its own high aspirations; ennobling and consoling truths, clothed in the highest beauty of imagination.

How far, or in what sense, some of the opinions above-mentioned are well founded; whether they are not combined with errors which derogate from their effect; and, above all, how their operation is likely to be qualified by the grand deficiency above alluded to, we will not inquire. We feel our incapability to weigh in a perfect scale the truth and error of his tenets, any more than the good and evil of his life,—and we most willingly resign the solemn task to wiser heads and better hearts than our own. We may however observe, that he has himself protested against the charge of Atheism (and he was not a man to disown an obnoxious opinion); that his ideas on some other subjects appear to us to have been misrepresented; and that his peculiar opinions in politics and theology, instead of being interwoven with the texture of his poems, appear rather as excrescences on the surface, disfiguring them in parts. Were a few of his minor poems, and a

small portion of each of his longer ones expunged, and the remainder published under the name of some popular writer, we venture to assert that few would be found to charge them with a mischievous tendency. It is, indeed, remarkable that the worst parts of his poems are those which are devoted to the promulgation of the controverted points; his theory hangs like a leaden weight on his fancy*.

What Shelley was, in some points at least, we have, in the above hasty and imperfect words, delivered our opinion; what he would have been, it is now vain to inquire. We can only state our belief, that he would have developed new treasures in our language, and enriched our literature with some greater and more perfect performance, something transcending all that he had before achieved; and a conjecture not altogether gratuitous, that the troubled current of his opinions would have subsided into the calmness and depth of assured belief. Let us not compromise the dignity of truth, or the sacredness of religious principle, even in favour of those who cannot reward us; but let us think of him in the wisdom of charity, and with that feeling with which a well-constituted mind cannot but regard the premature and sudden disappearance from the earth of the noblest of God's intellectual creations!

We had intended to add something like a delineation of Shelley's poetical character; but we feel that the task would demand many qualifications which we do not possess. It may suffice to say, as a general description, that his element lay in the mixture of passion and imagination—the imagery being, as it were, impregnated with the passion which brooded over it. His extraordinary sensitive power overbalanced his power of reflection; he would otherwise have been even greater than he was. He wants pliancy of genius; no first-rate poet ever possessed less variety of powers; there is not merely a want of thought, but a want of human interest in his productions†. But no words can do justice to the mixed sublimity and sweetness of his images. It is as if the solid grandeur of Milton were combined with the thrilling vividness and overpowering sweetness of Jeremy Taylor. It is like the

* Such is the case in the *Revolt of Islam*, in the *Prometheus*, and above all, in the suppressed poem of *Queen Mab*, in which extraordinary powers of imagination and language are thrown away on a design incurably bad. Never was there a greater mistake than when the publishers of debauchery and impiety, and their imitators in America, selected this work as calculated to promote the *good cause*. Its merits and its defects alike disqualified it for such a purpose. Shelley was a wretched reasoner—and we could select some singular specimens of logic from this work; but we remember the verdict which he himself afterwards passed on the production of his boyhood.

† We except that most powerful work, the *Tragedy of the Cenci*.

glory of the noontide sun, and the glory of the lightning, united in one. We have left ourselves no room to speak of his marvellous command of language, and the delicious melody of his versification; the sweetness of which would be cloying, were it not supported by a strength equally remarkable. Neither can we do much more than specify the titles of the posthumous poems now before us. They consist of *Julian and Maddalo*, a tale written in an ill-chosen form, but containing some powerful passages; the *Witch of Atlas*, a wildly luxuriant fancy-piece (the heroine of which is the prototype of our own *Maimoune*;) the *Triumph of Life*, a Dantesque conception, and composed in the great master's own metre; translations of the *Cyclops* of Euripides; Homer's *Hymn to Mercury*, &c.; and *Miscellaneous Poems*, many of them fragments; besides a reprint of *Alastor*. We subjoin a few slight extracts; the first is from the *Witch of Atlas*; the second from the *Triumph of Life*; the rest are extracted promiscuously.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
 Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,
 Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
 Folded in cells of crystal silence there;
 Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
 Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
 The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
 And the regrets they leave, remain alone.

And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
 Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis—

* * * * *

With motion like the spirit of that wind
 Whose soft step deepens slumber, her soft feet
 Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
 Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
 Through fane, and palace-court, and labyrinth mine
 With many a dark and subterraneous street
 Under the Nile; through chambers high and deep
 She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

A pleasure sweet, doubtless it was to see
 Mortals subdued to all the shapes of sleep:
 Here lay two sister-twins in infancy;
 There, a lone youth, who, in his dreams did weep;
 Within, two lovers linked innocently
 In those loose locks which over both did creep
 Like ivy from one stem;—and there lay calm,
 Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,
Not to be mirrored in a holy song—

* * * *

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay,
All flowers in field or forest which uncloze

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air ;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own and then imposed on them :
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber.

The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on, in truth—I think
Herg entleness, and patience, and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,

The Anniversary

If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
 For but to see her were to read the tale
 Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
 Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;
 Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
 And weak articulations might be seen
 Day's ruddy light.

MUSIC.

I pant for the music which is divine,
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower;
 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain,
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,
 More, O more,—I am thirsting yet;
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound
 Upon my heart to stifle it;
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,
 Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue

As one who drinks from a charmed cup
 Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,
 Whom a mighty enchantress filling up,
 Invites to love with her kiss divine.

* * * * *

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,
 Where all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which make thee terrible and dear,
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star inwrought !
Bind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee,
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother, Death, came and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon !
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night ;
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

STANZAS, WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and sunny mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light ;

— — — — —
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn ;

* A line is obviously wanting here, which the Editor has overlooked.

The Anniversary

I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown ;
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope, nor health,
 Nor peace within, nor calm around,
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure,
 Others I see whom these surround,
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the load of care
 Which I have borne and still must bear,
 Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament when I were cold,
 As I when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament,—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

 HEAVISIDE.

My dear friend, Haselfoot, I must at once say that there are some passages in that review to me exceedingly objectionable. I hate as much as you can the truckling to a party-cry, but I demur to some of your assertions both on the score of principle and the score of prudence.

VERNON.

On the score of prudence I must have "a voice potential."

If the article were not yours, Haselfoot, and, being yours, full of talent, and what is more full of honesty, I would at once reject it. But we must qualify it.

SIR THOMAS.

Never mix your liquor, my boys. If the man must dose the world with his brandy and gunpowder, why should you make a caudle of his concern, with your thin potations of water-gruel?

HEAVISIDE.

I quite agree with all you say about the powers of Shelley. It is the merest cowardice to deny his poetry to be fine because his politics are execrable; it is breaking down all the gradations of intellectual energy to say that because there is a wretched obliquity in his understanding upon the most awful subject of human thought, his poems partake of nothing but the passionate scepticism that fevered and maddened his soul. There are parts of his writings as pure as a Milton or a Wordsworth have conceived; and I quite agree with you, that he was not the poet of *cold-blooded* doubts and *heartless* sensuality. But he was, nevertheless, a most dangerous writer—dangerous not immediately to the million, but mediately to the few who may operate in combination to make his errors produce their effect on the million. It is the union in Shelley of a lofty imagination, and a grovelling faith, that renders him so peculiarly obnoxious. The Quarterly Reviewer saw this; and, though whilst I say it I must at once disclaim any thing like a general approval of those personalities which are the disgrace of our literature, I must contend that in the instance of Shelley it was desirable to shew that such opinions neither made a good or a happy man in their professor. There are parts in Shelley's life that supply the best antidote to his writings.

HASELFOOT.

You have taken me by surprise, so that I may not be able to follow your argument, even if I were willing; but let me ask what is there in Shelley's life so peculiarly obnoxious? We are told that he was a man of flagitious character; but where is the evidence?

VERNON.

It pains me sincerely to speak it—but I speak advisedly and *upon evidence*, that Shelley was not a man of principle; he acted upon impulse, and not upon any settled determinations. That impulse led him to be extravagant in his generosity and callous in his discharge of the obligations of justice; (there are twenty good-natured men for one honest;) that impulse prompted him to marry a weak girl, (his first wife,) and then to abandon her under circumstances of the most reckless inhumanity. Who can forget her wretched self-destruction;—at once the proof of his flagitious disregard even of the obligations of *nature*, and of the

consequences of those notions which he had instilled into his unhappy victim.

HEAVISIDE.

Once more I must beg to be understood, Haselfoot, that I quite agree in your admiration of Shelley's poetical power; he was a first-rate genius—such a genius as perhaps only arises as a phoenix; and most fervently do I utter the wish that gave birth to your conjecture, that he had been spared to see that change of mind which would have enabled “the troubled current of his opinions to have subsided into the calmness and depth of assured belief.” But I contend that your admiration has carried you too far,—that it has led you into the mistake of speaking so passionately of Shelley's beauties and so slightly of his enormous errors, (I know you feel these errors as much as I or any one,) so that some minds may be betrayed into a willing reception of his creed by such a description of the power of his general intellect; and find themselves imbued with all that can disorganize the moral and social world, before they are aware that they are reading sometimes the most pure, but sometimes the most unholy, thoughts, clothed in the most splendid imagery and the sweetest versification.

HASELFOOT.

Let me read the article to you again, and follow out your objections, step by step.

SIR THOMAS.

Bah!

VERNON.

We must come to a conclusion upon this point. Your article does credit to your head and your heart—but it is too zealous and enthusiastic;—it goes too much upon the common mistake that a suppression of peculiar opinions, and a conformity with established modes of thought, presuppose hypocrisy. It is the sin of such minds as Shelley that they choose to proclaim to mankind, with the courage of martyrs, all the pestilent crudities of their innumerable heresies. Whatever you may say, Shelley *did* avow himself an Atheist in Queen Mab, and if he recanted that profession in his later works, of which I am not quite sure, this is only another proof of the absolute necessity of not making a proclamation of sentiments to all mankind, which even the believer may, in a few years, as conscientiously abjure.

HASELFOOT.

Let me read the article again. I think I could—

SIR THOMAS.

Bah!—Waiter, some brandy and soda-water.

VERNON.

Give us the article. We will print it with Heaviside's Commentary.

SIR THOMAS.

And write "*poison*" at the head of it—like prudent valets do with their infallible boot-top liquid.

VERNON.

Come; we must have no squabbling. Shelley's posthumous book is entitled to a generous admiration, such as Hazelfoot has given it. It seems to have passed through the *Liberal* slough without carrying away much of its slime. The cockneys have been dabbling with the preface though.

HAZELFOOT.

The more pity. Mrs. Shelley has strength enough to do without the aid of all the cockneys in Christendom—be they in Cockaigne or Italy. But will the author of *Frankenstein* and *Valperga* do much for literature now that her "guide, philosopher, and friend," is gone?

VERNON.

I am not quite sure. By the by, I have in my pocket a clever scrap book of a dear brother, in which he has jotted down his off-hand opinions of Mrs. Shelley's book—shall I read it?

HEAVISIDE.

By all means. The tintinnabulation of your voice is as favourable to slumber as "the drowsy tinklings to the distant folds."

SIR THOMAS.

Waiter! A jorum of Queen's ale and the stilton.

I do not think I ever was so much disappointed in any book as in *Valperga*; I had the very highest expectations of the maturing of the genius which could produce such a work as *Frankenstein*. The faults of *Frankenstein* were occasional extravagance and *over-writing*;—it was, therefore, natural to suppose that the interval of between four and five years would correct this, without impairing its freshness, force, and vigour. But in *Valperga* there is not the slightest trace of the same hand—instead of the rapidity and enthusiastic energy which hurries you forward in *Frankenstein*, every thing is cold, crude, inconsecutive, and wearisome;—not one flash of imagination, not one spark of passion—opening it as I did, with eager expectation, it must indeed have been bad for me after toiling a week to send the book back without having finished the first volume. This induced me to read *Frankenstein* again—for I thought I must have been strangely mistaken in my original judgment. So far, however, from this, a second reading has confirmed it. I think *Frankenstein* possesses extreme power, and displays *capabilities* such as I did hope would have produced far different things from *Castruccio*.

The circumstances under which *Frankenstein* was written are well known;—it is one of three tales agreed to be composed on

supernatural subjects by the Shelleys, (Mr. or Mrs., of which more anon,) Dr. Polidori, and Lord Byron.—Frankenstein is the Shelley work,—the Vampyre Polidori's,—and that of Lord Byron (I conclude) the fragment published at the end of Mazeppa. I have but a faint recollection of this last—but I remember perfectly agreeing in a criticism of it which I saw somewhere at the time, namely, that it was in perfect contrariety to the rules of Aristotle, having neither beginning, middle, nor end. The Vampyre made considerable noise on its appearance, from its being announced as Lord Byron's; Polidori always denied being a party to this paltry imposition, whether truly or not I cannot say—but it certainly appears strange that his publishers could have played it off without at least his connivance. The deception, however, could do no more than sell off the first edition,—for nothing could be more evident than that it was impossible that Lord Byron could be the author of such a thing. I was abroad at the time it came out, and it was brought to me by a friend as a great curiosity, being Lord Byron's only prose composition, and he misled by the name, told me “his blood curdled as he read it.” I had not, however, got beyond two pages before I saw that it was the most impudent of all impostures, being one that was sure to be found out, and that immediately. Accordingly, a few days after, arrived the copy of Lord Byron's letter in Galignani's Messenger, disavowing the work, which he said he had not seen, and adding, with his peculiar felicity of sneer—“If it be good, I would not rob any man of his laurels—if it be bad, I would not bear the burden of any one's dulness but my own.”

Polidori was a man whose ruin it was to go abroad with Lord Byron as his physician; he by this means lived much with him and Shelley, and hence from being continually in the company of men of genius he imbibed the preposterous notion that he was a man of genius himself. I have heard a story, which I believe, of his saying to these two, that they had a *name*, but that he could write poetry as good, if not superior, to theirs. When Polidori became insupportable, and Lord Byron could stand it no longer, he returned to England, and then his story, in despite of his vanity and overweering presumption, becomes melancholy. He was bitterly pinched by poverty, and the gloom which he had, I believe, originally assumed as a foppish token of genius, became in a great degree real, from the misery of his circumstances. He could get no employment in his profession, and began to study the law. After the Vampyre, he wrote two or three things; a tragedy, a novel, and a poem—but they were all one worse than another—inveterately dull, and never, by any chance, English; they did not *sell*, and he became more and more distressed and desponding—fancying himself a second Otway,—another Chatter-

ton. His end, poor fellow, was melancholy indeed; yet marked by that self-conceit which was so peculiarly his characteristic. He fancied he had discovered what is termed in the language of gamblers *une martingale*, i. e., an infallible mode of winning at Rouge et Noir;—a notion which has misled, ruined, and destroyed as many as ever the philosophers' stone, or the elixir vitæ did in the old days of alchemy. The consequence was what might be expected—he lost a sum utterly beyond what he could ever have any hope of paying, and killed himself.

To return to Frankenstein, it is, I think, the best instance of natural passions applied to supernatural events that I ever met with. Grant that it is possible for one man to create another, and the rest is perfectly natural and in course. I do not allude to the incidents, for they are thrown together with a haste and carelessness so apparent as to be almost confessed; but the sentiments—both of thought and passion—are given with a truth which is equal to their extraordinary vigour. I am surprised to see by the preface that Dr. Darwin, and some of the physiological writers of Germany supposed the creation of a human being “as not of impossible occurrence.” I can understand that it might be possible to put together a human frame—though with the very greatest difficulty—both from the intricacy and minuteness of the conformation, the most trifling error in which would be fatal, and from the difficulty of preventing putrescence during the process, without drying up the form like a mummy, which would incapacitate it from all purposes of *life*. But, granting that a frame could be so constructed, I cannot conceive how Dr. Darwin, who, however over-rated by his friends, was certainly a man of considerable powers of mind, I cannot conceive, I say, how he could contemplate the possibility of infusing the principle of life, when of such principle we are wholly ignorant. Many attempts have been made to say where life dwells—to prove that such or such a part is infallibly vital; but whoever could say what life itself was? This is one of the most strange of those mysteries which are hidden from human reason. The simplest operations of nature are, in their cause and process, equally inscrutable;—the whole progress and vegetation from the seed rotting in the earth, to the shoot, the sapling, the tree, the blossom, the fruit—is as utterly inscrutable by man as are the causes of his own production and existence.

The most unskilful thing in the book is the extreme ugliness of the being whom Frankenstein creates. It is not natural, that to save himself additional trouble from the minuteness of the parts, he should create a giant. He must have known the vast danger of forming one of such bodily power, whose mind it would take a considerable time to mould into humanity. Besides,

though it is highly natural that the features which had been chosen individually as perfect, and which appeared so even when conjoined in the lifeless figure, should, on their being vivified, have an incongruous and unearthly aspect; yet, it is not at all probable, that one with Frankenstein's science should have formed a creature of such "appalling hideousness." It is utterly inconceivable also, that he should have let the monster (as he is somewhat unfairly called) escape;—one of the thoughts which must, one would imagine, have been uppermost in his mind during his labours, would have been the instructing his creature intellectually as he had formed him physically.

In the account which the creature gives of his instruction by means of watching the polished cottagers, the hastiness of the composition is the most apparent. Indeed, nothing would require such extreme trouble and carefulness as a correct representation of the mind of one who had (from whatever circumstances) reached maturity without any acquired knowledge. Those things which, from having been known to us before the period to which our remembrances reach, appear to be part of our innate consciousness, would be perfect novelty to such a being. Not only speech would be non-existent but even sight would be imperfect in him. In short, it would require much thought and some physical knowledge, joined (as I before said) to the greatest care, to render such a description at once full and accurate. In Frankenstein what there is of it is sufficiently interesting in itself, but it suggests so frequently how much more it might be wrought out, that it brings strongly into view its own imperfectness.

For my own part, I confess that ~~my~~ interest in the book is entirely on the side of the monster. His eloquence and persuasion, of which Frankenstein complains, are so because they are truth. The justice is indisputably on his side, and his sufferings are, to me, touching to the last degree. Are there are any sufferings, indeed, so severe as those which arise from the sensation of dereliction, or, (as in this case) of isolation? Even the slightest tinge of those feelings, arising as they often do from trivial circumstances, as from passing a solitary evening in a lone and distant situation—even these, are bitter to a severe degree. What it must be, then,—what *is* it to feel oneself *alone in the world!* Fellow-feeling is the deepest of all the needs which Nature has implanted within us. The impulses which lead us to the physical preservation of our life are scarcely stronger than those which impel us to communion with our fellows. Alas! then to have no fellows!—to be, with feelings of kindness and beneficence, the object of scorn and hate to every one whose eyes lighted on us!—to be repaid with blows and wounds for the very benefits we confer!—The poor monster always, for these reasons,

touching me to the heart. Frankenstein ought to have reflected on the means of giving happiness to the being of his creation, before he did create him. Instead of that, he heaps on him all sorts of abuse and contumely for his ugliness, which was directly his work, and for his crimes to which his neglect gave rise.

But whence arises the extreme inferiority of *Valperga*? I can account for it only by supposing that Shelley wrote the first, though it was attributed to his wife,—and that she really wrote the last. Still I should not, from internal evidence, suppose Frankenstein to be the work of Shelley. It has much of his poetry and vigour,—but it is wholly free from those philosophical opinions from which scarcely any of his works are free, and for which there are many fair openings in Frankenstein. It is equally to be observed that there are no religious reflections—and that there are many circumstances in which a mind at all religiously inclined would not have failed to have expressed some sentiments of that nature. It may be, that Mrs. Shelley wrote Frankenstein,—but, knowing that its fault was extravagance, determined to be careful and correct in her next work; and, thence, as so many do from the same cause, became cold and common-place. At all events, the difference of the two books is very remarkable.

HEAVISIDE.

Excellent,—though a little *fade*. Why is not this dear brother amongst us to catch the *Cynthia* of the minute in his critical net?

VERNON.

He is an invalid,—no, no—that is not the word—for he has too much soul to be any thing but ill or well. He is ill, and as I told him I would rather print Balaam to the end of time than tax him for one head-ach.

HASELFOOT.

I fear that neither Gerard or Vyvyan have such good reasons for their idleness.

VERNON.

Look, look, there he is,—“the glass of fashion and the mould of form,”—the very squire of dames; a blonde and a brunette on either arm—the rival of Byron sunk into the Adonis of a country town. Gerard! Gerard!

SIR THOMAS.

I'll have him in.—

There was a pause of half an hour, during which Haselfoot read us a page or two of a very clever little volume by Robert Sullivan; a young man of exceeding promise in this age of promise-breaking. The third part of “the Silent River”—from

which Haselfoot recited, is the story of a wretched husband, bowed down by poverty and its thousand wearings of the heart, about to commit himself to the horrible leap of a suicide. He reveals not his purpose, of course, to his meek and gentle wife—but full of distressing thoughts, he conveys her to a place of safety across a lake,—and the following powerful dialogue precedes their parting, and is the dark shadowing of his meditated crime.

LUKE AND MARY IN A BOAT.

The Scene varying according to the dialogue.

MARY.

Be cautious, Luke ; I do not love this dark
And sluggish river, which divides its banks
With such unequal treachery of depth,
And horrid silence. Often as I've cross'd
The old worm-eaten bridge of tottering planks,
Which we just see against the deep blue distance,
I've thought of thee, and thy adventurous toil ;
And then how stillly it would hush the cry,
And hide the secret, unresisting corse !
Oh, it is fearful ; and (but it is fancy)
All things seem fearful here. E'en thou, dear Luke,
Look'st gloomily and speechless. Pray thee, talk—
I cannot bear this silence, only broken
By the dull plash, and the dead heavy plunge
Of water vermin, in the oozing slime.

LUKE.

Thou'rt new to it—but I have breath'd too long
These muddy vapours for our daily morsel
To heed the stillness of the summer dawn,
Or storm of wintry midnight. My poor Mary,
Thou'st paid the penalty of thoughtless love
Dearer than most. Well dost thou know the tone
Of the chill blasts when they howl round the cabin,
And find the inmate lonely and desponding !
Well dost thou know the tear of bitterness,
When he, whose absence thou hast sat lamenting,
Returns o'erpower'd with fasting and fatigue,
Drench'd with the rain, or shivering with the icicles
Which cling to him with rattling misery.
And well, O well ! my Mary, hast thou felt
The pang, when he, to whom thou'st rush'd for comfort,
With harsh despair repell'd thee from his arms,
To mutter sternly of successful toil
And present famine !

MARY.

Why recall such times ?

Dear Luke, I never murmur'd for myself,
Neither must thou ; for when I see thee smile,
Our wants seem trifling payments for such bliss ;
And I have thank'd the Heavens which granted it,
And pray'd, that if a richer change of fortune
Would change thy love, we still might live in want.

LUKE.

Yes, thou hast pray'd—'tis good—thou hast pray'd much.
I've watch'd thee in thy sleep, when thy white temples
Press'd the coarse pillow with as patient innocence
As if 'twere made for them. I've watch'd thee then,
With thy small fingers clasp'd upon thy breast,
And moving lips, which show'd thou dream'dst of prayer,
And thought that I too once was used to pray ;
But fortune grew more merciless,
And so I ceas'd.

MARY.

O, say not—say not so !

My greatest comfort was to think that Heaven
Guarded the perils which were enforc'd by love,
For then the storm about thy houseless head
Lost half its fury.

LUKE.

It will rage no more ;

At least, I shall not hear it, Mary.

MARY.

No :

For thou hast promised ne'er to leave thy rest
At such dire seasons.

LUKE.

I have promised thee,

My tender, gentle, most beloved Mary.

MARY.

Come, thou art sad—Look, how the first faint ray
Of morn hath startled the old querulous owl
Amidst his dull and devious wanderings !
He hath made straight towards the village barn,
'Plaining as if he groan'd at his long journey
Across the marsh, which seen between the twigs
And leaning trunks of these deserted willows,
Seems boundless in its flat and hazy empire.
And see, the heron, with his broad blue sails,
Wheels downward, to succeed the bird of wisdom—

The Anniversary.

O, long-neck'd felon ! That hoarse shout of his
Is meant to tell thee thou'rt no fisherman.
Thou'lt soon be back to try thy skill with him ?
Thou said'st to-morrow—Thou'lt not break thy promise ?

(Sings).

"He bade me adieu, and he vow'd to be here
When swallows came down the green ;
But the leaves of the Autumn are scatter'd and sere,
And home he hath never been."

Oh, and is that the tale ! then hear what follows—

(Sings).

"So under the wave, and under the wave,
Beneath the old willow-tree,"

Mind—mind—dear Luke, your pole will scarcely touch
The bottom !—You were almost overbalanced

(Sings).

"With the weeds for my pall, in a deep, deep grave
Shall my false love find me !"

Why didst thou start ?

LUKE.

I almost ran upon
Wild Martha's willow-tree, e'en whilst you sang
Of it.

Enter SIR THOMAS and GERARD.

SIR THOMAS.

Fairly caught. I have not only got the Tartar, but I have
brought him along with me.

VERNON.

And now, Mr. Gerard Montgomery, what have you to say that
sentence of perpetual oblivion shall not be passed upon you, for
your manifold crimes against our editorial crown and dignity ?

GERARD,

I no longer serve your crown, and acknowledge your dignity. I
have forsworn Apollo, and am liege to Cupid.

VERNON.

"Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself."

GERARD.

Oh yes, laugh on!—But thus I proclaim my faith:—

How lucky were the knights of ancient times,
Or how unlucky are the bards of ours,
Who neither in their own nor other climes,
In crowded cities, or in forest bowers,
Can find fit objects for their amorous rhymes;
I'm sure I've wandered in the Park for hours,
And never found beneath a single bonnet
A set of features that was worth a sonnet.

Miss Austin says, one face in eighty-seven
Is worth beholding, in which calculation
She should have been more sparing of her heaven,
And less addicted to exaggeration:
These four and twenty years I've jogged toward Heaven,
In which upon the fairest computation
I've found some fifteen faces to my taste,
And twenty figures fit to be embraced.

Of these some four were proud Salopia's daughters,
And two were London actresses, and one
Haunted the banks of Cam's unlovely waters,
But she, poor child, has scarcely yet begun
With her black eyes to make extensive slaughters—
The loveliest was a pensive Cumbrian nun,
Whom I'd the luck for several days to rave with,
And the great merit not to fall in love with.

Since then in Windsor's shades I've danced and flirted
With many a budding prude and fair coquette,
To whom a hard might jump to be related,
But as the Fates have not determined yet
Whether I shall or shall not e'er be mated,
I roam about at will from blue to jet—
Fill albums, attend balls—in short, my trade is
The service of the common-wealth of ladies.

* * * *

But I forget my subject,—I was saying
What lucky fellows were the knights of old,
Who, amidst caves and dismal forests straying,
In the bear's fastness and the wolf's strong hold,
Found at each turn, their unsought charms displaying,
What the best judges now can scarce behold
E'en in the courts of emperors and kings,
Young perfect beauties, angels without wings.

The Anniversary.

They could'nt mount their hippogriffs to canter
 From India to the pole, but they put up
 Some virgin worried by a grim enchanter,
 Or dish'd out naked, that a whale might sup
 On charms which scarcely a West Indian planter
 Would find the heart to injure—here's a cup
 To the old times of knights and giants tough,
 And lovely ladies, lovelier still in buff.

HEAVISIDE.

Why Gerard is a perfect Improvisatore. But if he idle away his life in this way he will shoot wide of his mark both in poetry and love.

VERNON.

By-the-by, Gerard, get a poetical mistress, and she will stir up your ambition, and win you from the distaff. Strike up to the Improvisatrice.

GERARD.

What, the girl the papers have been puffing so ! Is she pretty ?

VERNON.

Ay pretty, and good, and accomplished ; and altogether one of us. Her volume is really exceedingly clever—I think the cleverest poetry a woman has yet produced amongst us. But it is almost a pity to say so. It is a pity to tempt a blooming girl out of the range of her own womanly hopes and pleasures, into the turbid sea of literary ambition. Our praises, and what is more, the public voice, may lead her to the honours of intellectual supremacy—but the poetical fame of a woman always seems something exotic and artificial ; it is connected with the *display*, which appears to me (us) to be quite alien to the true female character. But this is mere common-place. If the girl *will* prefer the laurel crown to the wedding-ring, let her win it and wear it. But they cannot be worn together. The moment that nursing begins, the poetical existence of a woman is past. Come, Heaviside, read us a pretty bit out of this pretty volume.

SIR THOMAS.

Let it be the shortest, for I am getting very dry.

HEAVISIDE.

Here then is a bit, where some very feminine thoughts are very sweetly expressed—the “ Song of the Hunter's Bride.”

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

ANOTHER day—another day,
And yet he comes not nigh ;
I look amid the dim blue hills,
Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain-streams
Upon the echoes borne ;
I hear the singing of the birds,
But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past,
The watchful chamois bounds ;
But what I look for comes not near,—
My ULRIC's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watched the snow
Grow crimson with the stain
The setting sun threw o'er the rock,
And I have watched in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow
Across his shoulder slung,—
I love to see the golden horn
Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love
His falcon's sweeping flight ;
I love to see his manly cheek
With mountain-colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now
Would that the chase were o'er ;
Well may he love the hunter's toil,
But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus ?—he would be here
If his love equalled mine ;
Methinks had I one fond caged-dove,
I would not let it pine.

But, hark ! what are those ringing steps
That up the valley come ?
I see his hounds,—I see himself,—
My ULRIC, welcome home !

The sixth-form stripling, steady as Macassar
 And starch can make him; who, to join the scene,
 An hour ago first fleeth'd his virgin razor;
 The tradesman's black-ey'd daughter of sixteen,
 Blushing and smirking as the red coats pass her;
 The matron, slow of step, demure of mien,
 Rejoicing in the beauty of her daughter,
 And watching well the end for which she brought her.

The burst of trumpets, ever and anon
 With drum and cymbal through the vast courts pealing,
 Alternate to the hautboys' querulous moan,
 And gentle flute, through liquid labyrinth stealing
 Into all bosoms not composed of stone,
 And melting down to love each female feeling;
 And, in the pauses of the music's flow,
 The laugh of lovers from the slopes below:

Plebeian airs, patrician condescension,
 The tradesman's smirk, the courtier's supple knee,
 All this, and more, which I forbear to mention,
 Form no unpleasant picture; but to me,
 I own, yon glorious landscape's rich extension,
 That fall of soft and touching melody,
 Fops, cornets, matrons, tradesmen, airs, grimaces,
 Are less attractive than the ladies' faces.

* * * *

THE DINNER.

It was six o'clock. We mustered very strong; and I have not had many hours of my life of more exquisite enjoyment than this meeting with so many that I love and admire. (Psha—We are forgetting our dignity in the warmth of our recollections.) There was Haller, whom we had not seen for a twelvemonth, with his calm look of gentlemanly self-possession; Merton, with his quick glance of penetration and decision; Murray, with his retiring politeness, which gave an additional charm to the power of his intelligent smile; Vyvyan, with his cordial good-humour, and his graceful badinage. These, and several more of our dear friends, greeted us with unaffected alacrity. But there were two strangers in the room that we did not recognise as of us. The one, a short spare figure, with an expression in his eye that at once indicated the strength of the man of genius and the weakness of the valetudinarian, advanced with a slow pace of diffidence towards us, and thus addressed us:—"I fear, Sir, that I am an intruder both

upon your interesting conversation and your purposed enjoyments. I was looking round, sir, for my worthy friend Mr. Paterson Aymer. By his cordial invitation I have been tempted from my solitude, to join a company that I cannot but feel desirous of knowing, though I fear much the weight—the heavy and unutterable weight of depression that bears me down—will render me an unfit partaker of your intellectual pleasures. Oh, sir, even now do I feel the gnawings of that poison with which I have drugged my veins—fly the cursed spell, if you would continue to know peace of mind and body. But you will excuse me talking of myself.” We all looked at each other with surprise. “Can it be?” was on every tongue. “May I venture to ask, Sir, whom I have the honour of seeing amongst us? Though Mr. Paterson Aymer be not yet arrived, his friends are ours.” “My name, Sir, is —; but you may have heard of me as a too celebrated Opium Eater.” We all involuntarily bowed; and in two minutes Haller and our illustrious friend were deep in a discussion on political economy, while Murray and Tristram appealed to him in the intervals of the debate upon their contrary views of the knowledge of Greek in Europe, at the time of Dante.

The other stranger appeared as if no baneful drug, nothing more baneful than Whitbread’s XX, had ever passed his lips. He was a somewhat tall and portly figure, whose belly, as he entered the room, was in advance of his body, like the bowsprit of a frigate sailing round a promontory. His step, though, was active and decided, and there was a roguish twinkle in his eye, which forced a sympathizing smile before he opened his lips. “Ah, my young Troubadour—my delicate Vyvyan. I knew you by instinct. Does not the lion know the true Prince?—Well, here I am, never more at home in my life—and where is my old Jack of Clubs!—where’s Martin Danvers, the laughing philosopher—polishing up, ay?—I sent him a tailor the other day to make him fit to come amongst us. But for me he would be as dingy as a drover with one pig. Have you finished your “Second Folly,” you queer one?

VYVYAN.

I see, Sir, you are a man of wit, and therefore one of us. Ours is a commonwealth of talent; and your freedom therefore is the herald, the very link-boy of your genius. But of whom have I the dishonour not to know the name?

STRANGER.

My name, Sir, in my tradesmens’ books, is Abraham Gentian, Esquire.

VYVYAN.

What, the late Abraham Gentian, Esq.?

GENTIAN.

The very same, Sir. There never was but one Gentian in the world, and I'm the boy. The *late* Abraham Gentian, Sir, was an entire bam; the only witty thing that old Heaviside ever did. He meant it as a quiz upon my punctuality. Whenever I come in five minutes before the dinner's up (an awful moment for any man of sensibility), I am invariably called the late Mr. Gentian.

VYVYAN.

It gives me infinite pain, Sir, to be inflexible with a gentleman of your genius; but as this, Sir, is a dinner of contributors, and as we have it under the hand of a most veracious historian, that you are defunct, we shall require the stronger evidence of a contribution from that reverend incarnation I have the honour to address, before even Mr. Heaviside can pass you.

GENTIAN.

Always ready, Sir. I thought a nice little article or two might be wanting: and here, Sir—here—read—read—. Read aloud. Modesty out of place here, you know!

VYVYAN.

Exceedingly true. This must put your claim upon us past a doubt; but we have no taste for dining with ghosts; and you will therefore excuse me requiring such a certificate of your identity. These verses, indeed, bear the stamp of mother Earth upon them. Come, lordlings, listen all:—

BALLAD.

BY ABRAHAM GENTIAN, ESQ.

Wandering in the deserts wild
Have you seen Distraction's child?
Pale her cheek, and sunk her eyes,
And plaintive her empassion'd sighs.

She calls her lover to her arms,
With heartless scorn he flies her charms;
She seeks the village in the vale,
And tells to all her mournful tale.

So exquisitely soft and sad,
She almost makes her list'ners mad;
For pity melts, dissolv'd, to hear,
And iron-pride distills a tear!

Mr. Gentian having concluded his ballad to the universal admiration of the Meeting, Vyvyan, after a few preludes, burst forth into the following

SONG.

The late Mr. Gentian
No more must we mention,
'Tis all an invention—
He's here as our guest;
His great incarnation
Is come for his ration,
He'll take a potation
As well as the best.

See, his corpus advances,
His abdomen dances
His smirks and his glances
Are pregnant with fun;
Hail! hail to the queer one,
Of Momma the dear one,
We never can fear one
Who's got such a tun.

His verses are thrilling,
His bon-mots are killing,
No critical chilling
Shall put out his fire—
Then rule here thou wizard;
From Alpha to Izzard,
Here's work for thy gizzard,
Here's work for thy lyre.

It was half past six, and the Knight and the Knave had not arrived. Mr. Garraway looked imploringly, and Mr. Gentian looked despondingly, and Sir Thomas looked angrily, and Merton looked critically, and Gerard looked anti-poetically. To fill up the tedious moments, Mr. Heaviside proposed to read an elaborate critique on

GILBERT EARLE.

"THE literature of the present day is teeming with vices, among which the habit of beginning the notice of a particular book with a multitude of general reflections is not the least. I abuse and imitate; and this we do of necessity. The writers of every age

have always had much in common, especially their faults. I am weary of the philosophizing spirit of the times—I am tired of cause hunting, (I speak not of attorney's,) there is no end to it;—the moment a book is published the world is busy, not in enjoying, but in discussing the general principle on which it is written. Every author is supposed to have some metaphysical formula by the aid of which he constructs works of imagination, almost as mechanically as Mr. Babbage's machine turns out logarithmic tables. I am sure my natural disposition is against all this. I never feel the least inclination to dive into the kitchen to see how my dinner is cooked: I would not give sixpence to know the process by which a heap of dung becomes a bed of violets; and nothing affronts me more than to see Sir Edward Smith tearing a beautiful flower to pieces, leaf by leaf, to explain to a crowd of staring boobies the difference between the *calix* and the *corolla*, who straightway go home to ponder on the ignorance of people who know not how to do any thing with a rose but admire its beauty and enjoy its fragrance.

"But I must obey the fashion, and proceed *secundum artem*. I shall not, however, go so far as the great Fadladeen, that model of a reviewer, who, as I recollect, considered it necessary to commence his critique with an account of all the poems that ever were written. I mean to confine myself to a short analysis of the excellence and defects of the principal English novels of the last and present century, occasionally taking a hasty glance at similar productions in France and Germany; and then intend to conclude with a detailed examination of the work under review; shewing how far the practice of the author accords or differs with the best standards of taste, interspersing the whole article with—"

Here Mr. Heaviside was obliged to desist—the under current of gossip had set in rather strong; from the first he had struggled against it nobly, lifting up his voice until our editorial hammer fell as noiseless on the table as a lady's glove; but the dire threats of "analysis" and "examination," supported as they were by the mass of paper which he wielded in his hand, was too much for human patience to bear. He yielded to numbers, and gave up the contest, with no very pleasant look at his enemies.—"Pocket, my dear Heaviside," said Joyeuse, "pocket your papers and your vexation. Your Analysis, no doubt, is excellent, but this is a night of Synthesis—*ecce signum*—our host of the garter has just compounded a bowl of most exquisite lime punch." "Of which I demand the first glass, as the only remaining member of the King of Clubs," said Sir Thomas Nesbit;—"and now I have it, do, Heaviside, tell me something about this book of Knight's—Gilbert Earle—who wrote it? Is it good for any thing?" Heavi-

side rolled up his papers, muttering that people had better read for themselves. Mr. Heaviside was piqued.

"He can distinguish and divide

A hair 'twixt south and south-east side."

And he loves to his heart's core to exercise his talent, maugre his wily abuse of his favourite occupation.

"Right," exclaimed Gerard. "It is a work of real genius"—"and of brevity," said Vyvyan, with an especial eye to his watch. "Good, my friends," quoth we; "and now if Gerard will read us a passage or two we shall know a great deal more about the matter than if we had read all the Reviews in Christendom." "This is neither time nor place for the characteristic parts of the book," said Gerard, picking Heaviside's pocket of the volume, "but there is a capital description of his old school, which I will give you scraps of—the whole is admirable, but Heaviside is such an awful warning against lengthiness, that I dare not give it entire.

Before we went to a public school, we were at a small one, about ten miles from Wilverham. It was kept by a clergyman; and consisted of about thirty boys, chiefly, like ourselves, the sons of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. I was not long in the country before I determined to ride over and see my old school and my old master; who, I was told was still alive, though he had some years before given up the school to his son.

How familiar was every step of the road! My brother and I were always sent for on Saturday, and returned on the Monday morning;—and how well I recollect our different feelings, and our different pace, according to the direction in which our ponies' heads were turned. I could still see myself flying along on my little forester [grey, with a long tail], on our Saturday's journey, and trailing back at a foot's-pace on the morning of black Monday. Justly, indeed, may it be called so;—for I question if (setting periods of violent grief aside) there be any thing in after life more truly gloomy and wretched than the feelings of a boy as he goes back to school. I have always thought it mere affectation, or, at all events, quite a fallacy, to talk of our school-days as the happiest of our lives. In happiness, what we believe to be *is*. If we fancy ourselves happy or unhappy, we are so. And where was ever the schoolboy who *thought* himself happy at school? In the first place, he has always an insatiable craving for manhood, quite incompatible with strong present enjoyment;—and moreover, a school-life, in nearly every other respect, is any thing rather than a state of happiness. The contrast between the luxuries, the kindnesses, and the *heart* of home, and the discipline, the privations, the scoffing, the utter want of all softness and delicacy of feeling, which are inevitable to a school—this contrast neither is nor ought to be, undergone without strong sensations of depression and pain. I say it ought not, for it is eminently calculated to check and deaden those feelings which should be cherished the most—and which are at the same time the most obnoxious to the subsequent influences of the world, and the most susceptible of their pernicious action. Almost in-proportion as a feeling is tender and amiable, it is converted into a torment by the jeers and sarcasm to which it is subjected. For example, every one who has been at an English school, must remember the ridicule which invariable awaited any manifestation of his affection for his mother, or his sisters in particular. For my own part, I would

rather, like Ford, have trusted a thief to walk my favourite horse, than any of my schoolfellows with one of my mother's letters, or even with *my sister's Christian name*. I have said that the transition from home to school never is experienced without pain;—for how can any boy of the slightest sensibility of heart not feel bitterly the contrast between the manner in which he is loved and *considered* in the one, and the contemptuous recklessness, or at best, the coarse hard friendship, he meets with in the other? I recollect (so strong was this feeling in me), that whenever we were sent to school in the carriage, as was the case in bad weather, I used always, for the first half of our journey, to long for it to break down, that we might be obliged to return home again; and to lament when our near approach to school rendered even the wish of an upset unavailing. One day, I remember to have met the footman of an old lady who lived in our neighbourhood, and wishing to be him, *because he was not going to school*.

I had written the Doctor word of my coming, so he expected me when I arrived at the house. When I had left this school, more than thirty years before, he was a hearty and portly man, of about five-and-forty—with a person a little inclined to be round, and a nose a good deal inclining to be red, and a periodical touch of the gout every autumn. He had always, without being a drunkard, been fond of his bottle;—and had a lingering taste for the chase, as was evinced by his giving us a holiday whenever the hounds met near the village, and his mounting his grey horse (which was fast becoming white) and going to see them throw off, and as much farther as he and his steed could compass. He was, as a schoolmaster usually is, exceedingly fond of his joke, and used sometimes to accompany the flagellations, which were by no means infrequent, by jests which did not in the least increase the very small desire to laugh which the sufferer might at the moment be supposed to entertain. In short, the Doctor was one of those good-humoured and somewhat self-indulgent persons, who, without exciting any strong sentiment of respect or esteem, seldom fail to leave one of kindness—the livelier, perhaps, for the very absence of the other feelings I have named.

I now begged to see the school;—the old man apologized for not being able to accompany me,—but he rang the bell and desired the servant to request Mr. —, (his son,) to come to him. Accordingly, a spruce, prim, stiff, personage made his appearance, dressed in a scrupulous suit of black, rather worn at the elbows, but exceedingly well brushed and orthodox. I remembered him a tall gawky lad, a sort of half-assistant to his father, and especially hated by the boys, from his being in turn associate and petty tyrant,—play-fellow and, as it was suspected, spy.

After we had been somewhat ceremoniously presented to each other, and a few words of recognition had passed,—he preceded me to the school, which is a detached building, at the other side of the yard. As we approached, I heard that indescribable hum which always proceeds from a full school—but when we entered, it ceased suddenly as every head was raised from the book, to look at 'the strange gentleman.' The school was almost unchanged,—the very forms had a physiognomy so similar to those on which I had sat,—blotted with ink, and scrawled and carved with initials and non-descript figures of all kinds that my imagination might well be allowed to believe them the same. The *lockers* (as our phrase was,) were indisputably the same; there was a multitude of indescribable marks and tokens on them which flashed upon my recollection in an instant. The chief difference was in the costume of the boys. The fashions of dress are fundamentally altered since I was at school. The shoe-buckle, the knee-breeches, the long hair, which formed the dandyism of that day are quite vanished—and though the present mode is far more natural and

graceful, yet at that moment it seemed to me in disagreeable contrast with the old locality.

While I was contemplating these things, I had forgotten the usual boon which it is always expected that a visitor should beg—a half-holiday. I was reminded of it, by observing a pretty general whispering among the boys, together with side-long glances at me, which seemed to intimate an anxiety lest I should not be sufficiently aware of the honoured custom. I immediately turned to Mr. —, and made my request aloud. Every eye in the room flashed with delight;—and one or two of the most eager boys half sprang from their seats in anticipation. The master paused and looked important, and began to demur;—but I insisted that, *for auld lang syne*, he should not deny me,—and at last he yielded, with that bad grace with which schoolmasters generally seem to think it necessary to qualify the granting of a favour. The moment the word was given, there was a general rush by the boys,—and a most vociferous shouting of “Thank-ye, Sir!—Thank-ye, Sir!” Each sprang to his locker to put by his book—(a piece of regularity to which the presence of the master seemed to me to have a great deal to say,) and in two minutes the school was cleared.

At this instant Mr. Garraway entered with the turtle—the delinquents were arrived.

Our worthy publisher, and his excellent man of all work entered the dining-room, with most indescribable countenances. That of the Bibliopole was quite appalling.

“ Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam’s curtain in the dead of night.”

We took the chair—but neither did our courtesy, nor our wit (and each were abundantly exercised,) relax a muscle of the unhappy wight’s physiognomy. This threw a gloom upon the hilarity, and even the Champagne lagged. Vyvyan could endure it no longer;—he at once demanded an explanation and No. V. The explanation was in the publisher’s pocket, but No. V. was in Pall Mall East. With a most appalling slowness the afflicted man drew forth a bundle of papers, which Heaviside snatched at as a brief. It was a Chancery injunction. A few words sufficed to explain. Byron’s Correspondence, and our Review of that most pithy of letter-writers, were temporarily suppressed. We cannot describe the consternation; but there is a compensation in all things—the venison was excellent, and the “Mrs. Garraway Pudding” superb. Before the claret came even the Knight of the rueful countenance laughed audibly.

The cloth was cleared—and we had drunk the King with enthusiasm, when Mr. Aymer rose.—“ It was most oppressive to his feelings to interrupt the conviviality of such a party, assembled on such an occasion; but it was absolutely due to our most excellent publisher to relieve him a little from the embarrassment of his situation. Three sheets of the best Review that was ever

written—a Review that comprehended more interesting matter about Byron—(and matter too that the gravest might read,) than the world had yet seen; must be cancelled. After that night where would be the contributors? Mr. Heaviside was going the circuit—Mr. Murray to Abbotsford—Mr. Merton to Leicestershire—Mr. Vyvyan to St. Petersburg—Mr. Gerard to the Cape of Good Hope—the Editor to the Lakes—and his humble self upon a few day's excursion to Putney. In case of need articles must be provided, and those immediately. He therefore, for one hour, presumed to summon the glorious band to their duty, a call from which they had never shrunk."

Mr. Aymer's speech was received with the applause it deserved; but the expression of sentiment was still not loud but deep: Gentian looked very mournful, and even Vyvyan's lip fell. We ordered the waiter to bring in a dozen of claret and six ink-stands, and the Vice locked the door.

"Gentlemen," said Tristram, "the bravest and the most glorious nations of antiquity were sometimes constrained to employ mercenaries. Let us look out for foreign aid."

"Good," replied Vyvyan, "I will write to my particular friend, the Editor of the European Review. He has monopolized 'all the knowing men of Europe,' except ourselves. The three sheets will be at the printer's in four and twenty hours." The following was written in Mr. Joyeuse's fairest hand, and sent by that night's post:—

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN REVIEW.

Christopher Inn, Eton, July 10, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have not the honour of your personal acquaintance, though I feel satisfied that we must be more than personal friends. I know that you, as a man of genius, must have admired my productions, and I only attribute it to the supremely careless omission of Mrs. Boyle, in her last edition of the Court Guide, that your letter, dated, no doubt, from No. 17, Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater, has not been forwarded to my town-house. I have been in Devonshire. In that letter I know you have solicited me to join that illustrious body of worthies assembled around you, who, as you forcibly observe in your Prospectus, "have acquired over their equals the authority of thought,"—"who are, according to universal consent, the best acquainted with the court, the cabinet, and the country of which they treat, and the best hopes of enlightened, brave, and generous men." I knew that you have so solicited me, and I there-

fore assume at once the privilege of friendship, and address you with the frankness and confidence of kindred talent.

You may probably have heard of me only as an occasional writer in a piquant periodical (very different indeed in its conduct and its objects from the *European Review*, but still possessing great merit in its way) entitled "*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*." I confess that I do occasionally recreate my pen in that Miscellany; but it was an entire hoax of that erring person, the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to represent me as a young man. I was for several years the Editor of the *British Review*; and that venerable cognomen, *my grandmother*, which has been improperly applied to a gentleman very much my inferior in years and gravity, properly belongs to me. I cannot surrender this honour even to you, the representative of "*Mind and its Productions in Britain, France, Italy, Germany, &c.*;" but the common consent of Europe votes to you the appellation of *my grandfather*; and be assured, my dear Sir, that no exertion shall be wanting on my part to make the proud distinction your sole and inalienable possession.

I think now that I am entitled to ask a favour. I have condescended to dine at this place with some promising boys who write for the miscellany to which I have alluded—clever lads in their vocation—but who (*entre nous*) are of that class which you properly describe as "inexperienced young men, who write under the imposing mask of sages." They are in a dilemma. Some legal proceedings about an obscure volume have compelled the Editor of this Magazine to suppress two or three sheets of matter, (by the bye how much do you pay per sheet for *Mind and its productions*?) having reference to this volume. The Editor knows not how to fill his Number; and the lads have, *una voce*, requested me to write to you. Assuming then the character of this Editor (who is really too modest to apply himself to a person of your gravity,) and in his name, I address you.

We have a claim upon you. You told us "the journal" which you announced would "be composed of *all* that was WANTING in the BEST JOURNALS." We never doubted the *truth* of your promises. To say nothing of your previous character, there was a *simplicity* in your Prospectus, and particularly in this member of it, which at once insured conviction. Every great man must know his own powers. We were glad to find you superior to the affectation of modesty. Our Magazine not only ranks among the BEST JOURNALS, but is without doubt THE BEST JOURNAL of the present day of good journals. We therefore boldly come to you to supply our wants. We want MATTER. "*Mind and its productions*" we must have. We have read your first Number with infinite delight

We have seen in that a vast deal of what is wanting in the *best* journals—indeed the whole number bears *that* characteristic of excellence. If therefore, in the prolific hot-bed of your correspondence throughout the civilized world, there should be an overflow,—if there should be some rising genius, who is not yet worthy to have his name printed at full length, in the “second Edition of the Prospectus of the European Review,” some burning candidate for *your* honours, who has not yet arrived at the immortality of finding “his portrait successively, amongst the British, French, Italian, and German writers, distinguished throughout Europe, and engaged as regular contributors in your Journal,”—hand him over to us. We do not ask you to spare any of the products of “Britain, France, Germany, Italy, &c.”—but surrender to our distresses the Illuminati of Lapland and Crim Tartary. You tell us that “all the intellect of this old Continent will be found in the European Review, *as it were in deposit*”—we only ask that you should send us some of *your unredeemed pledges*.

We should be happy to see you amongst us here. Mr. Garraway has a French cook who understands something of matter and its productions, &c., and though *we* drink claret, the tap will supply heavy-wet at a moment's notice.

Believe me, my dear brother, ever yours,

VYVYAN JOYEUSE.

To ——— the Editor of the *European Review*,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

17, Westbourne Terrace, Bayswater.

[MOST PRIVATE.]

N. B. Our publisher has desired us to say, that if “*Mumbo Jumbo*” unfortunately has wasted its sweetness on the desert air”—owing to the lack of taste and spirit in the trade, he is ready to bid for it, and will engage to publish editions—“in English, at London; in French, at Paris; in Italian, at Florence: and in German, at Stuttgart.”

VERNON.

Infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Joyeuse. That letter relieves me from a world of anxiety. We shall have shoals of these “great general scholars” pouring in upon us from all parts of the habitable globe. We shall die of a surfeit.

MR. GENTIAN.

Rather than have no Number, my little Sub., what think you of a nice handy Paper, written by a friend of mine, called No House?

OMNES.

Read! read!

NO HOUSE.

A STRANGER in London, when he has seen the theatres, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the lions in the Tower, feels that after all he shall cut but a poor figure when he gets home, if he omits to visit the House of Commons.

Aware of this, I, a few weeks back, directed my steps towards St. Stephen's Chapel. I had nearly got through Westminster-hall, when a person, standing about two feet six *with his shoes on*, threw his head back as if a balloon had just been passing over him, to get a view of my face; and having succeeded, he civilly asked "if I wanted to see the House of Commons?" I answered in the affirmative; upon which I saw his little broad-back twaddle before me as expeditiously as the two duck-legs belonging to its owner could move with such a load. We passed along a short passage, and ascended a few steps, when my guide pushing open a door, beckoned me to follow.

"This is the lobby, sir," he called out; "and *there*," pointing to the spot on which I stood immediately after entering, "Mr. Perceval was murdered."

I was about to indulge in some reflections on that mournful event, when my hand was suddenly grasped by my neighbour, Squire Heathfield, a very worshipful magistrate, and the owner of an estate considered worth five thousand per annum.

Of course solemn meditation instantly gave way to polite recognition. I expressed satisfaction at seeing Mr. Heathfield so well, and, as I ventured to remark, in such excellent spirits.

"Why," said he, "I am a little in spirits, for I have succeeded in two things which I wished to accomplish by coming here."

"Indeed," said I, concluding that something very great had been done for the county as well as for himself.

"Yes," said he, "I was lucky enough to get hold of our member, Old Boroughby, and at once secured a frank for my letter, and an order for the gallery."

I passed with Mr. Heathfield to a staircase, which I understood led to the gallery, towards which I began to ascend, when my dwarf guide again presented himself before me. He spoke not, but the turn of his eye furnished a memorandum not to be mistaken. It cost me sixpence.

A few steps higher brought us to a door, where my neighbour shewed his order. I, at the same time, exhibited half-a-crown, and both were admitted.

On entering the gallery we ran helter skelter towards the front seat. But on looking round I perceived that the reporters of the debates preferred the back seat of all. It struck me that they

must know which was the best place, so I retrograded and took my seat immediately in front of them. Heathfield did the same.

If no other good resulted from the movement I had made, I flattered myself that a material advantage would be secured by my getting in the immediate vicinity of the historians of the day, who could so easily explain anything which I might not comprehend, and moreover tell me who was who. Feeling that I should have occasion for their services, like most persons in the same situation, it never occurred to me that it was at all likely they would have something else to do than to attend to me.

I now began addressing a gentleman who had snuffed with me. By way of preface I remarked that "I supposed a debate was no treat to him." Next I said, "I took it for granted that he could point out all the members, and for what places they sat," and when he replied "a considerable number of them," I rejoined that "I could not think how he could possibly do it."

Matters being in this promising train, I now proceeded to business, by asking if the clerk sitting at the table in a gown and wig, was the Speaker? if the messenger, with a silver-gilt representation of the King's arms suspended from his neck, was the Serjeant at Arms? and which was the Treasury Bench?

I received courteous answers, but I thought the reporter looked rather disposed to smile as I put my last interrogatory. Every thing, however, went on very smoothly, and the ice being fairly broken, I rapidly multiplied my questions, still demanding "Who's that—who's that—and who's that!" as the members entered.

Squire Heathfield, profiting by my example, was not backward in making his inquiries. His great anxiety however was to see Mr. Lushington, to whom he said he had been introduced in the country.

The gallery was now crowded. The reporters near me were calculating at what time the debate would begin, and whether the motion would be acquiesced in or opposed. I continued my questions, and inwardly resolved to do so till I found some difficulty in getting answers.

"Who is that," said I (it was my fiftieth question), as Mr. Wilberforce approached the table. I have since seen this gentleman at a public meeting. "That," said my informant (I really wondered at his patience) "is Mr. Butterworth." I next pointed to Sir J. Newport and desired his name. "Sir Robert Vaughan," was the answer; and next my eyes glistened with joy at beholding Mr. Secretary Canning, as I supposed, in a senator, whose name I have since learned is really Mr. Spring Rice.

"We are in luck, Heathfield," said I. He smiled assent. A

few minutes afterwards a note was put into his hand, addressed "Heathfield, Esq. gallery." My friend read it attentively, and then put it into my hand, saying—

"We are in luck indeed—at least I am."

I read as follows:—

"Mr. Lushington presents compliments to Mr. Heathfield, and understanding that he is now in the gallery of the House of Commons, if convenient to Mr. H., would be glad to speak with him for a moment in the messenger's lobby."

I handed the note back, and Heathfield resumed his comment.

"It is a good thing for me I came here. I have no doubt Boroughby mentioned me to Mr. L. to-day. He has been solicited, I know, to get my cousin Tom a place in the Customs, and to a certainty he wants to speak to me about it."

So saying, he rose from his seat, and offered to make his exit by the centre door. Here, however, he was met by the *corps historique*. That door was exclusively theirs, and none but *members* must pass that way. Both *Whigs* and *Tories*, the *Chronicle* and the *Post*, the *Old Times*, and the *New Times*, here concurred in opposition. They were too potent for the Squire who in vain pleaded the note from Mr. L., and was finally obliged to pass along to the door by which he entered. His application and failure caused a good deal of merriment on the backseat. I myself could not help laughing while I saw him with a face as red as the gills of a laying hen, fighting his way through the dense mass at the door, begging of them to let him out, yet stealing their hearts against him by adding, "I am coming back," in the hope of preserving the seat which he had just left from invasion.

"Order!" "Hats off!" "Sit down gentlemen!" were now bawled out by the messengers. The last command was reiterated with some sternness to one or two refractory strangers, who had but indifferent accommodation for sitting, it being held as disrespectful to stand in the presence of the House of Commons, as it would be not to rise in other places where personages of importance make their appearance.

Prayers were then read by the Chaplain; *how well* I shall not say. When these concluded, the Speaker and the Minister each placing himself by one corner of the table, bowed, and with such exact regard to time, that their heads were near meeting in the centre of the space between them. "Noodle and Doodle!" whispered one of my neighbours.

The Speaker, sitting at the table where I had seen the Clerk which I had mistaken for him, now began to count the members. At this moment a burst of laughter which ran all along the back seat, commanded my attention. I did not at first understand the

cause of it, but looking to the door by which Heathfield had vanished, I saw him with a face even redder than before, and covered with perspiration, fighting for re-admission. With great difficulty he carried his point, and returned to his seat, leaving one skirt of his coat in the hands or under the feet of the enemy. The space which he had previously occupied on the seat had insensibly diminished, notwithstanding my best efforts to prevent it, till there remained scarcely room for a pamphlet of moderate thickness to be placed between me and the gentleman now next to me, but previously next but one.

But a celebrated comic novelist has told us, that "it is the nature of —" (I must not use the word, as it might shock the "ears polite" of modern readers) the internal parts of the human machine to give way when pressed." This experiment was here made; for Heathfield plumping himself down without manifesting any superfluous anxiety for the inconvenience which he might cause to be experienced right and left, succeeded in wedging himself in as tightly as need be. The pressure I experienced caused me to liken our situation to that of figs just packed for a voyage.

"Well," said I, "It's all right I suppose for your cousin Tom, but I wish his preferment had been put off till to-morrow."

I was not aware that there was any thing remarkably droll in this speech, but the reporters near me found it exceedingly whimsical. They had before tittered, but now they laughed outright; and their mirth caused me to laugh also, while I inwardly reflected that a man often says a good thing without being conscious of it himself.

But the cause of their risibility being thus excited I soon read in their faces, while I listened, that Heathfield's answer was not exactly what I had supposed, though the speech above quoted I am by no means prepared to regard as a contemptible specimen of my humour.

What Heathfield said was to this effect.—Having made his way to the Messenger's Lobby, he dangled about at the door of the *smoking room* without seeing or hearing any thing of Mr. Lushington. He was getting tired of waiting when the officers of the House directed him to "move on one way or the other." Upon this he inquired for Mr. Lushington, just at the moment when that gentleman happened to pass. He then mentioned to Mr. Lushington that his name was Heathfield. To this he did not receive that sort of answer which he expected, and he therefore added that he was the gentleman to whom he (Mr. L.) had written in the gallery. While speaking, he handed to the honourable gentleman the note which he had received, and was confounded at hearing him say, "I know nothing of this—it was not written by

me." Before Heathfield could recover from the confusion into which he was thrown by so unexpected an answer, Mr. L. had retired, in compliance with a request from some one that he would "just step in to put the Speaker in the chair." My friend did not know what to make of this, till one of the messengers who had been enjoying his embarrassment, had the kindness to tell him that the note must have been forwarded by some one who knew his name, merely to make a fool of him, by setting him to scramble through the crowd while the writer perhaps took possession of his seat.

The Squire was highly incensed at the freedom thus taken with him; and though I gave him several hints not to entertain with his resentment the gentlemen behind, who had evidently commenced their authorship that afternoon with the note by which he had been hoaxed, he persisted in gratifying them with the expression of his indignation till the words, "There will be no house," pronounced in a tone of dismay by a stranger in front of us, checked his career, and made him silent from apprehension.

It was curious to mark the strongly-contrasted expression of countenance which the present situation of things produced. From the second seat downwards, all was agitation and alarm,—behind, all was merry expectation and hope.

"It is foolish to adjourn," said the gentleman in advance of me, who had spoken before, "because there are not forty members present just as the clock strikes four."

"This is too bad," cried one of the literary rank, in a tone of vexation, and looking at his watch. "Right or wrong he is determined to have a house. It is now half a minute after time and he is not yet in the chair."

I ought perhaps here to explain that at four o'clock, if the number already present be under forty, the Speaker passes into his Chair, and counts the members again, and if still deficient the House stands adjourned till the following day.

"The late Speaker," added the scribe, who had previously breathed his vexation, "would not have delayed in this manner."

At this moment, (it was exactly four by my watch) Mr. Manners Sutton took the Chair. He certainly did not seem in a hurry, and very deliberately called out "Order, order.—Gentlemen will be pleased to take their places."

There was a short pause, which two of my neighbours of the pen and press thus filled up.

"Did you ever see any thing like this before,"

"Never. It's the way he always does."

The Speaker having collected his gown in one hand, and grasping his cocked hat in the other, now began pointing with one of the corners of his hat as he spoke.

"One, two, three—please to sit down, Sir—four, five—order, order.—Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.—An honourable member walking with his hat on."

"You see," cried the reporter with whom I had conversed, "he is spinning out as much as possible."

"Yes," his friend replied, "this irregularity in the Speaker is, in my opinion, quite unconstitutional."

I thought this was a joke, and laughed accordingly.

"I am serious," he went on, "for as by the rules of the House, forty members meeting after four o'clock form no House, if the counting is thus delayed, and a sitting take place in consequence, the decisions come to in that sitting may afterwards be questioned, as being those of a body meeting contrary to the law and constitution of Parliament."

"While this was being explained the Speaker arrived at thirty. He proceeded—"thirty-one, thirty-two—order at the bar—thirty three—the honourable member will be pleased not to leave the house."

"He's at it again," was grumbled from behind.

The Speaker went on, "Thirty-four, thirty-five;" he added, "I am afraid I have miscounted.—Order under the gallery."

"Zounds!" exclaimed one, or more than one of the *littérate*, "he is going to begin again. Why does he not say at once he will not move till forty arrive?"

And the Right Honourable Gentleman looking behind his chair, first to the right and then to the left, recommenced counting, pointing with his hat, as before.

When he again got above thirty he proceeded rather expeditiously.

"O he's got a House," cried one in the rear, "you may tell that by his counting more than one a minute."

Heathfield looked, and I felt a little consoled at this, especially as the Right Hon. Gentleman reached thirty-eight, but the next moment he added, "This House is adjourned," and hope was no more.

For us, I mean, not so for the historians behind, and yet hope was at an end too for them, having ripened into joyous certainty. While a solemn "Ah!" followed by "what a pity!" ascended from the front, a loud laugh, with the exclamation "Devilish near, Mr. Speaker, but you could not do it after all," invaded my ears from the back seat, or rather from those who had lately occupied it, and who were now gaily retiring.

I had gained the passage, not a little afflicted by the catastrophe, when I met my friend of the gallery."

"I suppose they will not think it necessary to return the money," said I,

"You wish for your half crown again, do you?" said he.—
 "To be sure you have a right to it. Mention it to that lusty gentleman with a broad face, and ask for it at once. He will return it of course."

I went towards the individual thus pointed out, and was about accosting him, when looking round I perceived the giver of this advice watching me with a smile, which very plainly told me that he was waiting the result of a new hoax. I, therefore, abstained from speaking, and was turning away, when the words "Can you favour me with a frank, Mr. Hume?" told me that I had been about to demand half a crown from the honourable member for Aberdeen. Convinced more than before that my appeal would not have been of much service, I was glad to make good my retreat, and bowing to the gentleman who had played me the prank, I walked sulkily down stairs with the squire, contending for the necessity of a speedy reform in Parliament.

VERNON.

That's written by a gentleman of the press, I'll be sworn. None but a member of the corps could so excellently depict the small wit and the practical jokes of that learned profession. I remember the first night I was in the gallery, years ago, asking a knight of the Note Book if Sir Francis Burdett were a good-looking man. "I am not aware," said the wit, "of any defect in his eye-sight." Oh, print the article by all means.

AYMER.

And now, Mr. Montgomery, what have you to say for deserting us? Are we to have no assistance from that muse which has been our hope and our solace.—

"Dear as the light that visits those sad eyes."

Is Tryamour to die a sudden death? Is Canto IV. to be strangled in its birth?

GERARD.

Who can control his fate. My vocation is gallantry, not verse-making. I can quadrille—and play the flute—and fill Albums—but I vote the Magazine a bore, as far as writing for it. But you shall have another Tympany.

* * * * *

We left the pair asleep—at least in bed,

Where I'd fain leave them longer:—tis a pity

To separate young folks so lately wed,

When both are deep in love, and one so pretty;

But now the eastern skies are streaked with red ;
And you must credit this veracious ditty,
Which states that with the sun Sir Lanval rose,
Refresh'd extremely by his night's repose.

The bride—the bride look'd charming in her blushes,
When she came down to breakfast ;—by-the-bye,
Breakfast 's the time when beauty, though least luscious,
Looks most engaging to my simple eye,
Fresh from the toilette's scents, and soaps, and brushes,
With tasty cap, and vest of snowy dye,
Cheeks slightly flush'd, eyes bright as eyes can be,
And ivory fingers pouring out the tea.

If I should ever marry, I'll insist—
But I shall never marry—that's a folly
That I forswore the last time that I kiss'd—
Psha!—never mind—my grandmother, or Dolly,
The housemaid, if you will—In fact, I miss'd
The prize when 'twas my own, and very drolly
Contrived to let propitious Hymen slip,
And dash'd his proffered chalice from my lip.

Yet I don't think that I was much to blame,
And were the thing to do, I cant deny
That I should play precisely the same game,
And spurn the dove, to follow through the sky
The strong-wing'd eagle—if I miss'd my aim,
'Tis my ill fortune that's to blame, not I :
My bow was ably bent, and 'twas my fate
To hit the inner circle, though too late.

Well, one year makes strange changes,—Who'd have thought,
When I began this poem, that so soon
I should my wild impetuous lyre have brought
Down to this anti-matrimonial tune ?
Yet so it is ;—I don't believe there's aught
I'm thinking less of than my honey-moon :
Should ladies break their hearts, I shall be sorry,
But can't descend to swoop at vulgar quarry.

VERNON.

Gerard, you will never forget Ariosto, and his filthy lessons.
“Marry, and live cleanly.” You must atone for these sins of
your youth, by writing Homilies for the rest of your life. But
give us something respectable.

GERARD.

Music ; a Fragment.

VOL. III. PART I.

The Anniversary.

HEAVISIDE.

I hate all fragments—but Gilbert Earle's. They look as if a fellow had been at a feast of words, and stolen all the scraps. But let's have it.

MUSIC; A FRAGMENT.

"My Soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping Swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."—SHELLEY.

It rose upon me, clear and nigh,
A rich and perfect harmony:
Three female voices silver soft
From souls of heavenly music streaming,
Like hymn of Seraphs heard aloft
By youthful Poet dreaming.
And yet 'twas clear that it must be
A strain of earthly melody;
For in the words of that wild song
Did human hopes and wishes throng;
And they who sung it, ye might know
By looks and tones the heart revealing,
Were dwellers on this world below,
Souls fraught with human feeling.

It rose, and sank, and rose again,—
The streams of music sever;
One gentle voice takes up the strain
Like the voice of a lonely river.
I hear its crystal waters flow
In mellow murmurs, lone and low;
The wild flowers on its banks that grow
Beneath my feet are springing.
And o'er my head an azure sky
Extends its boundless canopy;
Flocks graze, and milk-maids carol nigh,
And trees seem waving gracefully,
And village bells are ringing.

And hark! another stream has risen,
With a sudden burst from its silent prison;
A bolder stream which sweeps along
With solemn music clear and strong,
Through the forest's green abysses
Down the rocky precipices,

Rolling with a golden sound—
Now the sister stream is found ;
And the kindred waves unite
With a murmur of delight.
Onward—onward, widening ever,
Winds the visionary river
Toward some ocean—hark !—a third !
Never sure hath mortal heard
Such wild music as these three
Make in their sweet unity.

MURRAY.

I have a bit of verse-making by an unfledged contributor,
which I might shrink from presenting under happier circumstances.
But it has merit ; and we all know the duty of patting
modesty on the back.

TALE OF A ZEPHYR.

When morning beams resplendent rise,
And streak with gold the eastern skies ;
When melting mists with wavy flow
Hang o'er the rugged mountain's brow ;
And milk-maids hie the clover through,
And every leaf is bright with dew,
And birds their early music make,—
I skim the surface of the lake,
And dip my wings in cool delight,
To fit me for my morning flight.
Then gently sighing, I recline
Where golden-eyed white daisies shine ;
Or, where the flowery garden blows,
I kiss the dew-drops from the rose,
And, ere the stolen sweets decay,
Haste to the shady cliff away,
With gelid wing and soft perfume
To fan the lurking strawberry-bloom.

And when the sultry sun rides high,
I chase the crimson butterfly,
Or wanton through the rustling sedge
That trembles at the water's edge ;
Now scudding o'er the mountains brown
To catch the sportive thistle-down ;
Now waving with luxurious joy
The ringlets of the shepherd boy ;
Now breathing through the poplar-grove
Sighs like the whispering sighs of love.

The Anniversary.

When maidens blithely dance at eve,
 I slily glide beneath their sleeve ;
 Or, if they would their ankles hide,
 I toss their russet gowns aside ;
 Or, dallying with their kerchiefs blue,
 I half betray to transient view
 Beauties that thrill the lover through : }
 Then to a lady's casement steal
 To sigh the love I cannot feel,
 Where she has placed a harp all day,
 Expecting me to come and play.
 Sweet music wakens in the strings
 At the soft rustling of my wings ;
 And as I hover round and round,
 She dotes upon the plaintive sound ;
 Then, as the melting tones decay,
 She thinks of one that's far away.
 I see the colour come and go,
 I feel her panting bosom glow,
 And wish 'twere mine to sink to rest
 Upon so fair and fond a breast.

At night, when all around is still,
 I lay me down upon the hill,
 And play with cowslips shining bright,
 Beneath the moon-beam's dewy light ;
 Where dapper elves and fairies glance
 In merry maze and circling dance :
 Or haply wandering I invade
 With rustling sound the leafy shade,
 Where Julia, by her lover led,
 Denies, with half-averted head,
 Of her rosy lips the taste,
 Though both his arms are round her waist :
 Alarmed she hears me, and her fear
 Imagines me a stranger near ;
 And he, though loth to fancy this,
 Lets her go with half a kiss.

Such my joys and such my sport,
 I grieve not that my life is short ;
 But when the warning swallow flies
 To distant shores and milder skies,
 And winter comes with aspect drear,
 I meet my fate without a tear,
 Or only breathe one parting sigh,
 And rapt in clouds and whirlwinds die.

VERNON.

We seem to be getting too poetical. I beg to hand in a little article that may prevent us dying of "excess of sweetness." It is quite in my entertaining way, as Rueful says.

PROSE BY A PROSER.

[We have been accused of being too light and airy—of carrying too much sail and too little ballast; I therefore thought it my duty to ship a little rubbish on board to steady the vessel. I gave notice of my wants, and you cannot conceive with what alacrity they were supplied. The bounty of my friends literally overwhelmed me;—I could load a fleet—I am supplied for life: aye, for an immortality. And the quality is even better than the quantity "*materiam superabat opus*:"—take a sample.]

MR. CANNING is a much more fluent speaker than his predecessor, Lord Castlereagh, and exceeds him also in brilliancy. It is worthy of remark that profound speakers are seldom very brilliant, or brilliant speakers very profound. We cannot be sure that this observation is quite original, (we have never seen it before,) but it is true, and that is better. We do not mean to be understood to say that Mr. C. is not profound; it assists our argument if he is; for *Exceptio probat regulum*.

As Lord Byron is dead, the maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* applies to any observations or remarks that may be made on him personally, but his works are public property, and justly amenable to fair and candid criticism: we, therefore, think ourselves justified in saying, which we do advisedly, that no man can rise from the perusal of Don Juan without the internal conviction that it is the work of a man who was a disgrace to the age and country in which he lived. It is a consoling reflection to our minds that the country so disgraced was not England.

We have made anxious and even painful inquiries on the subject, and we find the general opinion of persons whose talents and experience enable them to form a judgment, to be that the roads in the neighbourhood of the metropolis have been in a state of progressive improvement during the last few years. We shall be happy to receive communications from such of our correspondents as feel themselves able to pronounce on the cause of this amelioration. We have an opinion of our own, but it would be premature to lay it before our readers in the present stage of the investigation.

Mr. Riley, the American traveller, who was shipwrecked on the north-west coast of Africa, tells us, that the Arabs of the desert sometimes live to the age of six zillahs; and he also informs us that a zillah is equal to forty of our years. From these data we have made a calculation, by which we find that six zillahs are equal to two hundred and forty years. We trust our American readers will not accuse us of national prejudice (against which we most solemnly protest) when we say that we hesitate on the bare word of any human being, however respectable, to give perfect credence to such amazing longevity.

There are some points so clear that no man can profess a doubt upon them without incurring the just suspicion of stupidity, or affectation. If any person of mature years should, after reading Mr. Taylor's book on Junius, hesitate to express his full conviction that Sir Philip Francis was the man, he must be content to be treated by the reasoning part of society as one who has not been furnished by nature with the commonest faculties of the mind.

Mr. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, well observes that the influence of the soul on the imagination, and of the imagination again on the soul, has not been sufficiently considered, and he suggests that some of the "more eminent mystics" might be consulted with advantage. This hint has not been thrown away upon us. We have nearly completed our course of mystical reading, and hope very shortly to have the honour of laying before our readers, at some length, the result of our labours on this most interesting subject.

We can safely recommend the *Revue Encyclopedique* to the public attention; it is an extremely judicious work, possessing none of that frivolity with which our neighbours have been sometimes too justly accused. It is perfectly free also from the false glare of wit so much affected by the run of English periodical works; and its remarks are full of weight.

Hume's *History of England* is far from being so accurate as could be wished. Indeed a perfect work of the kind is still a desideratum in our literature.

It is almost impossible to determine the relative claims of great men to niches in the Temple of Fame. We will illustrate our position by an example. Suppose we were asked which was the greatest man, Michael Angelo, Themistocles, or John Locke, we confess we should despair of giving a satisfactory answer. Now

this difficulty, if we mistake not, arises from the dissimilarity of their pursuits, which admits of no common standard whereby they can be measured. The question, however, is curious, and we regret our limits preclude us from such a discussion of it as it deserves.

HASELFOOT.

We seem to be getting somewhat grave. I beg to hand in a nice morçeau—the very petit-paté of contributions. It is something between the tiffany of Ackerman's Repository, and the brown Holland of the London :

THE PORTMANTEAU.

Ποιμὴν, ἔκθε δὲ τῆς Σιλανθίας πρὸς τὸν ἑαυτῆς.—II. xiv.

THE young lady had lost her portmanteau. Many portmanteaus have been lost at different times, and in various ways, within doors and abroad, by fire or flood, by the negligence of servants, the awkwardness of porters, and the dishonesty of coachmen ; but this was a peculiar case ; an unique in the history of losses : no portmanteau was ever of so much importance—no portmanteau was ever so much talked about—and no portmanteau, it is agreed on all hands, ever disappeared under such mysterious and unaccountable circumstances.

It was not an every-day portmanteau. It was the property of brother Edward, who, as all the world knows, is a great author ; and, in addition to its regular and legitimate consignment of shirts and waistcoats, had on many occasions been the medium of conveying less statutable goods ;—beginnings and ends of poems ; essays in their chrysalis state ; hints too good to be lost ; sketches of works never destined to be written ; strange, absurd, out of the way books, such as nobody but brother Edward or Hamilton Murray would have ever thought of looking into ; strings of parallel passages, remarks on the Greek particles, and school exercises furbished up, by way of relief to the lucubrations of John Bellamy and James Grey Jackson, in the Unreadable ; dainty bits from rusty, fusty, dusty, musty, crusty old writers, for the Retrospective, with thimblefuls of brisk, acid, frothy, unsubstantial modern criticism to wash them down ; dissertations and frivolities, and sentimental despondings, intermixed with complaints of displaced commas and disjointed sentences, for Knight's Quarterly ; with a variety of other anomalies of the same description. It had lately been intrusted with the office of transferring from — College, Cambridge, to the Lakes of Cumberland, the *personal* property of

a college lecturer, and, what is more, a high wrangler. On its return from this errand, it was put in requisition by the young lady, to accompany her on her excursion to —, whither she had been invited, with her mother and her sister Catherine, to attend the musical festival and the county ball.

It was piled to the utmost extent of its capacity with the darling treasures of female ingenuity—all the miracles of hemming, and whipping; and stitching, and gore, and selvage, and gusset—the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the needle and the loom :

— jacconots and cambrics,
All with which Bond-street decorates her daughters,
Mantles and spencers, tippets and tiaras,
Scarfs and pelisses* :

All those numberless and mysterious contrivances by which ladies set off or obscure their own charms, and exercise the patience of their male companions. There were caps, and gloves, and fans, frills and flounces, clasps and necklaces, flowers and feathers; there were bonnets, some of the genus denominated by John Wesley “elephantine;” others dipping and receding alternately with a graceful sinuosity, so that the clear white brow, now hidden and now revealed, shone through it like a sparkling stream through the shade of its embowering foliage; robes of every hue, shade, and texture, some of snow-white muslin, arraying the fair form, like an angel, in folds of light, the emblem of candour and innocence; others bright with spring’s own cheerful green; others tinged with the faint blue of the western heaven, while the sun yet lingers in his eastern chamber; others which,

—of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled.

And there were veils, tempering as with a mist the overpowering blaze of beauty; ribbons, whose brilliant dye enhanced by contrast the soberer beauties of the vest which they confined; and jewelled brooches, sparkling like stars on that heaven for which so many youthful martyrs have sighed; and a world of similar inventions, such as the author of Lillian alone could describe. Nor were there wanting still dearer treasures; in this precious repository was enshrined many an elegant little token of affection—many a letter, breathing the very warmth and freshness of first love—and, more cherished than all, the miniature of dear Frederic himself, in its shrine of red morocco. There was also an Album with its motley contents; landscapes from Switzerland, and sprawling roses with half a dozen young, and favoured passages from Barry Cornwall,

* From an unpublished sapphic poem by a friend, or a friend’s friend, we do not know which.

and good things, and *very* good things, and original pieces, which had not been naturalized in above twenty of the albums of her fair neighbours; and others in a detached form, traced by ivory fingers on minute parallelograms of richly-embossed paper, in token of peculiar esteem—and there was the memorandum-book, the record of domestic economy—and, to complete the catalogue, there were two volumes of Redgauntlet, ‘May you like it,’ and the poems of Samuel Rogers looking specious in gilt calf.

This invaluable repository had been detained, by some trivial accident, a day or two after its mistress; it was then conveyed on Tuesday, in the Highgate coach, under the superintendence of cousin Charles, to the Goose and Gridiron in the Old Jewry, from which the — coaches start: and there it had been deposited, on payment of the regular *douceur* for booking, in the full assurance that it would reach — by six o’clock the same evening. Thus much may be depended upon as matter of historical certainty; but nothing further has transpired as to this dark affair—all that we know is, that the portmanteau never arrived at —.

The first news of this event was received with the incredulity which the intelligence of any great and unexpected calamity always excites. It was not for some time, indeed, that any suspicion of the truth suggested itself to their minds. When, after much anxious expectation, and many an eager look from the drawing-room window, the long-desired coach at length arrived, without any tidings of the portmanteau, it was immediately concluded that their cousins in town had despatched it by the eight o’clock coach, for which postponement fifty good reasons were suggested by the party assembled; and they willingly submitted to the pains of “hope deferred,” for a couple of hours longer. Eight o’clock however arrived, and no portmanteau. Of course the blame was laid on the people at the coach-office, for the possibility of mis-carriage never entered their thoughts; such a thing had never been heard of—those people were always so dilatory in delivering things: and accordingly a messenger was despatched to the Green Man, who returned with tidings that no such parcel had been received. This was vexatious; but it was unanimously agreed that the portmanteau *must* come by to-morrow’s coach; and so, after a few gentle strictures on the thoughtlessness of Charles and Ellen, and the inconveniences which *might* have been occasioned, had it been a portmanteau of more immediate importance, the disappointment passed quietly over. Another day, however, revolved, and still the portmanteau came not; and then, at length, a mis-giving of the truth flashed upon their minds. A letter was despatched to Charles full of wonder and dashes, requesting him to make immediate inquiries, and to communicate the result by return of post. In the mean time Mary consoled herself with the thought

that it wanted still three days to the festival, that her common flowered dress would do well enough for the ordinary society of such a place as ———, and that it would be time enough to think of ornament when the great people were assembled. A reply, however, arrived from Charles, stating that he had made the most minute inquiries in the city, but that the community at the Goose, from the Landlord to Boots, persisted in knowing nothing of the matter, and in treating the supposed reception of the portmanteau as an imaginary fact—a mere theory. He was positive, however, that he had paid for the registering, though he could not vouch, from ocular assurance, that the ceremony had taken place. The alarm now became serious; emissaries were despatched, and inquiries were made in all quarters, and all sorts of speculations were promulgated, some of them highly ingenious, by way of explaining the phenomenon. It must have been observed, that the maxim of "*nil admirari*" is more easily obeyed by men than by women; the former, by the comparative steadiness with which they regard the course of things around them, acquire an insight into causes which prevents them from being startled when any thing a little out of their ordinary experience occurs; not so with women—any unusual accident is to them quite confounding; it disturbs their theory altogether; it militates against the whole tenor of their preconceived ideas; and accordingly in their endeavour to get rid of the fact, they are driven to explanations more far-fetched and monstrous even than the reality. Could the portmanteau have been seized on suspicion of contraband goods? Could there have been any passenger of the same name as that on the direction? Could it have slipped from off the coach in midway? Could Ellen have written an illegible direction? Or could Charles have taken it to the wrong office? Each solution was the true one for five minutes, and was then succeeded by another equally infallible; each was in turn confirmed and illustrated by a multiplicity of anecdotes of various authenticity; and each was in turn assented to by the polite beaus around them. Meantime the envoys returned from the Green Man, and from all the halting places on the ——— road, with the appalling report, that no such thing had been heard of on the whole line of road, and that promises, threats, and interrogatories of all kinds had proved fruitless. Then despair ensued; the grave regrets of Mary were mingled with the more clamorous lamentations of sister Catherine, and the vainly reiterated consolations of the mother; and still they wondered, and speculated, and were positive; they sighed alternately after the silver muslin, and the drab-coloured gown, and the blue pelisse, and in the bitterness of their disappointment did not scruple to utter a few insinuations even against the tried care and punctuality of cousin Charles. At length regret, and anger, and wonder, and

speculation, exhausted themselves; and like other people in a similar situation, they began to console themselves by jesting on their own misfortunes. In this they succeeded better; having the assistance of some skilful and experienced practitioners to help them out; and there was Joyeuse's good thing, and Murray's good thing, and Rivers's good thing, and brother Edward's good thing; and all history and all fable were ransacked for parallels, from the days of Pandora to the present hour; and then they turned to speculating and regretting again.

In this state of things, the only resource was sister Catherine's wardrobe. That Catherine loved her sister is certain; that she was not wholly without that sensibility to appearance which distinguishes her sex, is matter of deduction. Now we all know how particularly annoying it is to have just half enough of any thing—Catherine's little store was like bread in a besieged town; and the struggles between womanly vanity and sisterly affection—Catherine's endeavours to persuade herself that such a gown, and such a pelisse, and such a bracelet were unsuitable to her sister, because it agreed with her—but as we were not admitted to the conference, we can only imagine what passed.

The concert came—we cannot dwell on the humiliations of that night—the concert past. Still the county-ball was to come; and the portmanteau *might* turn up just in time.—Vain hope!

* * * * *

We might feign a prosperous catastrophe to our history, even as Tate did for King Lear; we might trace the portmanteau through its wanderings, and paint the extasies which attended its recovery; or we might follow it to the well-known receptacle of all things lost on earth; indeed we fancied we had discovered the long-lost treasure on our last monthly journey to the moon, but, on inspection, it proved to be only a set of the Critical Review. Such a fabrication, however, in the face of acknowledged facts, would be only (as Johnson has it in his Rejected Addresses) “disseminating falsehood without incurring favour, and risking the disgrace of detection without participating the advantages of success.” We must be content, therefore, to leave the affair in its original obscurity.

E. H.

Moral.

They who travel ought always to carry their portmanteaus with them.

H. M.

VERNON.

Gentlemen, Gentlemen.—Ohe jam.—Ring, Sir Thomas.—Take away the inkstands, waiter, and produce the magnums. I would rather work for eight and forty hours before publication, than have this bore of reading and discussion for another ten minutes. Mr. Haselfoot, I call upon you for a song.

Mr. Haselfoot, after certain apologies, which it is unnecessary here to repeat, begged to offer an excellent New Ballad, founded on facts :

Thro' Cambridge town two authors past,
They braved the damp, and they stemm'd the blast ;
One was Murray, high of repute,
And t'other was cynical Haselfoot.

The townsfolk grinn'd as the pair past by,
And the proctor stared suspiciously ;
But little reck'd they, the scribbling pair,
Of the townsman's grin, or the proctor's stare.

The lamps in the market shone dim to see,
And Cambridge was filthy as Cambridge might be ;
Yet on they skurried, thro' thick and thin,
'Till they reach'd the gate of the Wrestlers' Inn.

The arch it was low, and the porch it was narrow,
Yet the critics shot thro' with the flight of an arrow ;
They bounded the darkling court-yard o'er,
And in they bounc'd at the coach-office door.

"What ho ? what ho ?" bold Murray he cried,
"'Tis on an errand of weight we ride !"
"We ride in haste," brave Haselfoot said,
"So rede us thy tidings, and let us be sped."

"Now who be ye, and what your freight,
That seek my cell so lone and so late ?
And wherefore come ye," the book-keeper said,
"When all but proctors and cats are abed ?"

"Two gallant Troubadours are we,
We sing of love and chivalry ;
This freight we bear for a noble Knight,
It must speed by the Boston mail to-night."

"The Boston mail drives stout and fast,
The witching hour of night is past ;
Ere the sun has dried the mountain dews,
The noble Knight shall hear your news."

Now joy to the mail, such a freight that bears !
And joy to Knight, when these tidings he hears !
And joy to dev'let* and pressman stout,
For their toils are o'er, and the number is out.

* "To meet the printer's dev'let face to face."—*Pursuits of Literature*. Southey has *deviling* ; but the true ancient diminutive is *devilkin*.

And joy to you, gentle readers all,
In court or cloister, in bower or hall;
'Squire and priest, and lady fair,
Who take delight in our book so rare.

The ballad failed to produce an impression upon the company. It was, like many other ballads, written to be printed, and not to be sung. Mr. Haselfoot, seeing the feeble impression his vocal efforts had produced, requested leave to put in an anecdote: which was refused from the chair.

Mr. Haselfoot's ballad, and Mr. H.'s proposed anecdote, gave a turn to the conviviality of the evening. The labour of discussion was passed—there was ballast enough on the table to prevent any Number upsetting, even without the aid of the Editor of the *European Review*. The conversation became as interesting as it was general;—Merton was right eloquent—and Murray right learned—and Haller right historical—and Haselfoot right silent—and Gentian right noisy—and Heaviside right sleepy. We regret that our limits (as the *Morning Post* says) will not permit us to complete the description of that night's joy—a joy so tempered with discretion, that the narration of it would be truly edifying. We can only recur to our Note Book for the heads of that exquisite Convivium:

Publisher, having discussed several bumpers of Claret, prepareth to read Chancery Injunction—voted a bore. Gerard describeth the two beauties of Windsor that hold divided empire over his heart, and compareth his situation to Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. Gerard quite local in all his allusions, and likely therefore to compete for the honour of succession to a certain nameless Poet. Gerard complaineth of the municipality of Windsor for prolonging the building of an iron bridge over the Thames, and thus apostrophizeth in verse:—

I stood at Windsor on the bridge of wood,
A castle and a college on each hand,
And mark'd the iron arches o'er the flood,
Their ponderous length, by slow degrees, expand.
I wish they'd build them quicker, if they could.
'Tis a long time since first the bridge was plann'd;
And I'm beginning to dislike taxation,
And grudge my half-pence to the corporation.

Corporation voted a bore.

Variety of Toasts, "The Editor of Gilbert Earle, and the absent Contributors."—"Mr. Martin Sterling, and the Memory of the Etonian."—"Mr. Gifford, and the Quarterly Review."—"Mr. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh."—"Mr. Odoherty and Blackwood."—"Mr. Campbell and the New Monthly."—"The

Opium Eater and the London."—"Mr. Walker and the European Review."—"Mr. Martin M'Dermot and the European Magazine."—"Mr. Pierce Egan and Life in London."—Some notice of the forthcoming Memoirs of Lord Byron, by Mr. Egan, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Theodore Hook. Murray expresseth his belief in Craniology, to which Merton demurs—argument ran so high that Vyvyan broke a magnum, in the endeavour to shew that its bumps were as clear as those of the cranium. Aymer embraces occasion to sing

A CRANIOLOGICAL INVITATION TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Come here, each wit, with his head in his hand;
Come here each scribe with his scone ready scored;
Come here tattooed from De Ville's in the Strand,
And shew up your skull to our critical board.
A poet we want, for our Gerard is fled—
Exhibit no elegy, epic, or ode,
But tell us the organs that rhyme in your head—
We'll squeeze verse from them like the gem from the toad.
Bring us the bump of delight, the sweet *Ama-*
tiveness, that's hail'd as the faculty prime;
From that and a large *Self-Esteem* we can hammer
A legion of sonnets, in *tune* and in *time*.
A critic we want, for our Haselfoot rash
Is meddling with books that the hangman might burn—
With *Destructiveness* send to the devil our trash—
Your *Caution* shall teach us to read ere we spurn.
Bring here no *Philoprogenitiveness*,
Bring here no *Order, Weight, Colour, or Size*;
Bring no *Secretive—Acquisitiveness*,—
But come with high crowns and protuberant eyes.
Ye that are curs'd with the dread Number *eight*,
The bump of Bill Soames and of Mat o' the Mint,
Keep from Newgate awhile—if ye yield to your fate
Enlist with the legion who steal what they print.
Ye that are blest with the fam'd Number *five*,
That clapper and claw whether empty or full;
Ye hornets that worry each peaceable hive,
Go—join the mild minions of Blackwood and Bull.
Come here, with your big bumps of talent and taste,
To the glory of Spurzheim, and Gall, and De Ville,
Be ye witty, and learned, and ardent, and chaste—
And cut your hair close, ere your sconces we feel.

Great applause. Bishop—Punch Royal—Devilled Kidneys—
Anchovy Sandwiches—Heavyside vacates—Lights burn blue—
We sleepy—Chimeras—Woke, and found ourselves alone with
the Opium Eater.

KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S INFERNO*.

THERE is, we believe, no work in any of the modern languages of Europe, that has given rise to so much criticism, so many commentaries, and so many translations, or attempts at translation, as Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Although written in a half-barbarous age, in a country distracted by political dissensions, and long before the discovery of printing, Dante's poem became known, and spread over Italy even during the life-time of the Author. As Tasso's rhymes ushered to the world long after, and in a more polished age, became familiar in the mouths of "Adria's gondoleers," so Dante's verses were, in the life-time of the poet, sung by mechanics and people of the lower classes as an accompaniment to, and a relaxation from, their daily labours; and they penetrated even the gloomy recess of the cænobite's cell. Soon after the poet's death, commentaries on the *Divina Commedia* began to appear, and the most learned men of Italy were employed in this task. Public lectures were appointed in the different Italian cities, to explain Dante's poems; and Boccaccio himself was one among the lecturers. The number of works written upon this subject is almost incredible; they alone would form a library. And, although pedantry, scholastic subtilty, and visionary superstition, have often mixed in these erudite labours, yet there is no doubt but they have served to throw much light upon the *Divina Commedia*, which, from many causes, is often remarkably obscure even to Italian literary men. This obscurity arises, 1st, from the mixture of reality and allegory in the sense of the poem; 2d, from its comprehensive, and, at times, highly-figurative language; 3d, from the frequent

* "L'Enfer de Dante Alighieri, traduit en Français, accompagné de Notes explicatives, raisonnées, et historiques, &c. Par J. C. Tarver." 2 vols. C. Knight.

allusions to local and historical circumstances, and to habits, scientific doctrines, and opinions, since forgotten; 4th, from the idioms taken from the different dialects of Italy at the time.

The taste for the study of Dante, which had abated after the termination of the 14th century, revived with fresh vigour in the latter part of the 18th. Alfieri and Monti stood foremost in this new worship towards the father of Italian literature,—a worship which, although carried to excess by inferior minds, has in it something far superior to mere pedantry; it is not the harmony of verse, but the power of thought, the sterling morality, the blunt honesty of the poet, that have given rise to this Dante-mania, which forms now in Italy one of the signs of the age, and not one of the worst.

There are passages in Dante where the precise, we might call it the verbal, meaning of a particular phrase or member of a sentence may be understood different ways, without altering the whole sense of the passage, as connected with what precedes or follows. We will give an instance in the 3d Canto. Speaking of the souls of the idle and indifferent,

“Che visser senza infamia e senza lodo,”

Dante observes, that they were excluded from Heaven, that they might not impair its lustre by their presence, and that the deep Hell would not admit them,

“Ch’ alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d’elli.”

Most commentators and translators, and Mr. Tarver with the rest, have rendered this passage, “because the guilty would reap some glory from their company.” This seems plausible, and agrees well with the spirit of the whole passage; yet others assert, that *alcuna* in this passage means *niuna*, as if the real guilty, who, it must be observed, do not seem in general, in the Inferno, to be repentant or sorry for having offended God, but rather boast of their wickedness, would feel their pride of villany humbled by the presence of beings who had not distinguished themselves by any glaring misdeed, and therefore refuse to admit them into their company. Who shall decide about the real meaning of Dante when he wrote these lines? Many passages there are of a similar description. The poet can only have had one meaning; but translators and commentators suggest several, and the reader must choose.

A poetical translation of Dante may be very interesting to those who are not able to read the original; it may also prove so to those who, understanding Italian, may wish to see Dante’s poem clothed in their native language. But there is another, and a

numerous class of persons, who, being acquainted with Italian, but not enough to understand Dante without assistance, are desirous of becoming familiar with its Italian beauties for their own merits, and also as a key to their more complete knowledge of the spirit of Italian poetry. These require a literal translation of Dante, accompanied by abundant notes. We have here before us an attempt at uniting both the requisites just mentioned. Mr. Tarver's first volume gives us the original, with a close prose translation on the opposite page, adding the various readings of the text at the bottom; by these means we follow the steps of Dante, verse by verse. We have the meaning of the poet explained to us, and, generally speaking, we believe correctly; Mr. T. having evidently taken great pains to compare the various explanations of the most celebrated commentators, from among which he has adopted that which seems most consistent with reason and the general spirit of the poem. In those places where he has ventured an opinion of his own, he has done it after full consideration, and he tells us candidly why he differs from those who have preceded him. His is an unpretending book, and if Mr. T. in his preface seems at one time to swerve from his unaffected modesty, this is nothing more than a very excusable (if excuse it need) feeling of satisfaction in a writer, who, after long labour, has felt, as he says, a consciousness of having obtained access within the penetralia of the sanctuary of poetry; and seen unravelled before him its sublime mysteries. He claims for himself no merit, but that of assiduity crowned with success. He has studied the commentators, and through them he has seized the whole of the tortuous thread. "To give the reader a correct knowledge of the Divine Comedy by means of a translation, it was required to effect one which should be on a different plan from that generally adopted; which should be nothing without the original, but be essentially connected and embodied with it, and which should serve to guide the uncertain steps of pupils, and throw light upon the obscure passages; which should point out to them the most remarkable features; obliging them, at the same time, to keep his eyes close to the text;—a translation, in short, which should be the echo of the author."

Mr. T. then proceeds to state, that, although resident in England, and impressed with the hope that his labours would be grateful to the English public, he determined to write his version in French prose. Experience has proved that translations in verse cannot be always exact. Many phrases and turns of expression belonging to the original language, many ideas and associations, cannot be translated except by a periphrase. The measure, harmony, and loftiness of verse, are obstacles to an exact fidelity. Many figurative expressions could not be rendered from

one language to another, consistent with the dignity of a poetical translation. The French language is peculiarly circumscribed in this respect. But why write in French? Because Mr. T. did not intend to confine his book to England alone; and because he thought, from the analogy of the two languages, with which he is evidently perfectly acquainted, that a literal and unpretending prose translation might be better accomplished in French than in English. This clearly points out for whom this translation is meant. Not, as we have already said, for the man totally unacquainted with the Italian language, who wishes to have the spirit of Dante's poem rendered in his own tongue; but for the man who, knowing sufficient Italian to read Italian poetry, wishes, after having read easier authors, at last to feel the beauties of that language through the means of its oldest and most sublime writer. To these we think we may safely recommend the present version. They will read each verse of Dante, and, where a difficulty arises, they will consult Mr. T.'s translation on the opposite page; and, wherever there is a doubt, the notes will assist them in forming their judgment.

But it is in the second volume of the work before us that we find intrinsic merit. After a topographic description of the Inferno, very useful, in order to avoid confusion in following the poet through his journey, Mr. T. has given us, in clear and concise language, notes upon each of the difficult passages; and of the extent of his labours our readers may form an idea, when we tell them that these notes amount to nearly *five hundred*, filling a volume of four hundred pages. In these notes he has given the substance of the various comments upon the disputed passages, and added much historical and geographical information of a peculiar nature, as connected with the state of Tuscany and the rest of Italy at the time when Dante lived; and without which it is impossible to understand the numerous allusions of the poet. For this labour we feel really grateful to Mr. T., as we do not know of any other *translation* accompanied with this essential advantage to any thing like the extent given to it here. It falls to the lot of few to be able to enrich their libraries with a collection of all Dante's commentators, and to have leisure and patience enough to undergo the *improbum laborem* of wading through them, and reconciling their differences. Of these notes it is impossible for us, in a short review like this, to give a specimen; we must refer the reader to the work itself, and we will point out to him, among the rest, Canto 2d note i, C. 3d n. c, C. 5 n. m, in which he exposes the sentimental laxity of Ginguené in attempting to excuse Francesca da Rimini's adultery; C. 11 n. m, C. 13 n. c, C. 23 n. k, C. 27 n. b, C. 28 n. a, C. 32 n. m, C. 34 n. c, &c.

Mr. T. has not, like other, especially ancient, commentators, fancied in every word of Dante a deep-laid allegory and a mystic meaning, attributing to the poet, perhaps, many ideas which he never entertained. We have here a clear and natural exposition of the reasonable, and often literal, meaning of his words.

Mr. T. has added at the end an interesting sketch of the character of the poem, of the history of the rival factions, first of the Guelphs and Ghibelins, and secondly of the Bianchi and Neri; which two last have been sometimes confounded erroneously with the former. He also gives us a short account of Dante's political and literary career, and of his wanderings after his exile. The faults of the poet—his too great pride and obstinacy—his too vindictive feelings against his enemies, are not concealed—his importance in his native republic is not magnified—in short, although the poet may be called divine, the politician is not represented as infallible, as some of his admirers have attempted to paint him. We think his love towards his country has been rather exaggerated. It was the love of a party man. It was not on a liberal enlarged scale; it partook of the petty feelings of the times. But the poet towers above all. In his poem he shows much greater impartiality and real calm philosophy than we could expect from his public conduct. Once within the eternal gates, once having crossed the sad river of Acheron, he really seems, with very few exceptions, to have left his partialities and earthly feelings on the other side; “having disencumbered himself,” to use the words of Count Perticari, “of the ties of country, relationship, and mortality, he sat himself at the foot of God's great judgment-seat, and thence he has often awarded, with an equal hand, punishment to his friends, and recompense to his enemies.” Dante was a man of a proud nature, and of an irritable temperament, but, possessed of a perspicuous and lofty eloquence. His answer to the friar who came to offer him Florence's pardon on humiliating conditions is truly grand: “Is this then the glorious manner in which Dante Alighieri is recalled by his country, after nearly fifteen years of a painful exile? Far be it from me, the proclaimer of justice and rectitude, that I should make myself tributary to those who have offended me, as if they had merited well of me. This, my good father, is not the way for me to return to my country; but if you or any other will find means by which Dante shall not lose his honour or his fame, I am ready to accept of them, and I shall not be slow in retracing my steps homeward; but if Florence is not to be entered by an honourable road, I shall never enter it again. What then, are not the stars to be seen from every land on this globe? And can I not, under every zone of heaven, meditate upon the beauties

of truth, without first rendering myself despicable and disgraceful to my country?"

To return from this digression to the present translation. Should we be asked whether this interpretation be better or worse than those which have preceded, we will answer that it is of a different sort; that taking the two volumes together, we are not acquainted with any French or English translation of the same description, and uniting the same philological advantages. With this, we take leave of Mr. Tarver, though not of his book, which shall be placed on our shelves, to be taken down when we want to wander with Padre Dante in the regions of life beyond death,—a journey not without its moral advantages to a man, and especially to a christian.

NOTE. The *London Magazine* of November contains two pages and a half of criticism on Mr. Tarver's work, written by one who professes to be a zealous defender of Mr. Cary. The critic seems indignant at Mr. T. for having charged Mr. Cary's version with inexactness, and he selects *seven* passages out of *eight* which Mr. T. has quoted in his preface out of Mr. Cary's translation, and upon which the critic so comments, as if Mr. Tarver knew not what he was writing about. In justice to the latter, we shall also examine these passages:—The first occurs at the beginning of the poem, Canto I., v. 41 to 43. Dante, at the foot of the mountain, sees before him a panther, or lynx, as others understand by the word *lonza*.

Si ch' à bene sperar m'era cagione
Di quella fera la gaietta pelle
L'ora del tempo e la dolce stagione.

Mr. T. translates, "So that the morning hour, and the sweet season of spring, gave me reason to hope that I might carry off the beautiful speckled skin of that wild animal." (*i. e.* triumph over it.) Upon this the critic makes merry with the idea of catching a panther before breakfast on a fine spring morning. Mr. Cary, it is true, translates

. . . . So that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,
And the sweet season

But if the critic looks to the bottom of the page, he will see that *Mr. Cary himself*, in his note, says, with that candour and modesty which generally accompany genuine talent, "*All the Commentators* whom I have seen, understand our poet to say that the season of the year, and the hour of the day, induced him to hope for the gay skin of the panther; and *there is something in the 16th Canto, v. 107, which countenances their interpretation*; although that which I have followed still appears to me the most probable." We would then, after this,

ask the critic, Is there any thing so very ridiculous in Mr. Tarver's interpretation? But let us examine this celebrated passage a little more closely.

The meaning of the whole of Dante's introduction to his Poem is confessedly allegorical. Dante was lost in the forest of vice, when he found himself at the foot of a hill upon which the rays of the sun were shining (the hill of virtue, illumined by the rays of reason). Dante forms the resolution of climbing up the hill, but three obstacles opposed his progress: a panther (sensuality), a lion (ambition), and a she wolf (avarice). The first stood before him. By the variety of colours in the panther's skin is meant the variety of objects which the licentious pursue in search of pleasure (*i varj capricciosi impeti de' libidinosi—Poggiali*). Now if we were to admit that the outward appearance of sensuality was cheering to Dante, it would follow that he was, at the same time, yielding to the attraction of pleasure. Again, as Mr. Cary observes, there is a passage in Canto 16, which is in favour of the general interpretation:—

Io aveva una corda intorno cinta
E con essa pensai alcuna volta
Prender la lonza alla pelle dipinta.

“I had a cord that braced my girdle round
Wherewith I erst had thought, fast bound, to take
The painted leopard.”

It is evident, therefore, that Dante had intended to conquer the panther, or leopard, meaning sensuality, and had even thought of making use, to complete his triumph, of the cord he had round his girdle. Many commentators, and Lombardi among the rest, explain this cord to be that worn by the monks of St. Francis, an order which Dante is said to have entered in early youth. However this may be, the cord is evidently the emblem of mortification and self-restraint, by which alone sensuality can be conquered.

Is it not, after all this, very natural to incline to Mr. Tarver's interpretation, strengthened by that of *almost all the Italian commentators*, that Dante hoped to carry off the skin of the panther, as the *spolia opima* of his triumph over sensuality? What becomes, then, of the critic's joke about catching a panther before breakfast? We recollect having at first differed ourselves from Mr. Tarver, until, the present contention having obliged us to examine with more attention the bearings of the disputed passage, we have come round to his opinion, happy in being convinced of our mistake.

We now come to the second passage in dispute. Dante is speaking of the see of Rome, or papal dignity; and of its mystical husband, the pontiff.

Quella che con le sette teste nacque
E dalle dieci corna eb be argomento
Fiu che virtute al suo marito piacque.—*Canto xix.*

This is a highly-figurative passage. It is generally admitted, that by the seven heads are meant the Seven Sacraments, and that the ten horns mean the Ten Commandments, from which, say Venturi, Biagioli, Zotti, &c., the see of Rome *ebbe argomenti*, that is to say, she derived, or manifested by clear sign, having derived her authority from the Founder of Christianity, as long as her spouse took delight in virtue. The word *argomento* means proof, token, mark, sign, &c. Mr. Cary has rendered it poetically by "proof of glory;" the meaning is thereby expressed, her proof of glory, or of her glorious origin, being at the same time, also, a proof of her divine authority; but we cannot help thinking Mr. Tarver's version "she who owed her authority to her ten horns" perfectly correct, and well suited to a prose interpretation. The critic says, jocosely, that Mr. T. "kindly gives the lady *authority over her husband because she wore ten horns!*" but surely the French *son autorité*, does not, by any means, warrant such a construction; it is the general authority of the See of Rome, and, of course, at the same time, of the Pontiff, and not the authority of the See of Rome over the Pontiff, which could have no meaning. It is well to observe that Mr. Tarver says in his preface, which has so offended the critic, with regard to this passage as well as to the following one, that they are, "*traduits mot pour mot, (by Mr. Cary,) mais, à mon avis ils n'expliquent pas suffisamment la pensée de l'auteur,*"—he does not say that they are not translated faithfully, but merely that they are not sufficiently clear.

Allor mi dolsi, e ora mi ridoglio
 Quando drizzo la mente à ciò ch' io vidi,
 E più lo' ngegno affreno ch' io non soglio;
 Perche non corra che virtù nol guidi:
 Si che se stella buona o miglior cosa
 M' ha dato il ben, ch' io stesso nol m' invidi.—Canto xxvi.

Dante is going to describe the eighth portion of the eighth circle, in which are punished evil counsellors, and those in general who have abused, for evil purposes, the talents they received from Providence. He says, therefore, that in remembering the torments he then saw, he endeavours to control more and more his own mental powers, lest they lead him out of the path of virtue, so that "if my good star, or some higher cause, has endowed me with any thing good, I turn it not to my destruction by abusing it." This is Mr. Tarver's version, prosaic and periphrastical of necessity, as the words *nol m' invidi* of the text require elucidation; and Mr. T. could not make the sense more clear to the commonest capacity, which was, as we have said repeatedly, his object. In this explanation he agrees with Landino, Vellutello, Venturi, in short, with the principal commentators. Mr. Cary could not, in a highly-poetical version, use a long periphrase, and therefore he translates literally, "I *envy not* myself the precious boon," by which means the original obscurity of the text is not

removed, but Mr. C. himself adds, in a note, another version, which coincides closely with Mr. Tarver's: "I am more anxious than ever, *not to abuse* to so bad a purpose those talents, &c." And this is an interpretation consistent with the character of a *prose version*. The word *invidiare* may here be understood, destroy or abuse, or wish to destroy or abuse, which is a feeling common to invidious people with regard to those advantages which are possessed by others.

"Amor che al cuor gentil ratto s' apprende."—*Canto v.*

Mr. T. translates: "Love which gets possession so quickly of a tender heart." Mr. Cary says, "Love that in gentle hearts is quickly learnt." In both, the expressive metaphor of the text is lost: *apprendersi* here means catches, spreads itself, from the action of fire, which as said in Italian *s' apprende all' esca*, fastens itself to the tinder. But Mr. T.'s version is, of the two, the most akin to the original; and Mr. Cary himself seems sensible of his having deviated from it, by his saying in a note, "that the reader of the original may not be misled as to the exact sense of the word, 's' apprende,' which I have rendered 'is learnt,' it may be right to apprise him, that it signifies 'is caught,' and that it is a metaphor from a thing taking fire." This passage, however, which is one of those that Mr. Tarver quotes in his preface, the critic in the *London Magazine* has entirely omitted.

Non mi paren men ampj, nè maggiori
Che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni,
Fatti per luogo de' battezzatori.—*Canto xix.*

This passage alludes to local circumstances, which can be best explained by ocular witnesses; Landino, one of the oldest and best commentators of Dante, himself a Florentine, and after him, Vellutello, Venturi, Zotti, &c., relate, that in the baptistery of St. John at Florence, were four dry wells or round boxes excavated in the marble round the font, and into which the priests descended in order to be closer to the font itself, when they performed the ceremony of christening. Daniello, another commentator, says, that in St. Mark's, at Venice, there is a font constructed on a similar plan to that which existed at Florence. These testimonies seem more than sufficient to explain this passage, if even the words "*fatti per luogo de' battezzatori*," did not give evidently the meaning, "places made for those who baptize." It cannot, therefore, apply to the font itself. Mr. Tarver is, therefore, perfectly correct in translating, "which were made for the convenience of the priests when they baptize." He could not give more succinctly an idea of an appendage to ancient baptisteries, which is no longer to be found in modern churches, and for which there is no distinctive appellation. The sequel says, that a child in playing fell into one of these dry wells, and "*dentro s' annegava*," which means "was nearly *suffocated*," and Vellutello adds, "it must be understood that he had fallen into it, bent double, so that

he was deprived of the power of respiration." This, however, might have happened also by the child falling with his head downwards. The description that Dante gives of the position of the Simoniacs, each of whom is fixed with the head downwards in a hole, out of which his feet emerge, confirms more and more the description we have given of these dry wells, as the dimensions of the baptismal font itself would have been too wide to keep a sinner in that straight position.

Per mille fonti, credo, e più si bagna
Frà Garda a Valdimonica Pennino,
Dell' acqua che nel detto laco stagna.—*Canto xx.*

Mr. T. translates: "Methinks that betwixt the city of Garda and the valley of Monica, more than a thousand fountains water the sides of the Pennine Alps, and then go to deposit their streams in the lake." Mr. Cary renders it

Its name Benacus, from whose ample breast
A thousand streams, methinks, and more, between
Camonica and Garda issuing forth
Water the Apennine.

And yet, after quoting both versions, the critic in the *London Magazine* says, that Mr. Cary's version of this passage "is quoted as erroneous (by Mr. T.) though Mr. Tarver renders the passage in the same manner!" In one, the thousand streams *issue from* the lake of Garda, and proceed to *water the Apennine*; while in the other, the streams *water first* the sides of the *Pennine Alps*, and then *empty themselves into* the lake. This is curious similarity indeed!

Now let us see whether Mr. T.'s version is grounded. There is a variance about the second line of the text. Some read with Venturi, "Frà Garda e Val Camonica e Apennino." Now the *Apennine* here must be entirely out of the question, as the whole immense valley of the Po intervenes between those southern mountains and the lake of Garda. It must be, therefore, the Alps which rise to the north and the north-west of the lake, and from which the lake itself is supplied with water; and although the Alps, which are direct north of the lake of Garda, are, properly speaking, the *Alpes Rheticæ* of the ancients, yet, as they join the *Pennine Alps*, and both these denominations being vaguely applied to various parts of the same great chain of Alps, which divides Italy from Tyrol and Switzerland, it is much easier to understand that Dante, who was not an ignoramus in geography, spoke of the *Pennine Alps* as being in the neighbourhood of the lake of Garda, than that, in order to define the situation of that lake, he should go nearly a hundred miles out of his way, to the south, across the whole plain of Lombardy and the Po, to fetch the *Apennines* of Tuscany as a boundary to the lake of Garda. But there is another way of explaining the word *Pennino*; it appears that some of the alpine summits northward of the lake of Garda

were called by the natives, Monte Pennino. Vellintello has been at some trouble to explain this passage, and he gives the following topographic description. "Garda is on the eastern side of the lake of this name; on the opposite side, is Valdimonica, in the territory of Brescia; that part of the lake situated between these two places, (*i. e.* the three-fourths of its length) extends northward to the foot of a chain of mountains known to the ancients (according to Ptolemy) by the name of Alpes Poenæ; and from which descend a great number of streams which fall afterwards into the lake. Val Camonica," adds he, "is a different place from Valdimonica, and situated in the territory of Bergamo."

This is the most plausible explanation, and Mr. Cary himself has expressed, in a note, doubts of the accuracy of his version. Two things are clear, that the thousand streams cannot water the Apennine, and that they do not issue from the lake of Garda, but rush into it. Dante himself observes, a few lines lower down, that at the southern extremity of the lake, where the fortress of Peschiera is situated, "all the superfluous water, which the lake cannot hold, discharges itself into one river, called Mincio." This water is supplied by the thousand streams which flow from the northern Alps into the lake.

Fù * * * * *
 Augure e diede il punto con Calcantà
 In Aulide à tagliar la prima fune.—C. xx.

Mr. Cary's translation is perfectly correct:

* * * The seer was he
 In Aulis, who, with Calchas, gave the sign
 To cut the cable.

Mr. T. says, periphrastically, "pointed out the favourable moment for cutting the cables and quitting Aulis." The sense is exactly the same in both versions, only the latter is prosaic and more diffuse. We do not see, therefore, how the critic can call it a mistranslation after Mr. T.'s own fancy? But Mr. Tarver has said, in quoting this passage, that Mr. Cary has not, perhaps, examined scrupulously the historical circumstances, and he adds, in a note, that Virgil, in the *Æneid*, mentions the seer Eurypylos as being with the Greek army at the siege of Troy, and says nothing of his having given the sign of departure for the Greek fleet from Aulis. Mr. T. must, therefore, infer that Dante was mistaken in making Virgil speak of Eurypylos as being present in the latter place, and that Mr. C. ought to have adverted to this error in a note. Here we differ from Mr. Tarver. Virgil might very well, on his pointing out to Dante the soul of Eurypylos, mention circumstances of his life to which he had not alluded in his *Æneid*, as, from the circumstance of Eurypylos being at the siege of Troy, it is very probable that he was also at the departure of the Greek expedition against that place. Nor does Virgil's further expression

Euripilo ebbe nome, e così 'l canta
 L'alta mia tragedia in alcun luogo,

warrant Mr. T.'s supposition, that Dante has misinterpreted or misquoted Virgil; as the Mantuan bard, after relating the former circumstances of the seer's life, might very properly at last, in mentioning his name, refer Dante to his *Æneid*, "in some part of which I sung of him."

We come now to the last of the disputed passages

Sappi ch' io son Bertram del Bornio, quelli
Che diedè al Rè Giovanni i ma' conforti.—c. xxviii.

Mr. T. translates "he who gave evil counsel to king John." He has, therefore, no right to find fault with Mr. Cary, for rendering the passage in a similar manner; the only manner, indeed, in which it can be rendered, without altering the text. But reading Mr. Tarver's note to this passage, in his second volume, we find his objection explained. He does not mean that Mr. C. should have translated differently from what he has done himself, but that he should have noticed, in his note, the apparently palpable historical error in the text. It appears clearly, from history, that Bertrand de Born, Vicomte de Hautefort, in the county of Perigord, a valiant knight and a troubadour, was the friend of Henry the Second of England's three elder sons, Henry, Richard (afterwards Richard I.), and Geoffroy. He excited the young Henry to revolt against his father, in which attempt the Prince was supported by his two brothers, as well as by Queen Eleanor's instigations. But the undutiful son was disappointed in his ambitious expectations, and soon after died at the castle of Martel, in France. John, Henry's youngest son had no share in this revolt against his father; while, on the other hand, Prince Henry was known on the Continent by the name of the Young King, *il Rè Giovane*. The history of these dissensions in the royal family of England was well known in Italy at the time of Dante, and mention of it is made in two of the old Novelle. It would seem strange, therefore, that Dante, a travelled man, and well versed in history, could have made the error of attributing to Prince, afterwards King John, what evidently concerns Prince Henry. Crescimbené was the first who noticed the error, and after him Ginguené, who proposed to substitute

Che diedi al Rè Giovane i ma' conforti.

But the verse would then be too glaringly defective in prosody. An error there is in the text, and Mr. Tarver attributes the error to Dante, who might have confused with Henry's rebellion the subsequent revolt of Richard against his father, in which Prince John was implicated, causing thereby the death of his father, by grief.

We may, perhaps, suggest another solution of the difficulty, from a new text of the *Divina Commedia*, published lately at Udine, by Mr. Viviani, founded on a MS. discovered in the library of the Commendatore Bertolini, and written, perhaps, during the lifetime of Dante, who lived some time at Udine, having been called there by the Patriarch Pagano della Torre, or Torriano; and where he corrected the two first parts of his poem, and composed the

Paradiso. Tradition says that Dante used often to wander in the romantic country about Udine, and to the Grotto of Tolmino, where a stone is still pointed at, on which he used to sit, absorbed in the contemplation of the wild Alpine beauties which surrounded him.

Mr. Viviani has compared the Bartolinian MS. with sixty-six others, from the principal libraries in the North of Italy; one, belonging to Marquis Trivulzio, of Milan, bears the date of 1337*. Now, with regard to the passage in question, Mr. Viviani reads

Che al Re Giovane diedi i ma' conforti.

By which both the sense and the prosody become correct; and the learned Mr. Salfi, one of the best living authorities in these matters, approves of the alteration.

With regard to the minor charges brought by the critic against Mr. Tarver, we should think the latter gentleman must know something of his native language, and that therefore his mode of spelling has not been adopted by him on slight grounds. The fact is, that many double consonants are now retrenched in modern French writing, and that Calchas may be spelled either with or without the *h*. As for the genitive dell' *Inferno*, it is not used as a nominative in the title-page, which bears the title l' *Inferno*; but in the half-title, Mr. Tarver has adopted the former case, and this is not inconsistent. Before dell' *Inferno* may be understood *cantica*, poem, vision, &c. The titles of many Italian books begin with the genitive case. Perticari wrote lately a work under the title "Della Vita e de' Fatti di Guidobaldo, libri xii. Goja, del Merito o dalle Ricompense; Beccaria, dei Delitti e Pene," after which the nominative may be either expressed or understood. In the same manner Virgil styles his poems *Æneidos*, and Delille translates it by l' *Enéide*.

Here we will close our review of Mr. Tarver's book. We repeat, that we are persuaded Mr. T. never thought of entering the lists with Mr. Cary, their works being of a too different character from each other. The latter gentleman's version is a beautiful poem, and wonderfully close to the original withal. Mr. T.'s translation is a production of humbler pretensions, but when coupled with his volume of excellent notes, it constitutes a work of the greatest utility to those who wish to study the *Divina Commedia* in its original language. Mr. Tarver's critique of some passages of the former version, although, perhaps, not sufficiently explicit in its wording, was of a temperate nature, and such, we think, as could give no offence, much less draw upon him any obloquy, and expose him to the ridicule which flippancy and misconception have endeavoured to throw upon him. He wished to show that a poetical version cannot give such a clear idea of many obscure passages as a literal prosaic interpretation, accompanied by copious notes; and this seems to us a self-evident position.

* See *Revue Encyclopédique* for September, 1824.

To Frederic Vernon, Esq.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

IT is with heartfelt regret that I announce my inability to furnish any further aid to No. VI. than is contained in the accompanying song. I could explain the causes of this my deficiency, and lament the effect, for whole pages of sorrow and wire-wove; but what would explanation or regret avail? There is a power which none can resist, even the Saxon deity Must, called by the Romans Necessity, and whom the late Emperor of the French apostrophized in his bulletins by the name of Destiny. To this imperious divinity even editors must render willing or unwilling submission.

I will not quarrel with you for posting up *Cave canem* over my Shelley; nor even for putting words into my mouth, like the widow of Tekoa of old. The cry raised against Shelley by the official makers and menders of errors in criticism, politics, and theology, had so pre-occupied the minds of men, that it is no marvel that a well-meaning editor, like yourself, and naturally solicitous for the reputation of his work, should be startled at the idea of admitting even an attempt at his vindication. I will not carry my courtesy so far, as to own myself convinced by your arguments. There, however, let them stand, with the criticism to which they belong—the bane and the antidote, side by side. I have little anxiety as to the result, at least with those who do not come predetermined to be guided by the opinions of persons wiser and better than themselves.

I have to apologise to E. H. Barker for having annoyed him (as appears from a late classical journal) by a heedless and somewhat slighting allusion to his article on Nightingales. I feel the more compunction for this, inasmuch as Mr. B. has not been fairly and charitably used by the critics; and this might wear an appearance of insulting the undeservedly fallen. Mr. Barker is a man of extensive reading, and, what is much more, a benevolent and worthy man—of this I have convincing evidence—and therefore it is, that I have expressed my contrition for the unintentional offence. I beg leave to assure him, however, that if I did not respect him sincerely, I should not laugh at him. I can afford to be amused by the failings of individuals, only when there is no danger of such amusement interfering with the kindlier feelings I bear towards them. But why will Mr. Barker render himself obnoxious to ridicule? why will he persist in quoting where he

ought to refer, and making his quotations five times as long as is necessary * ? I respect the unpretending worth of indexes and lexicons, and I can easily believe that the Bury and Norwich Post may be an able and independent paper ; but why will he not be content with considering the first as merely books of reference, and confining the latter to its proper and legitimate situation on his breakfast-table ?

Yours in haste, as wont,

E. HASELFOOT.

Nov. 26.

THRICE thro' the gloom of night was heard that fearful denouncement,

" Woe to the Magazines ! to the quill-driving people, destruction ! "

Loud, as when Bow sends forth his cockney-awaking alarms,

Rang the voice ; from the east to the west, from Princes' to Fleet-street,

Rang the redoubling voice, and the soul of the bookmaker trembled.

Fearful wax'd the dreams of the English devourer of opium :

Sacre ! quoth Colburn's Frenchman ; O'Doherty, bearer of standards,

Newly aris'n from his doxy's embrace, to bespatter Don Juan,

Chok'd 'twixt a vow and a d—mn : the Sans-culotte Bramin of Bridge-street

Dropp'd the half-written puff, and Morris sprang to his pistol.

Far in the caves of the past, the Retrospective Reviewers

Heard, and were pale : doubt seiz'd the bold Commander, misgivings,

Terror unknown before : the long-winded trumpet of —,

Drown'd in that mightier peal, wax'd weak as the quail-pipe of Proctor.

Fear was in Pall-Mall East:

* * * * *

Cætera desunt.

* The above remarks do not apply to the article on Nightingales so much as to some others ; it is an amusing miscellany.

SONG OF A PERSIAN GIRL.

I LOVE thee still, my wild gazelle ;
 I love thy soft dark eye,
 More bright than all that prophets tell
 Of Houris in the sky.

Come, sport with me one little hour,
 And wile my grief away :
 If thou wilt share my lonely bower,
 I will not weep to-day.

With thee I played in thoughtlessness,
 A little laughing child,
 And oft thy nestling mute caress
 My childish tears beguil'd.

Alas ! a few, few fleeting years
 Have chang'd my smiles to sighs ;
 And I have wept more bitter tears
 Than fall from children's eyes.

A voice, I thought could ne'er betray,
 The words which love had spoken :
 I gave my simple heart away,
 And found it wrung and broken.

And all my dreams of hope are fled,
 And all is dark before me ;
 And I have not one friend to shed
 A tear of pity o'er me.

So I will be a child again,
 My beautiful gazelle ;
 And not a thought of grief or pain,
 With thee or me shall dwell :

But I will smile, as once I smil'd,
 To watch thy bright black eye ;
 And I will be a happy child,
 Till one of us shall die.

MALTA DURING THE LATE WAR.

"I WOULD as soon allow the English to have possession of the heights of Montmartre as of the island of Malta," said Buonaparte, then First Consul, to Lord Whitworth, in his memorable conference with that minister, during the short-lived peace of Amiens. In fact, the disputed possession of the rock of Malta was one of the principal causes of the breaking out of that second war, which ended at last by the English not only retaining Malta, but taking moreover possession of those very heights of Montmartre, the *ne plus ultra* of Buonaparte's foresight of improbabilities! The emphatic expression just quoted, however, shows the great importance that quick-sighted chief attached to the dominion of an island less than sixty miles in circumference, and producing hardly any thing but some cotton and a few oranges. But it is the situation of this island, in the centre of the Mediterranean, at a most convenient distance from Asia, Africa, and Europe, and at the entrance of the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenian, and the *Ægean* Seas, as well as its strength both natural and artificial, that render it of such immense importance to any of the great maritime powers. England, therefore, has wisely retained it; and it now forms one of the brightest, though smallest, jewels of the British Crown.

The appearance of Malta from the sea, as you approach the point of St. Elmo, conveys a full idea of its consequence and strength. The two spacious harbours, between which the city stands, proudly seated on a lofty peninsula; the commodious creeks which branch out of the main basins, and afford security to vessels; the vast extent of fortifications towering perpendicularly over the sea which dashes its waves against the cliffs below; the formidable ranges of batteries placed one above the other; the cavaliers, bastions, and detached forts which appear frowning on every side as you enter the port; the splendid churches, the handsome *alberghi*, or hotels formerly belonging to the knights; the broad quays and capacious warehouses which line the shore,—all these constitute one of the most magnificent harbour-views in the world. It is a panorama, the most striking objects of which are the production of art; no trees or mountains are to be seen, but a low coast at the inland extremity of the harbour, and white naked hills on the left. Five distinct towns, each enclosed by separate walls, arise in an amphitheatre around the principal or eastern harbour, Valletta and Floriana to the right; and Vittoriosa, Senglea, and Cospicua to the left: the three latter are joined together by the lines of Cottoner, which enclose besides a very extensive tract of open ground. The population of this assem-

blage of cities was, during the late war, about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and that of the whole island, not including Gozo, about one hundred thousand, so that Malta was by far the most thickly-populated country in Europe. On an eminence in the middle of the island is built the old city or *Notabile*; and twenty-four *Casali*, or large villages, some of them containing four or five thousand inhabitants, are scattered over the rest of the country.

During the last war between England and France, or, to speak more correctly, between England and the Continent, Malta became the busiest spot in the whole Mediterranean for political, naval, military, and commercial affairs. It was the centre of all the operations of the English in that quarter of the globe. It was here that fleets and armies were assembled, and expeditions prepared, which afterwards were sent to the coasts of Egypt and Greece, of Italy and Spain,—which threatened the French king of Naples in his own palace, and the Sultan in the very recess of his Seraglio. This rock still resounds with the names of Nelson and Sydney Smith, of Abercrombie and Stuart, and with the report of their triumphs on infidel or christian shores. In a diplomatic point of view, Malta was extremely convenient for keeping up the correspondence with the enemies of the French over the Continent. From hence the English overawed Sicily, and threatened Naples; protected the exiled courts of Sardinia; commanded the respect of the Moorish Regencies; and entertained a good intelligence with the Pacha of Egypt and with the Porte. Intercourse was carried on with the Austrian and Russian empires, through the ports of the Adriatic and of the Black Sea; and a channel of quick information kept open with the important possessions of India, through Alexandria and the Red Sea. This short recapitulation, which is but a mere statement of facts, will suffice to show at one view the extensive ramifications branching from this one single settlement. To these advantages, derived from its situation, must be added the accompanying and most important one, of its being easily defended, and indeed absolutely impregnable in the hands of a great maritime power, so as to enable its possessors to sit in it in the greatest security, and collect immense stores and provisions for the supply of armies and fleets during the whole war. A small island, fortified in all its accessible points,—a population naturally submissive, and from the smallness of their number easily overawed,—and those famed ramparts which baffled the whole Ottoman power in its meridian, these are more than sufficient guarantees of a peaceful possession.

Such was the pleasant feeling of confidence in this sea-girt fortress, from which its inhabitants looked afar upon the storms that agitated Europe during the late war,—in that eventful period, which,

however now fast receding from the memory of men, can never be forgotten by those who contemplated it in all its bearings; a period which was marked with a character of more ominous importance for the whole civilized world than any other since the reformation. I still recollect the agreeable and tranquillizing impression which the vicinity of Malta produced upon a company of passengers of different countries, who had left the convulsed shores of the Continent, when the merchant-vessel which carried us came, toward the evening of a fine summer-day, in sight of the high land of Gozo. We had been alarmed by the report of Genoese privateers hovering between Barbary and Sicily; "we are now safe," cried out a Maltese, with proud exultation, as he descried his native cliffs, "no tri-coloured flag dares to show itself on these waters." That night, for the first time in our voyage, we slept secure on the deck, while gliding along the indented shores of Gozo and Malta, and next morning, when we awoke in the great harbour, every idea of former danger was banished. The might of Napoleon was quite inefficient against such a place, defended by proper men.

Under shelter of the protecting power of England, a number of mercantile people of all nations had assembled here. Whilst many of the old firms of Leghorn, Genoa, and Marseilles had deserted their counting-houses, and retired to their country seats, waiting for more propitious times; while maritime trade was annihilated in France and Italy, in consequence of the Berlin and Milan decrees, the commerce of Malta flourished on the ruins of that of its neighbours. Malta had become a great warehouse for English goods, which were thence introduced by numerous inlets into the Continent, in spite of the outrageous mockery of burning bales of English muslins and calicoes in the public squares, one of the most disgraceful and wanton acts of Napoleon's boasted system. Malta was also the key of a considerable trade with the Turkish dominions, the produce from which countries was brought by Greeks to Malta, there expurgated in the Lazzaretto, and then shipped again for England and other countries. Houses from various parts of the continent, Italian, German, Swiss, &c., who were doing little or nothing in their counting-houses at home, had formed establishments in the island of Malta; where they had sent a partner or a confidential agent to transact their business under another name, for fear of Buonaparte's police, as at that time it was risking not less than life for a man to be discovered having any sort of intercourse with an English settlement. Besides several respectable English houses established at Valletta, a number of young men had proceeded thither on speculation, some with little and others with no capital; and although some of them failed, yet many had with com-

mon prudence and activity risen to the rank of merchants, receiving consignments, and transacting business on a considerable scale. Some of these were living in an expensive manner, and in a style that astonished natives as well as foreigners. Their sumptuous dinners and fine wines, their country-seats and mistresses, servants, and horses,—all these were common items of their establishments; it was a *pays de cocagne*, a life *da non morir mai* as the Italian saying is; but the tide of success, when at its height, was nearest its sudden termination: the plague of 1813, and the peace which followed, put an end at once to this course of gay revelry and easy prosperity. Many who might, during the harvest time, have made provision for future years, found themselves, on leaving Malta, no richer than when they entered it.

The nations of the ancient east and of the neighbouring coast of Africa, formed a striking feature among the strange crowd which had resorted to Malta. Moorish shipmasters and supercargoes; Egyptian, Ottoman, and Syrian traders; pilgrims on their way to or from Mecca; Jewish brokers from all the tribes scattered over Islam; Greek and Sclavonian sailors,—all these were seen jostling up and down the streets of Valletta, or assembled in groupes in the palace-square, along Strada Reale, and in the neighbouring coffee-houses. There a buzzing noise of outlandish tongues was heard, such as perhaps never occurred since the days of Babel.—Sclavonian, Illyric, Albanian, Turkish, Romain, Arabic, Armenian, with all their dialects, jarred with the western languages of Italy, Germany, France, England, and Spain. Malta was like a great half-way house, a kind of exchange, between the children of the East and those of the West. Four languages, however, may be said to have predominated at Valletta; Italian, Maltese, English, and Greek: and I have heard favourite opera songs paraphrased and sung on the stage in these four languages to please the various parts of the audience.

Greek merchants, shipmasters, and supercargoes, with their subordinates, formed a considerable part of the foreign population of Malta during the war. They had, in general, the reputation of being wealthy, kept chiefly among themselves, and were liberal in their expenses at inns, coffee-houses, billiards, and other places of resort. The Greeks residing at Malta dressed mostly in the European costume, and seemed to enjoy their independence, elbowing with perfect equality the proud Osmanlee, who stalked silently on in his embroidered jacket and white turban, and with his long pipe in hand; while the swarthy wild-looking Arab or Moor was seen enveloped in his baracan, or wrapped up simply in a blanket, constituting his whole dress in the day and his bed at night; and thus equipped, he squatted himself on the stone seats under the government-palace, no ways abashed by the

contrast between the display of civilization and luxury all around him, and his own primitive appearance and equipment.

The Maltese population might be divided into two classes, the citizens and the country people. The former are a mixed race, but mostly European in their appearance, and differing little from the natives of the cities of Naples or Palermo. This is especially the case with the people of Valletta, or *Vallettani*, as they are called by the other natives; for, in the cities on the other side of the harbour, there is much of the true Maltese countenance and manner to be seen. They speak Italian with a sort of lengthened interrogative cadence at the end of words and sentences, and something of the *lingua Franca* phraseology. The women have a national costume, which very few swerve from; a black silk gown, and the *faldetta*, a sort of mantelet of black satin or taffeta, thrown over the head, of which they hold the two corners in their hand so as to hide part or even the whole of the face. This costume allows of a great deal of coquetry, and is reckoned very favourable to female appearance. The education of the Maltese was, until of late, similar to that of their neighbours the Sicilians—that of the women was particularly neglected. Their intercourse with the English has improved the minds at least of the men, for the women do not mix much with foreigners even now: the younger generation of Maltese have been brought up something in the English manner; and most of the young men speak that language, which is now the language of the government.

The trading and working classes of the Maltese were kept, during the war, in a state of constant and well-remunerated employment by the numerous foreigners whom war had collected on this spot. The prizes coming in, taken by men of war and privateers, and the cargoes of which were sold by public auction; the other continual sales of goods arising from failures or deterioration, and from other motives; the necessities of traders who required accommodation from capitalists,—all these contributed to bring money into the hands of the Maltese; and the expenditure of the British fleet, garrison, and civil administration, swelled the current of wealth. The Maltese, like all people deficient in information, suddenly emancipated and suddenly enriched, became proud and overbearing. Their contempt of foreigners, which many of them testified by contumelious expressions, both in their jargon and in broken Italian, was truly ridiculous, considering that they lived and got rich upon those very foreigners; as Malta, left to its own resources, is far from being a rich country, and the Maltese capitalists were inconsiderable compared to the foreign settlers. The very porters and boatmen of the marina of Valletta or Isola would ask an unreasonable reward for the

most trivial service, which, if not granted, they walked away muttering about beggarly foreigners, and saying, scornfully, they did not stand in need of money, shaking at the same time their scarfs well stocked with Spanish dollars. Their jackets were ornamented with double rows of silver, or even gold buttons; and they wore buckles of the same materials to their knee-bands and shoes. The plague was to them a heavy visitation: those who survived had their little savings completely exhausted; and when, at last, the communications were re-established, they found the source of their former wealth drained. They were then humbled and crest-fallen; they wished they had been more prudent and reasonable in the time of their prosperity; but it was too late. Most of the foreign traders removed their establishments to the different harbours of France and Italy; the British naval and land forces were reduced; no more prizes were sold; no more goods were deposited to be introduced afterwards into the Continent; the ships went straight to Genoa, Leghorn, Naples, and Trieste; Malta became a port of secondary importance: one scanty compensation, however, was found, in the fall of the price of provisions, which, during the war, had risen to an enormous rate.

The Maltese peasantry give indications of their Moorish or African origin; they are surly and jealous, but frugal, industrious, and religious. They cultivate with great pains their scanty soil, which produces some grain, good cotton, and abundance of excellent vegetables and fruit, especially oranges and lemons. They carry to town the produce of their orchards and kitchen-gardens; and you see them rush in, at the first opening of the gates, barefooted, with wide-striped cotton trowsers, a check shirt, a jacket thrown across one shoulder, and a dusky-coloured sugar-loaf-shaped cap on, hanging on one side. They hate their old enemies the Turks; and when, after the English took possession of the island, Ottoman and Moorish vessels began to enter that harbour, in which, since the great siege of 1565, no crescent flag had entered, the Maltese could with difficulty be restrained from falling upon the crews as they landed. By degrees, however, they have become a little more reconciled to the sight of turbans; but many of them even now show marks of evident aversion in passing by an Islamite.

It was the Maltese peasantry, who, in 1798, effected the revolt against the French, which broke out first at Rabato, the suburb of Citta Vecchia, the old capital in the centre of the island. Some French commissaries had arrived there from Valletta to strip the churches of their silver ornaments. The ladders were fixed against the altar of the principal church, where a silver crown and some other valuable trappings of an image of the Virgin Mary attracted the attention of these foreign plunderers.

Already the irregularities of the French military had soured the minds of the Maltese peasantry; who, like all unsophisticated people, are jealous of the honour of their wives and daughters. They were brooding over their discontent in that sort of gloomy stifled mood peculiar to Africans; when this new insult to the objects of their worship, and this barefaced spoliation of the property of their temples, decided the explosion of their anger. They seized any instrument of attack that they found in their way, stones, sticks, rusty swords, and firelocks; some ran to the house at Rabato, where a few French military were quartered, and wounded them, and then threw them out of the balconies, whence, on reaching the ground, they were despatched by the crowd below. They then ran to Città Vecchia, which is surrounded by a wall and ditch: the weak French garrison shut themselves in, the two commissaries having had just time to mount their horses and ride furiously to Valletta for their lives, and to bring the news of the merited result of their imprudent and unprincipled attack upon both religion and property. The country people, however, soon got possession of Città Vecchia, and the unfortunate French soldiers were destroyed, as well as all those who were caught scattered about the island. I heard related the fate of a poor drummer-boy, who remained concealed in a belfry for several days, and was at length ferreted out and murdered in cold blood. The different casual villages followed the example of Rabato, and the whole island was in arms against the French. The latter retired within the fortifications of La Valletta and Cottoner, and the country people opened communications with the English blockading squadron. English troops landed on the island, and after a long blockade, the French, receiving no supplies, were obliged to capitulate. Thus Malta, taken by Buonaparte, from the weakness of the Grand Master, and the treachery of some of the Knights, was retaken from him by the spirit of the peasantry, and the enterprise of the English.

After that epoch the Maltese peasantry returned to their old occupations, remained peaceful, and thrived. No sign of discontent appeared among them, and if any dissatisfaction was at times expressed, it was principally by the citizens of Valletta, who are looked upon as half foreigners by the others, and who had imbibed some of the democratic spirit of their late guests.

The Maltese could have, at all events, but little reason to regret the dominion of the Knights of St. John. That society of military monks, all foreigners from various parts of Europe, swayed over the natives with absolute rule. Their will was law; and as the order degenerated from its former discipline and religious zeal, as long peace and prosperity increased their luxury, which, at length, reached an almost incredible point,

their absolute power over the natives became more felt. From the reports of the Maltese themselves, there was but one road to favour and emolument, and that was through the protection of some of the great dignitaries of the order. These were often old men, sunk, perhaps, into mental imbecility, or enervated epicurism, and liable to the attacks of either flattery or female charms. The young Knights, the youngest sons of the Italian, French, and Spanish nobility, had not the same means of gratifying their love of pleasure, and saw with mixed envy and contempt the easy and luxurious life of their superiors. The old regulations of the order were neglected; their vow of making war against the infidels became a dead letter; and when the squadron of the order went out at periodical times upon a cruise, they seldom met with any of their old enemies the Mussulmans, who were informed in time by their emissaries of their motions, and who, satisfied with being let alone by the Knights, took care also to be out of the Knights' track. Now and then some Barbary corsair fell into their hands an easy prey, and the captive crew were exhibited in triumph to the eyes of the gazing Maltese, as another trophy won from the enemies of the cross. The squadron went on round the coasts of Italy and France, from Palermo to Naples, from Naples to Leghorn or Genoa, thence to Marseilles, and so on, giving entertainments on board in the different harbours they went to, and then returned to Malta to enjoy rest after their labours. Meantime the Mediterranean swarmed with Barbary pirates, the unhappy Italians and Spaniards were taken in sight of their native coasts, and carried to the slave-markets in Barbary; and yet Malta was still considered, from old habit, the bulwark of Christendom on that side. It is curious to those who are acquainted with Mediterranean affairs, to hear some people even now talk about the activity of the order of St. John in protecting christian merchantmen from the infidel pirates, and recommending their re-establishment on that score; while it is well known that it is since the fall of that order, and in consequence of the strenuous efforts of the christian monarchs, that the Mediterranean Sea, which was before infested with pirates, has become comparatively secure, and the flags of all the Italian powers which were *schiavi*, (i.e. liable to be captured,) for such was the humiliating expression in use, have now, with the exception I believe of the pope's, become free, and respected.

The truth is, that the utility of the order of St. John belongs to a much older period; it dates at the time when the Mussulmans threatened to overrun Europe, and then it was that the brave Knights of St. John were truly the defenders of Christendom. At Acre, at Rhodes, and lastly at Malta in 1565, their valour was the rock against which the power, first of the Sarra-

sins, and then of the Ottoman sultans, Mahomet II., Soliman the Great, and Amurath, miscarried: but in latter times, when the Porte, instead of carrying on offensive wars, was obliged to adopt the defensive against the Austrians and Russians,—when the Ottomans no longer thought of extending their conquests but of preserving what they had,—when they no longer appeared on the coasts of Italy, and were at peace with the Italian and other western states; the original and important vocation of the Knights of St. John, that which had called forth such formidable energies, that vocation was over; and the order of Malta sat themselves quiet on their impregnable rock, enjoying the income of numerous commanderies throughout all Catholic Europe, the preservation and the administration of which were their principal business. It was this fondness for their continental property that was the ultimate cause of their ruin. They negotiated with the French in the hope of saving their property; until at last in June, 1798, the French fleet appeared; and, strange to say, the impregnable fortress of Malta surrendered without firing a shot. The fall of Malta can only be compared to that of Venice, which it followed,—the same mixture of pusillanimity and treachery, weakness and oppression.

The moral strength of the order of Malta in its origin and for a long subsequent period, was founded upon an exalted religious enthusiasm, which by some would be called fanaticism, and which ill accords with the spirit of our sober, calculating age. If even the Christian powers were to attempt in our days to drive the Turks out of Europe, it would not be so much because the Turks are infidels, but because they are barbarians; and because their policy, both domestic and foreign, is at variance with our notions of justice and common humanity. In such a contest, the Knights of St. John, were they in their former state, could only come in as weak auxiliaries. They might, however, appear to more advantage in the actual struggle between the Greeks and the Turks; because religious enthusiasm, although not perhaps the first, is still one of the springs that actuates the former. The establishment of the Knights of St. John in one of the Greek islands, which has been talked of, might serve as a central point for the Greeks to rally round, and as a bulwark against the future inroads of the Asiatic Ottomans. But the poverty of the Order, the scarcity of its members, and the difference of religion between them as Roman Catholics and the schismatic Greeks, are sufficient to counteract the good that might be expected from them. The Order of Malta, like other religious institutions of the middle ages, which were called for by, and calculated for, the times, survived the circumstances for which it was instituted, and which cannot occur again. It has become useless, and has therefore

dwindled into nothing. It thrived under the massive armour and grim visors of the companions of L'Isle Adam, and La Valette, and it died in the silk and ermined robes of Rohan and Hompesch. Young knights now entered the Order, not to be the champions of Christianity, but to secure a maintenance suited to their birth, and to enjoy themselves under the fine sky of Malta, and in the halls of their splendid *Alberghi*, and in soft dalliance with the Maltese, Sicilian, and Greek beauties, that resorted to this place of their residence.

Their vow of chastity was, what all such vows must be, for the very great majority of those who are so rash as to take them; they were poor, only until they rose to a vacant commendary, or to some of the dignities of the Order, and their vow of obedience was at last forgotten, like the other, by the neglect of the superiors to enforce that obedience. Apostate knights, full of the revolutionary ideas they had brought with them from France, delivered those bastions and cavaliers which had been cemented with the blood of so many Christian heroes, into the hands of those who looked upon the whole Christian religion as a mockery. Several of these traitors (for traitors they were to God and man) embarked in the fleet of the conqueror, visited the shores of Islam, saw their new friends and allies proclaim their belief in the abhorred doctrines of Mahomet, the arch enemy of that Cross they had sworn to defend; and at last, many of these wretched beings, forsaken by man, as they had forsaken their God, perished miserably on the sands of Egypt, or on board the French fleet at the memorable battle of the Nile.

With reminiscences like these I have stood many a time on those very ramparts of Valletta and Borgo, and I could almost fancy the shades of the grim knights of old, hovering along their well known curtains and bastions, and wondering at the foreign appearance of their present defenders. Still their stern souls, angry at the degeneracy of their successors, who betrayed their sacred trust, would be soothed by seeing the cross wave triumphant over that spot consecrated by so much Christian blood.

Every thing here reminds one of the deeds of former times. There is the point of St. Michael, which the Algerines, in the fleet of the Porte in the memorable siege of 1565, attempted to scale from the sea-side, but in vain; they were dashed headlong against the rocks, or sunk in the waves below: at the other end of the city of Senglea is the church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, on the spot to which the Turks had penetrated, and where they were stopped by the Christian heroes, and finally driven back with great slaughter. Opposite Senglea, across the creek, is the town still called *Vittoriosa*, and the bastion of Castille, the very spot where the heroic Johan la Valette stood with his half pike in

hand to repel the host of janitzaries commanded by the Pasha in person, who advanced through the wide breach, and were at last driven back into the ditch, twice in the same day, the 21st of August, 1565. There is the plain of la Marsa, where the Turks were encamped; on the other side towards Marsa Muscett, there is the point, still called, of Dragut, where that valiant freebooter was killed by a shell from St. Elmo. The rocky shore at the foot of the castle St. Angelo received the headless and mangled bodies of thirty knights, clad in their red mantles and white crosses, which the enraged Turks hurled down from the ruined walls of St. Elmo, after the hard-disputed storming of that castle, and which, floated by the waves to the other side of the harbour, were next morning the first sight that presented itself to La Valette and his horror-struck companions.

There is in Malta a strange mixture of Moorish and European remembrances. The euphonic names of Fort Manuel, Ricassoli, Cottoner, Vendome, and others, by which the memory of former knights and grand masters is still preserved with the fortifications or other public works they raised, contrast with the barbaric sounds of Casal Birchirara, Zebbug, Zurreik, which belong to the aboriginal inhabitants. There is undoubtedly a magic in names, because names have often a secret affinity with the objects they represent, which affinity operates upon our minds, and brings before us as it were the very outline of past or distant forms. When you hear the names of the bastions of Castle, Bavaria, Auvergne, you immediately figure to yourself the persons who erected those buildings, totally different from those who gave the names to the harbour of Marsa Muscett, the cala of Melleha, and the villages of Nasciar, or Zejtoun.

Malta has an indelible charm to persons who are admirers of the chivalric bravery, and religious heroism of the times of yore. Those who have adopted the fashion of calling nonsense every thing which they cannot feel, every action which cannot be brought to a clear calculation of gain or loss, of pouds, shillings, and pence, will be apt to shrug their shoulders at any attempt to expatiate in our days upon the bravery of the Knights of St. John. To them it is like bringing forth again the mummies of the Pharaohs from under the pyramids. They ought to recollect, however, that without such men as the crusaders, the Knights of St. John, and the other military orders,—without Sobiesky, Scanderbeg, and others of a similar cast, we should perhaps be now all either Mussulmans or Mussulmans' rajahs. The danger is long gone by; but it was not the less real at the time, and we ought to feel grateful to those who sacrificed themselves to avert it from their posterity.

Malta has that melancholy interest which belongs to the

memorials of departed greatness. The immortal spirit is fled that raised its castles, its ramparts, its temples, and its palaces; it is now a garrison-town, belonging to a distant power; but even as such, it has considerable claims to consideration. With its ancient faded glories, there are recent triumphs now engrafted upon its history. Its name is connected with the memory of all the exploits of the British fleets and armies in the Mediterranean. I have often stopped to look at the plain memorial, a marble slab with an inscription raised to the manes of the brave Abercrombie, on one of the bastions of St. Elmo, facing the main harbour. I do not know whether the remains of that veteran commander were actually buried there; but if they were there could, not have been a more appropriate spot. On a rock whose base is eternally whitened by the foam of the sea, of that sea which bore the hero in triumph to the scene of his last victory, and of his death; there, facing the east, surrounded by cannon and all the pomp of war, in the midst of silence uninterrupted, except by the moan of the surge, the howling of the wind, and the measured step of the solitary sentinel, the red cross of England waving in sight, such is the fit situation of Abercrombie's monument, and it is in perfect keeping with the tenor of his life.

From the time that Malta was taken possession of by the English, until the epoch of the peace, it enjoyed a prosperity unequalled in any other part of her history. Still there were parties; for men will form parties even in a domestic circle, much more in a community of a hundred thousand individuals. It was curious to hear some of these Maltese malecontents talk gravely of *la nazione Maltese*; not but that a body of a few thousand men has by nature the same rights as one of as many millions, but because from the nature of things it was absurd to suppose that the Maltese could remain a single year independent. They were formerly subjects of the Order; the Order was driven away by the French, against whom the Maltese revolted, but whom they could never have driven out of the island without the assistance of the English, indeed, without the latter, from auxiliaries, becoming the principals. The Maltese, from their situation, could never expect to preserve their independence if left to themselves. Their island, like the neighbouring ones of Pantelleria and Lampedosa, was an appanage of the kingdom of Sicily, when it was given to the Knights of St. John by Charles V.; and unless under the protection of some great maritime power, it must either belong to the Moors of the neighbouring coast of Africa, or, and more naturally, to Sicily, from which it is only sixty miles asunder. Now, without going deeper into political controversy, it may be but fair to consider it a happy thing for Malta that Napoleon's obstinacy threw it definitively into the hands of the English, instead

of it being condemned to become (and it was very near that consummation after the peace of Amiens) a dependence of that weak misrule, the Neapolitan Government. Sicily, fair but unfortunate Sicily, stands there in sight, a sad, but irrefragable witness to the truth of this assertion.

The Maltese themselves were aware of this; they showed a kind of dogged satisfaction; they were prosperous in spite of themselves; they knew that the English would not, and could not oppress them, as the French or Neapolitan governments would have done; they rejoiced in the prosperity of their country; *Malta piccola fior del mondo*, they went about singing; the industrious classes were satisfied; a few families, formerly dependents of the knights, and who had lost the second-hand influence they once possessed,—some lawyers, and young civilians, who had learned their politics in France,—were secretly repining, but their number was insignificant; they endeavoured at one time to stir the population, but were disappointed. Malta was flourishing, wealthy, and quiet.

From this thriving state and happy security, while all Europe was in flames, the Maltese were startled in the beginning of May, 1813, by the report that the plague had suddenly broken out in one of the most frequented streets of La Valetta. It is impossible to describe the thrilling sensation which that little word *plague* produces on the natives of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. It seems to paralyse the faculties of the mind; it makes folly look grave, insolence abashed, and vice repentant. This at least is the effect of the early period of this scourge; for as the malady continues to extend, although the danger is increased, yet with that pliability of the human mind to get familiarized with any circumstance however disastrous, people are less terrified, and many grow desperate; and as they think it is useless to endeavour to escape an inevitable fate, become rashly careless and profligate.

It was one beautiful evening of the month of May, when walking after dinner with some friends on the parade ground of Floriana, we were informed of the fatal news. There was still a possibility of its being false; but my forebodings made me prepare for the worst. The terrors of the plague do not consist so much in the individual immediate danger of death, as in the irksome and dire consequences to which it gives birth. A complete breaking up of the social bond; a suspension of individual right; an interruption of business, occupation, and pleasure; all intercourse with your intimate friends at an end; a solitary cheerless existence under a sort of martial law; these are the effects of the plague as felt by persons who are so fortunate as to have means of supporting themselves without actual employment; to those who

depend upon their labour for their immediate support, the visitation is much more dreadful. There the inequality between rich and poor shows itself in all its painful features. The unfortunate cannot work, and are shunned by those who might relieve them; they are exposed to infection from being huddled up several families in one house; and if one individual happens to fall sick, the whole of the inmates are taken to the Lazzeretto, where they often meet with certain destruction. Notwithstanding all the humane attention of the authorities, it is impossible in such times to look to every thing, and to prevent all abuses, especially in the early part of this calamity, and amidst the confusion that unavoidably results from it. A poor industrious artisan sees his wife or daughter carried off to the plague hospital, escorted by a set of ruffian-looking fellows armed with pistols and cutlasses; himself and the rest of his family are carried to the Lazzeretto of observation, together with others who are perhaps already infected: meantime his scanty furniture and apparel are burnt at home; the house is totally cleared; and if he or any of his family survive, after months of detention he comes home and finds all his little moveables gone, the house whitewashed, and empty! But this is little compared to the fate of females, who, without distinction of age or condition, are snatched from their homes and taken to a Lazzeretto, or to a plague hospital, where of course all delicacy is set aside, in the midst of loathsome scenes, and under the watch of low-bred men. To those who survive, the trial proves often fatal to their morals and character.

The devastations occasioned by the plague strike one with greater dismay than those occasioned by war. An invisible, but merciless enemy, steals in darkness and silence to mark his daily victims; sex and age are not spared. The poison spreads and reproduces itself in an unaccountable manner from one district to the other, leaping at times over a tract of many miles. Sometimes it is carried in a box of trinkets sent to a fashionable lady; sometimes in a trunk of clothes of a sailor or mechanic; now in a bale of cotton; in another instance, as at Malta, in a piece of coarse linen cloth: paper, rags, leather, woollens, cotton, are its most dangerous vehicles; cats, dogs, and even birds, communicate it from one house to the other. Correspondence is at an end; every family, nay, every individual becomes concentrated in himself; selfishness and mistrust obtain the sway, and seem justified by reason and stern necessity. Heart-rending scenes of separation, dereliction, despair, and death, occur on every side.

However, all this is unavoidable, and the principle of exposing the few to save the many, is in no instance more imperious than in the case of plague; self-preservation commands peremptory measures, and enforces immediate submission. But this proves

also the necessity of guarding against the introduction of such an evil. There is often a complication of misfortunes to which you stand exposed in times of the plague. One of your intimate friends comes into your house; next day he is taken ill,—your house is put under surveillance: a day or two after one of your family feels indisposed with the fever; the symptoms appear suspicious to the medical man, who perhaps does not stop to scrutinize the symptoms very strictly, as he cannot approach the patient too closely,—and the whole family is huddled off to the *Lazzeretto*.

There are three periods in the progress of the malady; the first in which few fall sick, but hardly any one of them recovers; the second, in which many fall sick, but some recover; the last, in which the number of new cases becomes less, and most of the persons affected recover. In the first and second periods the illness is generally short,—in three, five, or at most seven days, the patient dies; in the last stage of the disease, the patients are ill for weeks, and sometimes die out of mere exhaustion.

During the first period of the plague at Malta, the common anxiety and inquietude was kept alive by various reports; was it or was it not the plague? There was a discrepancy of opinion among medical men. One, two, three had died, and the disease had stopped; perhaps it would go no farther. Several days elapsed without new cases; we began to look confident, went over to Valletta, passed by the *Strada San Paolo*, looked at the house of Borg*, the first guilty victim; it was cleaned out and whitewashed: there was a guard at the door. All those who were suspected of having communicated with that house, had been carried to Fort Manuel, on an island in the quarantine harbour: perhaps the whole of the ramifications of the disease had been lopped off; when lo! next day, a new case occurs in a different street, and in a different family, where the disease seems to have entered no one knew how. In this tormenting state of uncertainty we passed the first month of the disease. Precautionary measures were taken; but the gates of the town were not closed, and families hurried out into various parts of the island, and what was worse, carried with them their furniture and wardrobes; thus they spread the seeds of the infection in the different *casali* all over the island; when soon after they began to develope themselves.

The late Sir Thomas Maitland arrived to take the command of the government of Malta, while the plague was raging, without its progress having been yet checked effectually. The daily printed lists which were distributed and read every morning, with painful anxiety, had reached the fearful number of between sixty and

* Salyator Borg, a shoemaker, who purchased some cloth smuggled from the brig *San Nicolo*, which imported the disease from Alexandria.

seventy deaths, and as many new cases per day. We began to fear we were fast approaching that terrible period in the history of this fatal disease, in which it baffles all the efforts of men to restrain it; in which it completely overpowers the struggling population; and when, at last, the number of the healthy becomes too small to take care of the sick and bury the dead. Once arrived to that height, as it happens in the Turkish provinces, the disease riots over the devoted country, until it has thinned the population by one-half or two-thirds, when at the change of the season it begins to decrease of itself, and ceases as it were out of lassitude. To this Malta would have been reduced, had proper measures been neglected much longer. An Ottoman officer of rank, who happened to be at Malta at the time, gave, it was said, a truly Turkish advice to some of the authorities: "The plague is spread in too many places for you to hope to stop it. Shut up your troops and your civil officers in the forts, keep your shipping in the harbour in quarantine, and then let the communication among the Maltese be free, or leave them to themselves; the plague will destroy thirty or forty thousand of these *dogs*, and then it will cease of itself. You will have little trouble or expense; you will find a population, troublesome from its density, at once reduced to a convenient number. Then you will purify the place, and take the proper measures against the recurrence of the disease!" This advice, however, could not suit a civilized government; it was thought that thirty or forty thousand Maltese were worth saving, even at the expense of half a million of money or thereabouts.

It was about the beginning of August, that peremptory measures were taken, which proved effectual. Sir Thomas Maitland appointed, to be Inspector General of Police, Colonel Rivarola, an active and intelligent officer in the British service, well acquainted with the country, to whom he gave full powers to act. The towns of Valletta and Floriana, which were the seat of the infection, were closed; and no communication allowed with the rest of the island. Valletta was divided into districts, having barriers and guards betwixt them, and no person allowed to pass from one district to the other, except those on duty. After this, guards were placed in every street, and the inhabitants confined to their respective houses; provisions were brought daily to their own doors in carts. The carts went at regular hours round the different streets escorted by guards, stopped before each house, when one of each family presented himself at his door, with one or two buckets half filled with water, placed on the outside of the threshold. The vender placed whatever provisions his customers required, whether meat, vegetables, eggs, or fruit, in their respective buckets, where the articles remained completely immersed for half an hour, when the buyers were allowed to take them into their houses. Poultry must be sold stripped of its

feathers, and rabbits skinned. Liquids were poured out into glass, earthen, or wooden recipients; bread was placed in baskets, or on a board; coffee, sugar, rice, &c., in earthen dishes, taking care that no hair, or thread, or paper, be amongst it; and money was received, and change returned, always through a cup half filled with vinegar. The guards and other persons whose duty obliged them to be in the streets, were recommended to rub their bodies with oil before putting on their clothes.

The above details serve to give some imperfect idea of the infinite trouble, and minute care, which were incumbent upon the authorities at that period. Those of the inhabitants who had no means of supporting themselves during the total interruption of business, received a regular allowance from government for their support, and that of their families.

Extensive wooden barracks were constructed on the most airy and secluded spots in the neighbourhood of the different towns infected, and surrounded by wooden barriers; each of these encampments was subdivided into three parts—one for the actual sick—the other for the strongly suspected, such as were known to have had communication with an infected person—and the last for those who were vaguely suspected of some such intercourse. The scenes that took place in these dismal abodes, especially in the first, or plague-hospitals, must remain of course unknown to every one except the few of its inmates that survived, and the physicians whose duty it was to visit them; but it is easy to imagine the horrors of the interior of a plague-hospital: I have had a view into one of these encampments, and the poor creatures were lying down on straw, in their respective huts, or on the ground before it; some suffering under the infliction of the actual disease, others waiting its almost certain approach; solitary, sullen, debarred of their friends, cast among total strangers, kept at bay by the guards, and confined within the precincts, under pain of immediate death; yet in the midst of all their misery, the common wants of nature must be supplied to the last, and men were seen cooking their victuals, eating, basking in the sun of that glowing climate, or inhaling the sea breeze, which came nothing less fresh and voluptuous into the abode of death. Some unfortunate patients became delirious, from the power of the fever, just before their decease. It is but justice to observe that under the pressure of this great calamity, the Maltese evinced in general great submission to the authorities, and a proper sense of the provident measures that were taken for the common safety. Few or none of those disorders and acts of cruelty or ribaldry which are related in all the histories of the famous plagues, took place at Malta. This was of course due in great measure to the

vigilance of the authorities, but this vigilance was also supported by the good feeling and sense of the population.

The internal appearance of Valletta, and of the other towns, while under this strict quarantine, was striking. The solitude and stillness that reigned in the streets; the barriers one met at every corner; the grim-looking guards parading to and fro with loaded firelocks; the smell of vinegar and perfume (a complete misnomer, for it was an abominable, though useful composition of drugs, among the rest sulphur, assafetida, &c.); the occasional appearance of the *beccamorti*, or burying-men, with their gloomy cart, escorted by other guards; the poor inhabitants peeping out of their casements now and then, glad to see some human being walking in the street below;—all these composed a scene which I can never forget.

A number of individuals of every description were enlisted as *beccamorti* and *spurgatori*, or purifiers. Criminals, condemned to prison and hard labour, volunteered their services; also French and Italian prisoners of war, attracted by the promise of obtaining their liberty if they survived; runaways from the Levant, who were acquainted with the plague in their own country, all were employed, and most of them died in this dangerous service. But the most useful were found to be the *spetisti*, or men who had had the plague and recovered. It was a common belief that these men could not take the infection again, or at least, but in a slight degree, so as not to endanger their lives. This, however, seems only to apply to the same contagion; for if at a future period, or in another country a fresh plague should break out, there is no security for them. These men were paid liberally, and plentifully supplied with provisions. Their business was to clear the infected houses, from which families had been removed to the Lazzeretto, of all the furniture, which was either burnt, or its valuable articles purified, and then returned to the survivors. Much, of course, was lost; and the purifiers themselves, although strictly watched, contrived to purloin part of it. The house once cleared, the next thing was to air it, clean and fumigate it thoroughly, and then whitewash it. After which the house is fit to be inhabited again. These *spurgatori* were led about the streets and the roads of the island from place to place, where their services were required, like so many wild beasts, surrounded by armed guards, and under the direction of proper officers, who had orders to shoot any of them who should attempt to run away, or disobey their orders, to the danger of the public safety. This summary proceeding was necessary to keep these people, many of whom were desperate characters, in proper order.

By means of these, and other similar measures, the disease was got under, and at last finally subdued. In the month of Decem-

but it was officially announced by the governor, that the foul quarantine of all the towns round the harbour had expired; that full forty days had terminated, since the last case of infection, or even suspicion, had taken place in either Valletta or Floriana, the towns of the Cottoner district having been free for a much longer period, and the Casali, with the exception of Casal Curmi, which was walled in, and completely surrounded by a cordon of troops, so as to exclude all communication, free from fresh cases for a considerable period. The clear quarantine was therefore proclaimed, during which the inhabitants of each district might hold the most unreserved intercourse among themselves, but without communicating with the other districts. Then, after twenty days, if no new accident happened, the various districts of each town were to communicate one with the other, and at the end of twenty days more the gates were to be opened, and communication with the country re-established; which joyful event at last took place in January, 1814, about eight months after the breaking out of the disease. It was a pleasing sight when the day of general pratique arrived, to see the thanksgivings in the churches, the congratulations of long-divided friends, mixed now and then with a tear of regret for those who had perished. It was one of those displays of genuine affection, and of the better feelings of human nature, which occur after a general and overwhelming calamity.

It is thus that the plague can be conquered by means of strict and severe measures, and confined, according to the comparison I have heard used on the occasion, as a fold of sheep, in a narrower and still narrower compass, until at last you can be sure of having the whole of it within your power. But the greatest strictness, and the most particular attention, must be paid to the principle of division and subdivision in the different stages of quarantine through which the inhabitants must pass, before free communication be restored again. It ought to be ascertained, in order to be morally sure of the destruction of the contagion, not only that forty days have elapsed since any one of the remaining members of the community has been in the possible contingency of catching the infection, but, which is much more difficult, and in a strict sense absolutely beyond men's power, that no infected article, that is to say no susceptible article which has ever come into contact with any person infected with the plague, is any longer in existence, without having undergone purification.

Communication was re-established throughout the whole island of Malta in January, 1814, and after two months more had nearly elapsed, confidence was completely re-established among the inhabitants. And yet in the month of March following, a case of plague occurred in the neighbouring island of Gozo, and

the infection was evidently traced back to Malta, to some clothes belonging to a man who had died of the plague, which had been concealed in a chest in a house in the country, and which chest a relative of the deceased found, and took along with him to Gozo, where he went to assist at some festival, and there put on some of the clothes. And thus, although Malta remained free, Gozo became infected; the disease spread in several casali, and lasted in that island until the month of July following, after several hundred persons had died of it.

At last, in September, 1814, Gozo was also declared free, and Casal Curmi, the village in Malta, in which the plague had been subdued last, having been thoroughly purified, the real termination was proclaimed of this dreadful disease, which had affected the islands of Malta and Gozo for the period of about eighteen months, and by which about nine thousand persons were supposed to have perished.

BEHIND THE SCENES ;

OR,

A BREAKFAST IN NEWGATE.

RETURNING from the country, I found myself in the Old Bailey, shortly after seven in the morning. I had some difficulty in making my way through the crowd there assembled; which I instantly perceived, from the platform erected in front of Newgate, had been brought together to witness one of those mournful exhibitions which the administration of criminal justice so frequently furnishes in this immense metropolis.

My first impulse was to retreat with all possible expedition, but the impediments opposed to my doing so compelled a pause; and it then struck me, that however reluctant to witness suffering, there was much in the scene before me on which a reflecting mind might dwell with interest, if not with advantage.

The decent gravity of some of the crowd formed a strong contrast to the jocund vivacity of the majority; and this again with the important swagger of the constables, who seemed fully to appreciate the consequence which the modicum of authority dealt out to persons of their standing in society cannot fail to impart. Then the anxiety to complete their task, which the workmen who were still employed in preparing the scaffold

evinced, gave another feature perfectly distinct from what had before caught my attention, while the eagerness of the inhabitant housekeepers to let "excellent places for seeing," and of certain ambulatory pastry cooks to accommodate the rapidly increasing multitude with such delicacies as they had for sale, added to the variety, though not to the solemnity of the scene.

Some undertaker's men were carrying coffins across the road to the prison, for the reception of the sufferers after execution. They were much pushed about, and this caused great mirth. I turned from the general display of levity with disgust. "On no account," I mentally exclaimed, "will I remain mixed up with such a herd of heartless beings. But who am I," I retorted on myself in the next moment, "that I should thus condemn my fellows, and 'bite the chain of nature?'"—for what I saw was nature after all. A mob, save when depressed by a sense of peril, can never long refrain from some indications of merriment, however awful the subject of their meeting. The unfortunate Hackman, in one of his letters to Miss Ray, described himself to have been shocked by a spectacle of this sort. On the morning of the day on which Dr. Dodd suffered, Hackman was at Tyburn. While the multitude were expecting the approach of the culprit, an unfortunate pig ran among them; and the writer remarks, with indignation, that the brutal populace diverted themselves with the animal's distress, as if they had come there to see "a sow baited," instead of attending to behold a fellow creature sacrificed to justice.

But the pressure of the accumulating thousands was too much for me, and I asked a female, who, with an infant in her arms, stood full in my way, to let me pass. I was retiring, when the carriage of one of the Sheriffs drove up to the Sessions House, and out stepped my friend Sir Thomas — who, in the performance of his duty, came to superintend the last arrangements within the prison, and to give the Governor a *receipt* for the bodies of the unfortunates who were to die.

I was instantly recognised, and the Sheriff kindly complimented me with the offer of an introduction to the interior. Such politeness was not to be withstood, and I signified my assent with a bow.

We passed up a staircase, and into a well furnished and carpeted apartment. Here I was introduced to the Under-Sheriff, who, attended by half a dozen gentlemen, brought in, like myself, as a matter of favour, was about descending to the room in which the culprits are pinioned. Sir Thomas, who had bestowed much humane attention on the prisoners, inquired, with real solicitude, how they had passed the night. His colleague, who had just had his person embellished with the insignia of office,

replied, in a lively tone, "O, very well, I understand." He added, with infinite coolness and intelligence—"But you cannot expect men to sleep so well the night before they are hanged as they are likely to do afterwards!"

He looked round in all our faces, as if to collect our suffrages in favour of this pleasantry. His *high rank* and importance *there*, prevented any word or sign of displeasure. Most of us lifted our upper lip so as just to shew our teeth, thereby intimating that we knew he had said a very good thing, at which, but for the painful business then in progress, we should be ready to die with laughing.

We now followed the Sheriffs through the Sessions House, and thence, by a covered passage on the eastern side of the yard of that building, to the prison. I shuddered at beholding the numerous precautions which experience and ingenuity had suggested to cut off hope and prevent escape. Spikes and pallsades above, and doors of massy iron below, appeared in long and terrible array against the wretch, who, having eluded the vigilance of the officers of the gaol, should attempt, by flight, to save his life. At one of the iron doors, we were severally inspected with as much suspicious care as if we had been seeking to get out, instead of pressing forward to be let in.

At length we reached a gloomy apartment, which, I believe, is called the Press-room. Here I found rather a fuller attendance than I had expected; some eight or ten persons having been admitted by another entrance. These had formed in two lines, and their eyes were incessantly turned towards the door. I fancied, when I made my appearance, that they regarded me with peculiar attention, as if for a moment they had mistaken me for a more distinguished character than I really was. If I were right in this, they certainly were soon undeceived. Mingling with them, I looked about me, as I saw them look about. Silence generally prevailed. A few whispers were exchanged; and now and then such sentences as, "The time grows short"—"They will soon be here"—"What must their feelings be at this moment?" were murmured along the ranks.

That amelioration of the culprit's destiny, which, by relieving him from the galling fetters heretofore deemed necessary for the safe detention of his person, now leaves his mind more perfect leisure for communication with his Creator, had not then taken place. The approach of the prisoners was signified first by a whisper, and then by the clanking of the irons attached to the limbs of one of them. It was a dreary morning; and the sombre aspect of the apartment well accorded with the dismal preparations of which it was to be the theatre. A block with a small anvil was placed near the entrance, by which a miserably-attired indi-

vidual was stationed with a candle, for the purpose of lighting the workman who attended to remove the irons. The flame of the candle was too small to afford a general illumination of the room; but its limited power gave to the eye a more distinct view of a little circle round the anvil, in which the main objects were the smith, with his hammer already grasped; his assistant, and two or three officers, were, in the absence of the more important objects of curiosity, eagerly gazed on by some of the party, and by me for one, as appendages of the picture not unworthy of notice.

The sound of the fetters was now close at hand, and the voice of the minister who attended the wearer of them, could be heard. In the next moment two or three persons entered, and these were followed by the Ordinary and one of the malefactors. The latter looked right and left, as if he had calculated on recognising there some friend or relative. A ghastly paleness sat on his cheek, and there was an air of disorder in the upper part of his face, which his wild but sunken eye, and negligently combed locks joined to furnish. The unhappy youth, for he was not more than twenty, advanced with a steady step to where the smith expected him. He was resigned and tractable. When about to place his foot on the block, he untied a band, which had passed round his body to sustain the weight of his irons; and as he disengaged it, he let it carelessly fall, with an expression in his countenance which told, so I fancied, that, in this moment, reflecting he should never want it again, the immediate cause and consequence of the miserable relief flashed full on his imagination, with all their concomitant horrors. But with calmness he attended to the workman, who directed him how to stand. He manifested great presence of mind, and, I thought, seemed to gaze with something of curiosity on the operation, which he contributed all in his power to facilitate. The heavy blows echoed through the room, and rudely broke in on the low murmurs and whispers which had for some little time been the only sounds heard there. A singularly irrational feeling came over me. I could have reproved the striker for indecorously breaking silence, and even have questioned his humanity for being capable of such vigorous exertion at a moment when, as it struck me, everything ought to have presented the coldness and motionless stillness of the grave.

The rivet was knocked out, the fetters fell to the floor, and the prisoner was passed from the anvil to the further extremity of the room. A second entered. This was a middle-aged man. Reflection seemed with him to have well performed its duty. Calm and undismayed, he advanced to the anvil, apparently unconscious of the presence of a single spectator, and wholly occupied with meditations on eternity. Having already witnessed that part of

the preparatory ceremony which he was then to undergo, I withdrew from the circle to observe the other sufferer. He had now been joined by the Ordinary, and was standing near a table, on which several ropes were lying. He was directed to place his hands together, and he was then pinioned. Here, again, I felt a disposition to criticise the conduct of the officers, like that which I had previously experienced while witnessing the labours of the smith. The adroitness and merciful despatch which I noticed, I could hardly help regarding as meriting censure for the insensibility which they marked. Those who have to perform a severe duty cannot often properly fulfil their task, and at the same time conciliate the admiration of the pitying spectator. Lest what I have said should be misunderstood, it is right distinctly to say, no want of consideration for the feelings of the criminals was evinced. The officers who pinioned them, when their work was done, shook each by the hand with an appearance of sincere commiseration. The matter-of-course way in which they acquitted themselves offended me, but I had no right to expect that in performing what to them were but common-place labours, they should study my fastidious notions of fitness and effect.

But a still greater contrast to the awful character of the preparations presented itself. When I drew near the table on which the ropes lay, and by which the miserable being who had most engrossed my attention then stood, I perceived on that very table the materials for gambling. Lines, passing across it, had been indented to prepare it for a game, I believe the same as that which King Henry VIII. took some trouble to put down, under the name of "Shove-groat." The strange variety thus placed before me—the mingling symbols of dissipation and misery, of pastime and of death, caused my mind, already sufficiently excited, to experience a sudden emotion which I know not how to convey to another.

The third criminal entered. This was a young man of prepossessing exterior, who had recently moved in a higher sphere than either of his companions in suffering. His cheek was flushed when he entered, and he staggered forward, writhing in agony, and scarcely able to sustain himself. He looked at those who surrounded him as if he feared to discover some who had known him in the day of his pride. It was necessary to support him while his irons were being removed. He was attended by a benevolent person who commonly assists criminals in their last moments, and who, though no ecclesiastic by profession, seemed equal to the duty of imparting religious consolation. His voice now contributed to soothe his unhappy charge, and in a few moments all that was necessary there to be done had been performed. The hands of the culprits were secured, and the

halters by which they were to perish were thrown round their shoulders.

The fortitude of the young man first brought in had, till this moment, enabled him, though not unmoved, to look with calmness on the appalling scene. But now when he saw that but one more ceremony intervened between him and the grave, his resolution suddenly failed him. He burst into tears, and a wild shriek of "O my mother—my poor mother," embodied in speech a portion of the agony which raged in his bosom. He was conducted to a bench, on which his fellows had just been seated. A glass of water was handed to him, with which he moistened his fevered lips, and the voice of devotion again claimed attention, and commanded silence.

In that moment few, if any, of the spectators remembered the crimes of those they looked upon. Every mind was solely occupied with the terrible punishment about to be inflicted.

But distressing as the scene was, before it closed I was sufficiently myself to recognise, with satisfaction, the majestic march of justice—the resolute, but humane administration of the law. It was sad to behold the ghastly pictures of despair then breathing, but destined so speedily to cease to breathe. Such scenes are rendered familiar to us in romance, but to gaze on the reality, and to feel that, pity as we may, no joyful denouement can be furnished to avert the contemplated sacrifice, occasions for the time excruciating sorrow. But while I felt this, and was persuaded that each of all who were with me (however idle the curiosity which brought him there) would have been glad for himself to have given them life and freedom, I admired the serene determination which still urged on the proceedings, and the sorrowful concurrence which attended them. It was the triumph of civilization, to behold every effort made to soothe calamity, without any abandonment of the forfeit justly claimed on behalf of society.

The Sheriffs inquired if the unfortunates had any thing to impart, or any request to make. Answered in the negative—they added their voices to those of their religious assistants, to assure them of their hopes—that they would find that mercy in another world, which the laws and the interests of their fellow-creatures denied them in this.

This language, however suited to the occasion, had been so often addressed to them, that the sufferers received it almost as a matter of course, and made little or no reply, but looking up to Heaven, they at least seemed to feel that thither alone could their thoughts be advantageously directed.

They continued sitting on the bench or form to which they had been led. From time to time the Sheriffs referred to their watches.

The Under-Sheriff, who had been doing the same, now exhibited his time-piece to his superior. It wanted five minutes to eight. Sir Thomas, by a slight inclination of the head, intimated that he comprehended what was intended to be conveyed.

"Had we not better move?" he inquired, addressing himself, in a tone but little above a whisper, to the Ordinary.

"I think we had," the functionary just mentioned rejoined—"the last time, you know, we were rather late."

The Under-Sheriff waved his hand for the spectators to stand aside. His gesture was promptly attended to. The Sheriffs, holding their wands in their hands, then presented themselves as ready to march in procession. Immediately after them the minister appeared, with his open book: the culprits were next brought forward, and placed immediately behind him. The spectators, who had given way on the sides, prepared to bring up the rear, were admonished by the Under-Sheriff not to press on the sufferers; and strange as it may seem, the intrusive curiosity of some of the party, impressed upon me a belief that this hint was not altogether unnecessary.

No further delay was allowed. The Sheriffs moved on: the Ordinary, the culprits, and the officers did the same; and that class of attendants to which I belonged followed. I shall not easily forget the circumstances of this brief, but melancholy progress. The faltering step—the deep-drawn sigh—the mingling exclamations of anguish and devotion which marked the advance of the victims—the deep tones of the reverend gentleman who now commenced reading a portion of the burial service, and the tolling of the prison bell, which, as we proceeded through some of the most dreary passages of the gaol, burst on the ear, rendered the whole spectacle impressive beyond description.

Few steps sufficed to conduct us to the small room, or entrance-hall, into which the debtor's door opens, and from this we saw the ladder which the criminals were to ascend, and the scaffold on which they were to die. I was on the alert to detect any sudden emotion which this spectacle might cause, but could not perceive that it had the slightest effect. The minds of the sufferers had been so prepared, that a partial view of the machine to which they were being conducted, seemed to give no additional shock. No further pause was deemed necessary. The clock was striking eight, and the Ordinary and the youth first brought to the press-room, immediately passed up the ladder. To the two culprits that remained, the gentleman whom I have already mentioned offered his services, and filled up with a prayer the little interval which elapsed, before the second was conducted to the platform.

I heard from without the murmur of awe, of expectation, and

plty, which ran through the crowd in front of the prison, and stepping on a small erection to the left of the door, gained a momentary glimpse of a portion of the immense multitude, who, uncovered, and in breathless silence, gazed on the operations of the executioners. I retreated just as the third halter had been adjusted. The finisher of the law was in the act of descending, when the Under-Sheriff addressed him—

“Is every thing quite ready?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Then take care and draw the bolt out smartly.—Now, don’t bungle it.”

“No, Sir—you may depend upon it,” was the answer. And the obsequious anxiety of the hangman to seem polite and obliging, his apparent zeal to give satisfaction, though very natural, seemed to me not a little curious.

Prayers, which had been interrupted for a moment, while the last awful ceremony was in progress, were resumed. As he read them, I saw the clergyman fix his eye on the executioner with a peculiar expression. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and passed it slightly over his upper lip. This was the fatal signal. A lumbering noise, occasioned by the falling of part of the apparatus, announced that it had been obeyed.

In that moment, a rush from the scaffold forced me from the door. The Sheriffs, the Under-Sheriff, the Ordinary, the gentleman who had assisted him in preparing the sufferers for eternity, and several other persons quitted the platform as expeditiously as possible, that they might not behold the final agonies of the unhappy men. Sir Thomas took me by the arm as he passed, and signified that he wished me to accompany him. I did so. Again I marched through the passages which I had recently traversed. Two minutes brought me to the door of the room to which I had first been conducted. Here my friend accosted me with his natural firmness of tone, which before had been considerably subdued by humane emotions, and said—

“You must breakfast with us.”

I started at the unsentimental idea of eating the moment after quitting so awful a spectacle, as that which I have attempted to describe. But I had not sufficient energy to resist the good will which rather unceremoniously handed me in. Here I found the other Sheriff, the Ordinary, the Under-Sheriff, the City-Marshal, and one or two of the individuals I had previously met, already seated.

“Well, it is all over,” said Sir Thomas, as he took his seat at the table.

“Yes, it is,” said the Ordinary, in the same tone which I had heard a few moments before, and admired as appropriately

solemn. "It is all over, and—" putting his cup and saucer to the Under-Sheriff, who prepared to pour out the tea—"I am very glad of it."

"I hope you do not mean the breakfast is all over," remarked the Sheriff, whose wit I had previously admired, "for I have had none yet."

The moment had not arrived at which humour like this could be duly appreciated, and I did not observe that any of the company gave even that sort of *note of face* for a laugh which we had all used half an hour before.

Our conversation turned naturally on the manner in which the sufferers had conducted themselves; on the wishes they had expressed, and the confessions they had made.

But while I looked on the hospitably spread table, I could not help connecting operations rather different in their character, which must have been going on at the same moment. "In my mind's eye," I saw the attendants carrying the fowl and eggs to the breakfast table, while the sheriffs and their guests were conducting the sufferers to the scaffold.

From what I have already said, it must be inferred that the first speeches which accomplished the circuit of the table, were of a very serious character. But, mingled with them, some common breakfast-table requests and civilities caught my attention, as singular from their association. The performance of duties the most important cannot relieve man from the necessity of claiming his "daily bread," and I do not know that it is any reproach to a clergyman that he is not distinguished by versatility of manner. The abrupt transition from the gravity of the pulpit to the flippancy of the bar I should not admire; but the consistency of the reverend gentleman here attracted my notice. I had been just listening to him while he repeated, with devotional elongation, the solemn words of the Burial Service; and when I heard him with the same elongation of sound, address himself to me—"Shall I trouble you to cut up the fowl—can I help you to some tongue, sir?" I confess that I felt tempted not to laugh, but to comment on the oddly-contrasted feelings which the same voice, thus variously exerted, inspired.

Horror-struck, as I had been, at the first mention of the unfeeling word "breakfast," my excuse for staying was to see if others could eat. That I should take food was quite out of the question. But the wing of a fowl having been put on my plate, I thought it would be rudeness to reject it. I began to eat, inwardly reflecting that my abstinence would nothing benefit those whose sufferings I had still in my memory; and improving on this reconciling thought, I presently detected myself holding my plate for a second supply. "O sentiment!" I men-

tally exclaimed, "what art thou when opposed to a breakfast?"

By the time we had disposed of our first cup of tea, we had got through the pious reflections which each of us had to offer on the particular occasion which had brought us together, and conversation started in a livelier vein. The gentleman who had assisted the Ordinary, by praying with the culprits, gaily remarked to him, with a benevolent chuckle on his face, that *they* (meaning himself and the reverend gentleman) had succeeded in refuting the unitarian principles which A—— (one of the sufferers) had for some time avowed. The look which answered this speech, reminded me, I know not why, of the *organist's* comment on the *organ blower's* assertion that *they* had played famously well.

"Ay," said the minister, "I knew it would be so. I told him so immediately after sentence. But, after all, what can we say for a recantation dictated by the dread of early death?"

"Very true!" was my exclamation, as the reverend gentleman looked as if he expected me to say something.

"At any rate," whispered a gentleman well known in the city, with whom I had formerly done a little business in the funds, "it gives a man something of an *option*."

This technical application of a favourite stock-exchange word produced a general smile round the table, and I could not help contributing to lengthen it by replying—

"You mean, perhaps, that it gives him a *call*."

But the lively sheriff, of whose witticisms I have already made honourable mention, cut me out of my share of applause altogether, as clean as a whistle, by instantly rejoining—

"The *put* you mean, for, in this case, the party was going for the *fall*."

Of course there was no standing this, and we all joined in the laugh.

We were however brought back to gravity through the alarm expressed by the minister, at the idea of his having taken cold through officiating that morning without his wig.

This introduced, I cannot tell how, some remarks on the head, which led to a disquisition on craniology. On this subject the witty sheriff was very amusing. I said some tolerably lively things; but the Ordinary beat us all hollow, when it was contended that the disposition and the mind might be known from the exterior of the skull, by remarking that he had now an additional reason to regret having come there without his wig.

With this epigrammatic touch he took his leave, I and the rest of the company laughing heartily, and having eaten as heartily as we then laughed. The facetious sheriff now had it all his own way, and said several things, nearly, or perhaps, quite as good

as those which I have already placed on record. We were thus pleasantly engaged, when the aide-de-camp of the gallant officer in the blue and gold,—one of the city marshal's-men, entered to announce that it was past nine o'clock, and to ask if any of the company chose to see the bodies taken down.

"The bodies!" I repeated to myself, and the application of that word to those whom I had previously heard mentioned but by their names, recalled my thoughts which had somehow strayed from the business of the morning into unlooked-for cheerfulness, and presented, in that simple expression, an epitome of all that had moved my wonder, curiosity, and commiseration.

Again we passed through those parts of the prison which I had twice before traversed. We advanced with a quicker step than when following those whom we now expected to see brought to us. But with all the expedition we could use, on reaching the room from which the scaffold could be seen, we found the "bodies" already there. Nor was this, in my opinion, the least striking scene which the morning brought under my observation. The dead men were extended side by side, on the stone floor. The few persons present gazed on them in silence, duly impressed with the melancholy spectacle. But in this part of the building a copper is established, in which a portion of the provisions for its inmates is prepared. There was a savoury smell of soup, which we could not help inhaling while we gazed on death. The cooks too were in attendance, and though they, as became them, did all in their power to look decorously dismal, well as they managed their faces, they could not so divest themselves of their professional peculiarities, as not to awaken thoughts which involuntarily turned to ludicrous or festive scenes. Their very costume was at variance with the general gloom, and no sympathy could at once repress the jolly rotundity of their persons.

I turned my eyes from them, wishing to give myself wholly up to religious meditation during the moments of my stay. Just then the executioner approached. Sir Thomas desired him to remove the cap from the face of one of the sufferers. He prepared to comply—but his first act was to place his hand on the more prominent features and press them together. This, on inquiry being made, I learned was done that the bystanders might not be shocked by witnessing any distortion of countenance. Sir Thomas smiled at the anxiety of the man to make it appear that his work had been well performed. The cap was then withdrawn. There was nothing terrific in the aspect of the deceased. I recognised the features of the young man who had been so wildly, so violently agitated, when about to suffer. Now pain was at an end, apprehension was no more, and he seemed in the enjoyment

of sweet repose. His countenance was tranquil as that of a sleeping infant, and happier than the infant, his rest was not in danger of being disturbed. While reflecting on the change which a single hour had sufficed to produce, I could hardly help regarding as idle the sorrow, the pity, and the self-reproach for momentary forgetfulness of these, which I had felt and breathed within that period. I almost accused the sufferers of weakness, for shewing themselves depressed as they had been, while I felt disposed, seeing their griefs were, to all appearance, terminated for ever, to demand with the poet,

“ And what is death we so unwisely fear ?”

and to answer as he replies to himself,

“ An end of all our busy tumults here.”

ON MITFORD'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

THIS is a book which enjoys a great and increasing popularity ; but, while it has attracted a considerable share of the public attention, it has been little noticed by the critics. Mr. Mitford has almost succeeded in mounting, unperceived by those whose office it is to watch such aspirants, to a high place among historians. He has taken a seat on the dais without being challenged by a single senechal. To oppose the progress of his fame is now almost a hopeless enterprise. Had he been reviewed with candid severity, when he had published only his first volume, his work would either have deserved its reputation, or would never have obtained it. “ Then,” as Indra says of Kehama, “ then was the time to strike.” The time was neglected, and the consequence is that Mr. Mitford, like Kehama, has laid his victorious hand on the literary Amreeta, and seems about to taste the precious elixir of immortality. I shall venture to emulate the courage of the honest Glendoveer—

“ When now

He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand,
An impulse that defied all self-command,

In that extremity,

Stung him, and he resolved to seize the cup,
And dare the Rajah's force in Seeva's sight.
Forward he sprung to tempt the unequal fray.

In plain words, I shall offer a few considerations, which may tend to reduce an overpraised writer to his proper level.

The principal characteristic of this historian, the origin of his excellencies and his defects, is a love of singularity. He has no notion of going with a multitude to do either good or evil. An exploded opinion, or an unpopular person, has an irresistible charm for him. The same perverseness may be traced in his diction. His style would never have been elegant, but it might at least have been manly and perspicuous; and nothing but the most elaborate care could possibly have made it so bad as it is. It is distinguished by harsh phrases, strange collocations, occasional solecisms, frequent obscurity, and, above all, by a peculiar oddity, which can no more be described than it can be overlooked. Nor is this all. Mr. Mitford piques himself on spelling better than any of his neighbours; and this not only in ancient names, which he mangles, in defiance both of custom and of reason, but in the most ordinary words of the English language. It is, in itself, a matter perfectly indifferent whether we call a foreigner by the name which he bears in his own language, or by that which corresponds to it in ours; whether we say Lorenzo de Medici, or Lawrence de Medici, Jean Chauvin, or John Calvin. In such cases established usage is considered as law by all writers except Mr. Mitford. If he were always consistent with himself, he might be excused for sometimes disagreeing with his neighbours; but he proceeds on no principle but that of being unlike the rest of the world. Every child has heard of Linnæus, therefore Mr. Mitford calls him Linné; Rousseau is known all over Europe as Jean Jacques, therefore Mr. Mitford bestows on him the strange appellation of John James.

Had Mr. Mitford undertaken a history of any other country than Greece, this propensity would have rendered his work useless and absurd. His occasional remarks on the affairs of ancient Rome and of modern Europe are full of errors; but he writes of times, with respect to which almost every other writer has been in the wrong, and, therefore, by resolutely deviating from his predecessors, he is often in the right.

Almost all the modern historians of Greece have shown the grossest ignorance of the most obvious phenomena of human nature. In their representations the generals and statesmen of antiquity are absolutely divested of all individuality. They are personifications; they are passions, talents, opinions, virtues, vices, but not men. Inconsistency is a thing of which these writers have no notion. That a man may have been liberal in his youth and avaricious in his age, cruel to one enemy and merciful to another, is to them utterly inconceivable. If the facts be undeniable, they suppose some strange and deep design, in order to explain what, as every one who has observed his own mind knows, needs no explanation at all. This is a mode of

writing very acceptable to the multitude who have always been accustomed to make gods and dæmons out of men very little better or worse than themselves; but it appears contemptible to all who have watched the changes of human character—to all who have observed the influence of time, of circumstances, and of associates, on mankind—to all who have seen a hero in the gout, a democrat in the church, a pedant in love, or a philosopher in liquor. This practice of painting in nothing but black and white is unpardonable even in the drama. It is the great fault of Alfieri; and how much it injures the effect of his compositions will be obvious to every one who will compare his Rosmunda with the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare. The one is a wicked woman; the other is a fiend. Her only feeling is hatred; all her words are curses. We are at once shocked and fatigued by the spectacle of such raving cruelty, excited by no provocation, repeatedly changing its object, and constant in nothing but in its inextinguishable thirst for blood.

In history this error is far more disgraceful. Indeed, there is no fault which so completely ruins a narrative in the opinion of a judicious reader. We know that the line of demarcation between good and bad men is so faintly marked as often to elude the most careful investigation of those who have the best opportunities for judging. Public men, above all, are surrounded with so many temptations and difficulties, that some doubt must almost always hang over their real dispositions and intentions. The lives of Pym, Cromwell, Monk, Clarendon, Marlborough, Burnet, Walpole, are well known to us. We are acquainted with their actions, their speeches, their writings; we have abundance of letters and well-authenticated anecdotes relating to them: yet what candid man will venture very positively to say which of them were honest, and which of them were dishonest men. It appears easier to pronounce decidedly upon the great characters of antiquity, not because we have greater means of discovering truth, but simply because we have less means of detecting error. The modern historians of Greece have forgotten this. Their heroes and villains are as consistent in all their sayings and doings as the cardinal virtues and the deadly sins in an allegory. We should as soon expect a good action from giant Slay-good in Bunyan as from Dionysius; and a crime of Epaminondas would seem as incongruous as a *faux-pas* of the grave and comely damsel, called Discretion, who answered the bell at the door of the house Beautiful.

This error was partly the cause and partly the effect of the high estimation in which the later ancient writers have been held by modern scholars. Those French and English authors who have treated of the affairs of Greece have generally turned with

contempt from the simple and natural narrations of Thucydides and Xenophon to the extravagant representations of Plutarch, Diodorus, Curtius, and other romancers of the same class,—men who described military operations without ever having handled a sword, and applied to the seditions of little republics speculations formed by observation on an empire which covered half the known world. Of liberty they knew nothing. It was to them a great mystery,—a superhuman enjoyment. They ranted about liberty and patriotism, from the same cause which leads monks to talk more ardently than other men about love and women. A wise man values political liberty, because it secures the persons and the possessions of citizens; because it tends to prevent the extravagance of rulers, and the corruption of judges; because it gives birth to useful sciences and elegant arts; because it excites the industry and increases the comforts of all classes of society. These theorists imagined that it possessed something eternally and intrinsically good, distinct from the blessings which it generally produced. They considered it not as a means but as an end; an end to be attained at any cost. Their favourite heroes are those who have sacrificed, for the mere name of freedom, the prosperity—the security—the justice—from which freedom derives its value.

There is another remarkable characteristic of these writers, in which their modern worshippers have carefully imitated them,—a great fondness for good stories. The most established facts, dates, and characters are never suffered to come into competition with a splendid saying, or a romantic exploit. The early historians have left us natural and simple descriptions of the great events which they witnessed, and the great men with whom they associated. When we read the account which Plutarch and Rollin have given of the same period, we scarcely know our old acquaintance again: we are utterly confounded by the melo-dramatic effect of the narration, and the sublime coxcombery of the characters.

These are the principal errors into which the predecessors of Mr. Mitford have fallen; and from most of these he is free. His faults are of a completely different description. It is to be hoped that the students of history may now be saved, like Dorax in Dryden's play, by swallowing two conflicting poisons, each of which may serve as an antidote to the other.

The first and most important difference between Mr. Mitford and those who have preceded him, is in his narration. Here the advantage lies, for the most part, on his side. His principle is to follow the contemporary historians, to look with doubt on all statements which are not in some degree confirmed by them, and absolutely to reject all which are contradicted by them. While

he retains the guidance of some writer in whom he can place confidence, he goes on excellently. When he loses it, he falls to the level, or perhaps below the level of the writers whom he so much despises: he is as absurd as they, and very much duller. It is really amusing to observe how he proceeds with his narration, when he has no better authority than poor Diodorus. He is compelled to relate something; yet he believes nothing. He accompanies every fact with a long statement of objections. His account of the administration of Dionysius is in no sense a history. It ought to be entitled—"Historic doubts as to certain events, alleged to have taken place in Sicily."

This scepticism, however, like that of some great legal characters almost as sceptical as himself, vanishes whenever his political partialities interfere. He is a vehement admirer of tyranny and oligarchy, and considers no evidence as feeble which can be brought forward in favour of those forms of government. Democracy he hates with a perfect hatred, a hatred which, in the first volume of his history, appears only in his epistles and reflections, but which, in those parts where he has less reverence for his guides, and can venture to take his own way, completely distorts even his narration.

In taking up these opinions, I have no doubt that Mr. Mitford was influenced by the same love of singularity which led him to spell *island* without an *s*, and to place two dots over the last letter of *idea*. In truth, preceding historians have erred so monstrously, on the other side, that even the worst parts of Mr. Mitford's book may be useful as a corrective. For a young gentleman who talks much about his country, tyrannicide, and Epaminondas, this work, diluted in a sufficient quantity of Rollin and Barthelemi, may be a very useful remedy.

The errors of both parties arise from an ignorance or a neglect of the fundamental principles of political science. The writers on one side imagine popular government to be always a blessing; Mr. Mitford omits no opportunity of assuring us that it is always a curse. The fact is, that a good government, like a good coat, is that which fits the body for which it is designed. A man who, upon abstract principles, pronounces a constitution to be good, without an exact knowledge of the people who are to be governed by it, judges as absurdly as a tailor who should measure the Belvidere Apollo for the clothes of all his customers. The demagogues who wished to see Portugal a republic, and the wise critics who revile the Virginians for not having instituted a peerage, appear equally ridiculous to all men of sense and candour.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy. Neither the incli-

nation nor the knowledge will suffice alone; and it is difficult to find them together.

Pure democracy, and pure democracy alone, satisfies the former condition of this great problem. That the governors may be solicitous only for the interests of the governed, it is necessary that the interests of the governors and the governed should be the same. This cannot be often the case where power is intrusted to one or to a few. The privileged part of the community will doubtless derive a certain degree of advantage from the general prosperity of the state; but they will derive a greater from oppression and exaction. The king will desire an useless war for his glory, or a *parc-aux-cerfs* for his pleasure. The nobles will demand monopolies and *lettres-de-câchet*. In proportion as the number of governors is increased the evil is diminished. There are fewer to contribute, and more to receive. The dividend which each can obtain of the public plunder becomes less and less tempting. But the interests of the subjects and the rulers never absolutely coincide till the subjects themselves become the rulers, that is, till the government be either immediately or mediately democratical.

But this is not enough. "Will without power," said the sagacious Casimir to Milor Beefington, "is like children playing at soldiers." The people will always be desirous to promote their own interests; but it may be doubted, whether, in any community, they were ever sufficiently educated to understand them. Even in this island, where the multitude have long been better informed than in any other part of Europe, the rights of the many have generally been asserted against themselves by the patriotism of the few. Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular. It may be well doubted, whether a liberal policy with regard to our commercial relations, would find any support from a parliament elected by universal suffrage. The republicans on the other side of the Atlantic have recently adopted regulations, of which the consequences will, before long, shew us,

"How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request."

The people are to be governed for their own good; and, that they may be governed for their own good, they must not be governed by their own ignorance. There are countries in which it would be as absurd to establish popular governments, as to abolish all the restraints in a school, or to untie all the strait-waistcoats in a madhouse.

Hence it may be concluded, that the happiest state of society

is that in which supreme power resides in the whole body of a well-informed people. This is an imaginary, perhaps an unattainable, state of things. Yet, in some measure, we may approximate to it; and he alone deserves the name of a great statesman, whose principle it is to extend the power of the people in proportion to the extent of their knowledge, and to give them every facility for obtaining such a degree of knowledge as may render it safe to trust them with absolute power. In the mean time, it is dangerous to praise or condemn constitutions in the abstract; since, from the despotism of St. Petersburg to the democracy of Washington, there is scarcely a form of government which might not, at least in some hypothetical case, be the best possible.

If, however, there be any form of government which in all ages and all nations has always been, and must always be pernicious, it is certainly that which Mr. Mitford, on his usual principle of being wiser than all the rest of the world, has taken under his especial patronage—pure oligarchy. This is closely, and indeed inseparably connected with another of his eccentric tastes, a marked partiality for Lacedæmon, and a dislike of Athens. Mr. Mitford's book has, I suspect, rendered these sentiments in some degree popular; and I shall, therefore, examine them at some length.

The shades in the Athenian character strike the eye more rapidly than those in the Lacedæmonian: not because they are darker, but because they are on a brighter ground. The law of ostracism is an instance of this. Nothing can be conceived more odious than the practice of punishing a citizen, simply and professedly, for his eminence;—and nothing in the institutions of Athens is more frequently or more justly censured. Lacedæmon was free from this. And why? Lacedæmon did not need it. Oligarchy is an ostracism of itself,—an ostracism not occasional, but permanent,—not dubious, but certain. Her laws prevented the development of merit, instead of attacking its maturity. They did not cut down the plant in its high and palmy state, but cursed the soil with eternal sterility. In spite of the law of ostracism, Athens produced, within an hundred and fifty years, the greatest public men that ever existed. Whom had Sparta to ostracise? She produced, at most, four eminent men, Brasidas, Gylippus, Lysander, and Agesilaus. Of these, not one rose to distinction within her jurisdiction. It was only when they escaped from the region within which the influence of aristocracy withered every thing good and noble; it was only when they ceased to be Lacedæmonians, that they became great men. Brasidas, among the cities of Thrace, was strictly a democratical leader, the favourite minister and general of the people. The same may be said of Gylippus, at Syracuse. Lysander, in the Hellespont, and Age-

silas, in Asia, were liberated for a time from the hateful restraints imposed by the constitution of Lycurgus. Both acquired fame abroad, and both returned to be watched and depressed at home. This is not peculiar to Sparta. Oligarchy, wherever it has existed, has always stunted the growth of genius. Thus it was at Rome, till about a century before the Christian era; we read of abundance of consuls and dictators who won battles, and enjoyed triumphs, but we look in vain for a single man of the first order of intellect,—for a Pericles, a Demosthenes, or a Hannibal. The Gracchi formed a strong democratical party; Marius revived it; the foundations of the old aristocracy were shaken; and two generations fertile in really great men appeared.

Venice is a still more remarkable instance: in her history we see nothing but the state; aristocracy had destroyed every seed of genius and virtue. Her dominion was like herself, lofty and magnificent, but founded on filth and weeds. God forbid that there should ever again exist a powerful and civilized state, which after existing through thirteen hundred eventful years, shall not bequeath to mankind the memory of one great name, or one generous action.

Many writers, and Mr. Mitford among the number, have admired the stability of the Spartan institutions; in fact, there is little to admire, and less to approve. Oligarchy is the weakest and the most stable of governments, and it is stable because it is weak. It has a sort of valetudinarian longevity; it lives in the balance of Sanctorius; it takes no exercise, it exposes itself to no accident, it is seized with an hypochondriac alarm at every new sensation, it trembles at every breath, it lets blood for every inflammation, and thus, without ever enjoying a day of health or pleasure, drags on its existence to a dotting and debilitated old age.

The Spartans purchased for their government a prolongation of its existence, by the sacrifice of happiness at home, and dignity abroad. They cringed to the powerful; they trampled on the weak; they massacred their Helots; they betrayed their allies; they contrived to be a day too late for the battle of Marathon; they attempted to avoid the battle of Salamis; they suffered the Athenians, to whom they owed their lives and liberties, to be a second time driven from their country by the Persians, that they might finish their own fortifications on the Isthmus; they attempted to take advantage of the distress to which exertions in their cause had reduced their preservers, in order to make them their slaves; they strove to prevent those who had abandoned their walls to defend them, from rebuilding them to defend themselves; they commenced the Peloponnesian war in violation of their engagements with Athens; they abandoned it in

violation of their engagements with their allies; they gave up to the sword whole cities, which had placed themselves under their protection; they bartered for advantages confined to themselves, the interest, the freedom, and the lives, of those who had served them most faithfully; they took with equal complacency, and equal infamy, the stripes of Elis, and the bribes of Persia; they never shewed either resentment or gratitude; they abstained from no injury, and they revenged none. Above all they looked on a citizen who served them well as their deadliest enemy. These are the arts which protract the existence of governments.

Nor were the domestic institutions of Lacedæmon less hateful, or less contemptible than her foreign policy. A perpetual interference with every part of the system of human life, a constant struggle against nature and reason, characterized all her laws. To violate even prejudices which have taken deep root in the minds of a people is scarcely expedient; to think of extirpating natural appetites and passions is frantic: the external symptoms may be occasionally repressed, but the feeling still exists, and debarred from its natural objects, preys on the disordered mind and body of its victim. Thus it is in convents—thus it is among ascetic sects—thus it was among the Lacedæmonians. Hence arose that madness, or violence approaching to madness, which in spite of every external restraint, often appeared among the most distinguished citizens of Sparta. Cleomenes terminated his career of raving cruelty, by cutting himself to pieces. Pausanias seems to have been absolutely insane: he formed a hopeless and profligate scheme; he betrayed it by the ostentation of his behaviour, and the imprudence of his measures; and he alienated, by his insolence, all who might have served or protected him. Xenophon, a warm admirer of Lacedæmon, furnishes us with the strongest evidence to this effect. It is impossible not to observe the brutal and senseless fury which characterizes almost every Spartan with whom he was connected. Clearchus nearly lost his life by his cruelty. Chirisophus deprived his army of the services of a faithful guide by his unreasonable and ferocious severity. But it is needless to multiply instances. Lycurgus, Mr. Mitford's favourite legislator, founded his whole system on a mistaken principle. He never considered that governments were made for men, and not men for governments. Instead of adapting the constitution to the people, he distorted the minds of the people to suit the constitution, a scheme worthy of the Laputan Academy of Projectors. And this appears to Mr. Mitford to constitute his peculiar title to admiration. Hear himself: "What to modern eyes most strikingly sets that extraordinary man above all other legislators is, that in so many circumstances, apparently out of the reach of law, he

controlled and formed to his own mind the wills and habits of his people." I should suppose that this gentleman had the advantage of receiving his education under the ferula of Dr. Pangloss; for his metaphysics are clearly those of the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, "Remarquez bien que les nez ont été faits pour porter des lunettes, aussi avons nous des lunettes. Les jambes sont visiblement instituées pour être chaussées, et nous avons des chausses. Les cochons étant faits pour être mangés, nous mangeons du porc toute l'année."

At Athens the laws did not constantly interfere with the tastes of the people. The children were not taken from their parents by that universal step-mother, the state. They were not starved into thieves, or tortured into bullies; there was no established table at which every one must dine, no established style in which every one must converse. An Athenian might eat whatever he could afford to buy, and talk as long as he could find people to listen. The government did not tell the people what opinions they were to hold, or what songs they were to sing. Freedom produced excellence. Thus philosophy took its origin. Thus were produced those models of poetry, of oratory, and of the arts, which scarcely fall short of the standard of ideal excellence. Nothing is more conducive to happiness than the free exercise of the mind, in pursuits congenial to it. This happiness, assuredly, was enjoyed far more at Athens than at Sparta. The Athenians are acknowledged even by their enemies to have been distinguished, in private life, by their courteous and amiable demeanour. Their levity, at least, was better than Spartan sullenness, and their impertinence, than Spartan insolence. Even in courage it may be questioned whether they were inferior to the Lacedæmonians. The great Athenian historian has reported a remarkable observation of the great Athenian minister. Pericles maintained that his countrymen, without submitting to the hardships of a Spartan education, rivalled all the achievements of Spartan valour, and that therefore the pleasures and amusements which they enjoyed were to be considered as so much clear gain. The infantry of Athens was certainly not equal to that of Lacedæmon; but this seems to have been caused merely by want of practice: the attention of the Athenians was diverted from the discipline of the phalanx to that of the trireme. The Lacedæmonians, in spite of all their boasted valour, were, from the same cause, timid and disorderly in naval action.

But we are told that crimes of great enormity were perpetrated by the Athenian government, and the democracies under its protection. It is true that Athens too often acted up to the full extent of the laws of war, in an age when those laws had not been mitigated by causes which have operated in later times.

This accusation is, in fact, common to Athens, to Lacedæmon, to all the states of Greece, and to all states similarly situated. Where communities are very large, the heavier evils of war are felt but by few. The plough-boy sings, the spinning-wheel turns round, the wedding-day is fixed, whether the last battle were lost or won. In little states it cannot be thus; every man feels in his own property and person the effect of a war. Every man is a soldier, and a soldier fighting for his nearest interests. His own trees have been cut down—his own corn has been burnt—his own house has been pillaged—his own relations have been killed. How can he entertain towards the enemies of his country the same feelings with one who has suffered nothing from them, except perhaps the addition of a small sum to the taxes which he pays. Men in such circumstances cannot be generous. They have too much at stake. It is when they are, if I may so express myself, playing for love, it is when war is a mere game at chess, it is when they are contending for a remote colony, a frontier town, the honours of a flag, a salute, or a title, that they can make fine speeches, and do good offices to their enemies. The Black Prince waited behind the chair of his captive; Villars interchanged repartees with Eugene; George II. sent congratulations to Louis XV., during a war; upon occasion of his escape from the attempt of Damien; and these things are fine and generous, and very gratifying to the author of the Broad Stone of Honour, and all the other wise men who think, like him, that God made the world only for the use of gentlemen. But they spring in general from utter heartlessness. No war ought ever to be undertaken but under circumstances which render all interchange of courtesy between the combatants impossible. It is a bad thing that men should hate each other; but it is far worse that they should contract the habit of cutting one another's throats without hatred. War is never lenient but where it is wanton; when men are compelled to fight in self-defence, they must hate and avenge; this may be bad, but it is human nature, it is the clay as it came from the hand of the potter.

It is true that among the dependencies of Athens, seditions assumed a character more ferocious than even in France, during the reign of terror—the accursed Saturnalia of an accursed bondage. It is true that in Athens itself, where such convulsions were scarcely known, the condition of the higher orders was disagreeable; that they were compelled to contribute large sums for the service or the amusement of the public, and that they were sometimes harassed by vexatious informers. Whenever such cases occur, Mr. Mitford's scepticism vanishes. The “if,” the “but,” the “it is said,” the “if we may believe,” with which he qualifies every charge against a tyrant or an aristocracy, are at

once abandoned. The blacker the story, the firmer is his belief; and he never fails to inveigh with hearty bitterness against democracy as the source of every species of crime.

The Athenians, I believe, possessed more liberty than was good for them. Yet I will venture to assert, that while the splendour, the intelligence, and the energy of that great people were peculiar to themselves, the crimes with which they are charged arose from causes which were common to them with every other state which then existed. The violence of faction in that age sprung from a cause which has always been fertile in every political and moral evil, domestic slavery.

The effect of slavery is completely to dissolve the connexion which naturally exists between the higher and lower classes of free citizens. The rich spend their wealth in purchasing and maintaining slaves. There is no demand for the labour of the poor; the fable of Menenius ceases to be applicable; the belly communicates no nutriment to the members; there is an atrophy in the body politic. The two parties, therefore, proceed to extremities utterly unknown in countries where they have mutually need of each other. In Rome the oligarchy was too powerful to be subverted by force; and neither the tribunes nor the popular assemblies, though constitutionally omnipotent, could maintain a successful contest against men who possessed the whole property of the state. Hence the necessity for measures tending to unsettle the whole frame of society, and to take away every motive of industry; the abolition of debts, and the Agrarian laws—propositions absurdly condemned by men who do not consider the circumstances from which they sprung. They were the desperate remedies of a desperate disease. In Greece the oligarchal interest was not in general so deeply rooted as at Rome. The multitude, therefore, often redressed by force, grievances, which at Rome, were commonly attacked under the forms of the constitution. They drove out or massacred the rich, and divided their property. If the superior union or military skill of the rich rendered them victorious, they took measures equally violent, disarmed all in whom they could not confide, often slaughtered great numbers, and occasionally expelled the whole commonalty from the city, and remained, with their slaves, the sole inhabitants.

From such calamities Athens and Lacedæmon alone were almost completely free. At Athens the purses of the rich were laid under regular contribution for the support of the poor; and this, rightly considered, was as much a favour to the givers as to the receivers, since no other measure could possibly have saved their houses from pillage, and their persons from violence. It is singular that Mr. Mitford should perpetually reprobate a policy

which was the best that could be pursued in such a state of things, and which alone saved Athens from the frightful outrages which were perpetrated at Corcyra.

Lacedæmon, cursed with a system of slavery more odious than has ever existed in any other country, avoided this evil by almost totally annihilating private property. Lycurgus began by an Agrarian law. He abolished all professions except that of arms; he made the whole of his community a standing army, every member of which had a common right to the services of a crowd of miserable bondmen; he secured the state from sedition at the expense of the Helots. Of all the parts of his system this is the most creditable to his head, and the most disgraceful to his heart.

These considerations, and many others of equal importance, Mr. Mitford has neglected; but he has a yet heavier charge to answer. He has made not only illogical inferences, but false statements. While he never states, without qualifications and objections, the charges which the earliest and best historians have brought against his favourite tyrants, Pisistratus, Hippias, and Gelon, he transcribes, without any hesitation, the grossest abuse of the least authoritative writers against every democracy and every demagogue. Such an accusation should not be made without being supported; and I will therefore select one out of many passages which will fully substantiate the charge, and convict Mr. Mitford of wilful misrepresentation, or of negligence scarcely less culpable. Mr. Mitford is speaking of one of the greatest men that ever lived, Demosthenes, and comparing him with his rival, Æschines. Let him speak for himself.

"In earliest youth Demosthenes earned an opprobrious nickname by the effeminacy of his dress and manner." Does Mr. Mitford know that Demosthenes denied this charge, and explained the nickname in a perfectly different manner*? And if he knew it, should he not have stated it? He proceeds thus:—"On emerging from minority, by the Athenian law, at five-and-twenty, he earned another opprobrious nickname by a prosecution of his guardians, which was considered as a dishonourable attempt to extort money from them." In the first place, Demosthenes was not five-and-twenty years of age. Mr. Mitford might have learnt from so common a book as the *Archæologia* of Archbishop Potter, that, at twenty, Athenian citizens were freed from the control of their guardians, and began to manage their own property. The very speech of Demosthenes against his guardians proves most satisfactorily that he was under twenty. In his

* See the speech of Æschines against Timarchus.

speech against Midias, he says, that when he undertook that prosecution he was quite * a boy. His youth might, therefore, excuse the step, even if it had been considered, as Mr. Mitford says, a dishonourable attempt to extort money. But who considered it as such? Not the judges, who condemned the guardians. The Athenian courts of justice were not the purest in the world; but their decisions were at least as likely to be just as the abuse of a deadly enemy. Mr. Mitford refers for confirmation of his statement to Æschines and Plutarch. Æschines by no means bears him out, and Plutarch directly contradicts him. "Not long after," says Mr. Mitford, "he took blows publicly in the theater (I preserve the orthography, if it can be so called, of this historian) from a petulant youth of rank named Meidias." Here are two disgraceful mistakes. In the first place, it was long after; eight years at the very least, probably much more. In the next place, the petulant youth, of whom Mr. Mitford speaks, was fifty years old †. Really Mr. Mitford has less reason to censure the carelessness of his predecessors than to reform his own. After this monstrous inaccuracy, with regard to facts, we may be able to judge what degree of credit ought to be given to the vague abuse of such a writer. "The cowardice of Demosthenes in the field afterwards became notorious." Demosthenes was a civil character; war was not his business. In his time the division between military and political offices was beginning to be strongly marked; yet the recollection of the days, when every citizen was a soldier, were still recent. In such states of society a certain degree of disrepute always attaches to sedentary men; but that any leader of the Athenian democracy could have been, as Mr. Mitford says of Demosthenes, a few lines before, remarkable for "an extraordinary deficiency of personal courage," is absolutely impossible. What mercenary warrior of the time exposed his life to greater or more constant perils? Was there a single soldier at Chæroneia who had more cause to tremble for his safety than the orator, who, in case of defeat, could scarcely hope for mercy from the people whom he had misled, or the prince whom he had opposed? Were not the ordinary fluctuations of popular feeling enough to deter any coward from engaging in political conflicts? Isocrates, whom Mr. Mitford extols, because he constantly employed all the flowers of his school-boy rhetoric to decorate oligarchy and tyranny, avoided the judicial and political meetings of Athens from mere timidity, and seems to have hated democracy

* *Μαριπούλλιον ἄν κομίδην.*

† Whoever will read the speech of Demosthenes against Midias will find the statements in the text confirmed, and will have, moreover, the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one of the finest compositions in the world.

only because he durst not look a popular assembly in the face. Demosthenes was a man of a feeble constitution; his nerves were weak, but his spirit was high; and the energy and enthusiasm of his feelings supported him through life and in death.

So much for Demosthenes. Now for the orator of aristocracy. I do not wish to abuse Æschines. He may have been an honest man. He was certainly a great man; and I feel a reverence, of which Mr. Mitford, seems to have no notion, for great men of every party. But when Mr. Mitford says, that the private character of Æschines was without stain, does he remember what Æschines has himself confessed in his speech against Timarchus? I can make allowances as well as Mr. Mitford, for persons who lived under a different system of laws and morals; but let them be made impartially. If Demosthenes is to be attacked, on account of some childish improprieties, proved only by the assertion of an antagonist, what shall we say of those maturer vices which that antagonist has himself acknowledged? "Against the private character of Æschines," says Mr. Mitford, "Demosthenes seems not to have had an insinuation to oppose." Has Mr. Mitford ever read the speech of Demosthenes on the embassy? Or can he have forgotten, what was never forgotten by any one else who ever read it, the story which Demosthenes relates with such terrible energy of language concerning the drunken brutality of his rival? True or false, here is something more than an insinuation; and nothing can vindicate the historian who has overlooked it from the charge of negligence, or of partiality. But Æschines denied the story. And did not Demosthenes also deny the story respecting his childish nickname, which Mr. Mitford has nevertheless told without any qualification? But the judges, or some part of them shewed, by their clamour, their disbelief of the relation of Demosthenes. And did not the judges, who tried the cause between Demosthenes and his guardians indicate, in a much clearer manner, their approbation of the prosecution? But Demosthenes was a demagogue, and is to be slandered. Æschines was an aristocrat, and is to be panegyriized. Is this a history, or a party-pamphlet?

These passages, all selected from a single page of Mr. Mitford's work, may give some notion to those readers, who have not the means of comparing his statements with the original authorities, of his extreme partiality and carelessness. Indeed, whenever this historian mentions Demosthenes, he violates all the laws of candour and even of decency; he weighs no authorities; he makes no allowances; he forgets the best-authenticated facts in the history of the times, and the most generally recognised principles of human nature. The opposition of the

great orator to the policy of Philip, he represents, as neither more nor less, than deliberate villany. I hold almost the same opinion with Mr. Mitford respecting the character and the views of that great and accomplished prince. But am I, therefore, to pronounce Demosthenes profligate, and insincere? Surely not; do we not perpetually see men of the greatest talents and the purest intentions misled by national or factious prejudices? The most respectable people in England were, little more than forty years ago, in the habit of uttering the bitterest abuse against Washington and Franklin. It is certainly to be regretted that men should err so grossly in their estimate of character. But no person who knows any thing of human nature will impute such errors to depravity.

Mr. Mitford is not more consistent with himself than with reason. Though he is the advocate of all oligarchies, he is also a warm admirer of all kings, and of all citizens, who raised themselves to that species of sovereignty which the Greeks denominated tyranny. If monarchy, as Mr. Mitford holds, be in itself a blessing, democracy must be a better form of government than aristocracy, which is always opposed to the supremacy, and even to the eminence of individuals. On the other hand, it is but one step that separates the demagogue and the sovereign.

If this article had not extended itself to so great a length, I should offer a few observations on some other peculiarities of this writer,—his general preference of the Barbarians to the Greeks,—his predilection for Persians, Carthaginians, Thracians, for all nations, in short, except that great and enlightened nation of which he is the historian. But I will confine myself to a single topic.

Mr. Mitford has remarked, with truth and spirit, that “any history perfectly written, but especially a Grecian history perfectly written, should be a political institute for all nations.” It has not occurred to him that a Grecian history, perfectly written, should also be a complete record of the rise and progress of poetry, philosophy, and the arts. Here his work is extremely deficient. Indeed, though it may seem a strange thing to say of a gentleman who has published so many quartos, Mr. Mitford seems to entertain a feeling, bordering on contempt, for literary and speculative pursuits. The talents of action almost exclusively attract his notice, and he talks with very complacent disdain of “the idle learned.” Homer, indeed, he admires, but principally I am afraid, because he is convinced that Homer could neither read nor write. He could not avoid speaking of Socrates; but he has been far more solicitous to trace his death to political causes, and to deduce from it consequences unfavourable to

Athens, and to popular governments, than to throw light on the character and doctrines of the wonderful man,

“From whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
Of Academics, old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.”

He does not seem to be aware that Demosthenes was a great orator; he represents him sometimes as an aspiring demagogue, sometimes as an adroit negotiator, and always as a great rogue. But that in which the Athenian excelled all men of all ages, that irresistible eloquence, which at the distance of more than two thousand years stirs our blood, and brings tears into our eyes, he passed by with a few phrases of common-place commendation. The origin of the drama, the doctrines of the sophists, the course of Athenian education, the state of the arts and sciences, the whole domestic system of the Greeks, he has almost completely neglected. Yet these things will appear, to a reflecting man, scarcely less worthy of attention, than the taking of Sphacteria, or the discipline of the targeteers of Iphicrates.

This, indeed, is a deficiency by no means peculiar to Mr. Mitford. Most people seem to imagine that a detail of public occurrences—the operations of sieges—the changes of administrations—the treaties—the conspiracies—the rebellions—is a complete history. Differences of definition are logically unimportant, but practically they sometimes produce the most momentous effects: thus it has been in the present case; historians have, almost without exception, confined themselves to the public transactions of states, and have left to the negligent administration of writers of fiction a province at least equally extensive and valuable.

All wise statesmen have agreed to consider the prosperity or adversity of nations as made up of the happiness or misery of individuals, and to reject as chimerical all notions of a public interest of the community, distinct from the interest of the component parts. It is therefore strange that those whose office it is to supply statesmen with examples and warnings, should omit, as too mean for the dignity of history, circumstances which exert the most extensive influence on the state of society. In general, the under current of human life flows steadily on, unruffled by the storms which agitate the surface. The happiness of the many commonly depends on causes independent of victories or defeats, of revolutions or restorations,—causes which can be regulated by no laws, and which are recorded in no archives. These causes are the things which it is of main importance to us to know, not how the Lacedæmonian phalanx was broken at Leuctra—not whether

Alexander died of poison or by disease. History, without these, is a shell without a kernel; and such is almost all the history which is extant in the world. Paltry skirmishes and plots are reported with absurd and useless minuteness; but improvements the most essential to the comfort of human life extend themselves over the world, and introduce themselves into every cottage, before any annalist can condescend from the dignity of writing about generals and ambassadors, to take the least notice of them. Thus the progress of the most salutary inventions and discoveries is buried in impenetrable mystery; mankind are deprived of a most useful species of knowledge, and their benefactors of their honest fame. In the meantime every child knows by heart the dates and adventures of a long line of barbarian kings. The history of nations, in the sense in which I use the word, is often best studied in works not professedly historical. Thucydides, as far as he goes, is an excellent writer, yet he affords us far less knowledge of the most important particulars relating to Athens, than Plato or Aristophanes. The little treatise of Xenophon in *Domestic Economy*, contains more historical information than all the seven books of his *Hellenics*. The same may be said of the *Satires* of Horace, of the *Letters* of Cicero, of the novels of Le Sage, of the memoirs of Marmontel. Many others might be mentioned, but these sufficiently illustrate my meaning.

I would hope that there may yet appear a writer who may despise the present narrow limits, and assert the rights of history over every part of her natural domain. Should such a writer engage in that enterprise, in which I cannot but consider Mr. Mitford as having failed, he will record, indeed, all that is interesting and important in military and political transactions; but he will not think any thing too trivial for the gravity of history, which is not too trivial to promote or diminish the happiness of man. He will portray in vivid colours the domestic society, the manners, the amusements, the conversation of the Greeks. He will not disdain to discuss the state of agriculture, of the mechanical arts, and of the conveniences of life. The progress of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, will form an important part of his plan. But above all, his attention will be given to the history of that splendid literature from which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory, of the western world.

Of the indifference which Mr. Mitford shews on this subject, I will not speak, for I cannot speak with fairness. It is a subject on which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge, in the veneration of a worshipper, and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce

them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments, and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The dervise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of its primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some

mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chaunted to some mishapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

T. M.

ROSCOE'S EDITION OF POPE'S WORKS.

THANKS to the diversity and vigour of our national genius, there is no country which can afford, so well as ours can, to indulge in variety and contrariety of taste, let these be carried to what extent they may by recklessness or caprice. By this we mean to assert not only the number of eminent writers in each established division of poetic merit, in the tragic, the comic, the epic, or satiric vein, for all this variety may exist in a national literature with much monotony, as any reader may convince himself by turning from the satires of Boileau to the tragedy of Racine, and from the tragedy of Racine to the epic of Voltaire. In these the form and subject are but different, whilst the presiding taste is the same; whereas, in our succession of poets, all is not only various but contradictory,—not only the external form, the verse, the prosody, the metre, but the very elements of thought, the very principles of taste. In scarce any instance can one age of our poetry be considered as the parent of another, except so far as perfection, and consequent satiety in it, tended to produce its contrary. Our poetry, like our dynasty, has been perpetuated by frequent violations of hereditary right; and so often has foreign taste been inoculated upon our national stock, that it may be said with truth, we have extended our poetic empire, as the Romans did their political, by adopting the best laws and customs of the conquered for our own. It is thus, by not being over scrupulous as to originality, that we have become truly original;—the nation, like Byron and its other great poets, was above the petty fear of being thought an imitator;—and whilst France, by a contrary dread, narrowed its circle of poetic taste to the very annihilation of poetic spirit,—England, by extending hers, gave scope to the wonderful creations of our days. By this means, whilst the poetry of other nations resembles a finished temple, an isolated column, a pyramid, beautiful and striking perhaps, but exciting at the best but one sensation, one species of delight,—ours

is like a gothic fabric, stretching over an unlimited space of ground,—here crowning the summit of a deep ravine, and boldly jutting forth in battlements and turrets—there in unpretending majesty, looking from no height upon the tranquil plain; containing too, its donjons and its keeps, its haunted tower and prison cell, contrasted with the tranquillity of its grassy courts, and the solitude of many a retired bower.

A person of ever so much taste may not, indeed cannot, find equal delight in so many different scenes; the lover of Spenser may not be an admirer of Dryden; the lover of Thomson may be no admirer of Pope. In a lover of the deep passion, the heart-wrung poetry, of Byron, we can conceive nothing more insipid than the quaint simplicity, the *bonhomme*, the very sorry, “lackadaisical” lamentations of the “Fairy Queen;”—to the imaginative and temperate-blooded reader of Spenser and Southey, the muse of Byron, distorted and convulsive under the excessive influence of passion, must appear disgusting, at best unintelligible. And how can the fanciful spirit, that has learned to feast upon the subtilized simplicities of the Lake school, how can he do other than smile with contempt upon what he deems the nothingnesses of Crabbe or of Campbell? And this is as it should be. Let party flourish in poetics as in politics,—only let us carry on the war without virulence or animosity, nor introduce the dagger-work of political warfare into the calmer retirements of criticism. Our poetic library, Heaven knows, is wide enough for all the votaries of all our muses, without there being any necessity for jostling, for stabbing with sharpened pens, shooting one another with pamphlets, or annihilating antagonists with quartos.

If the critical taste of the present age be unjust towards the merit of Pope, this, it must be confessed, is but retributive justice towards the poet who esteemed not Milton, as we learn from Spence, and still less Shakspeare, whom he has often slighted. “It was mighty simple in Rowe,” says Pope, “to write a play now professedly in Shakspeare’s style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.” Thus unjust to his predecessors, as well as cruelly and wantonly so to his cotemporaries, the memory of Pope is certainly not one to silence, by its unoffending character, the voice of hostile criticism; on the contrary, we know of no literary character that has merited more the re-action of a critical age to come, than the satirist of the Dunciad and the Moral Epistles. And this is quite sufficient to account for the superciliousness of Johnson, without attributing the biographer’s harshness to his hatred of Pope as a catholic. Johnson’s age, however, was not mature enough to allow of throwing off the yoke of the couplet, or of listening to any cavil against the poetic supremacy of Pope; the biographer, therefore, attacked him as a man, and left to

Warton the task of aiming at a more vulnerable part of his fame. Warton, in his critical examination of the genius of Pope, made no very original and novel discovery; since the popularity of Cowper, such critical opinions had occurred, and were entertained by every one—Warton embodied and gave them a tongue. He was a critic of by no means power sufficient to cause a revolution in the taste of a country. Like many poets of enormous originality in seeming, he but followed the stream; and the malevolence, of which he is accused, as the detractor of Pope, might as well be applied to his age, as to him. In fact the French school had become *effete*; the scroll which we borrowed from our neighbours had been stretched, till it really could contain no more. The taste had now endured for the whole space of a century, reckoning from the days of Waller, and was supported by many causes independent of its intrinsic merit.

“This translation of prose thoughts into poetic language,” says Mr. Coleridge, in his *Biographia*, “had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses, and the great importance attached to these exercises in our public schools.”

How far this acted as a cause, we shall not here stop to inquire. Mr. Coleridge goes on to account for the revolution in taste which we have all witnessed; and adds, that Cowper and Bowles were “the first poets, who combined in this age natural thoughts with natural diction; the first who reconciled the heart with the head.”

Having honourably contributed by his poetry to bring about this important revolution, Mr. Bowles, in an unlucky hour for himself, conceived the intention of putting the finishing stroke to Pope's school, by a life of the poet, and a critical edition of his works. In this Mr. B. overshot his mark, and instead of letting the natural course of things run on—that is, permitted the fame of Pope to sink, like all penultimate things, in quiet and honourable slumber, the officiousness of the editor has effected for Pope what the warmest panegyric could never have done. His hostile attempts upon the bard have called up a host of defenders, even amongst those least likely or inclined to become so (for instance, Byron);—he has given new life to the memory and reputation of the poet; and whereas no one, in the case of the non-appearance of Bowle's edition, would have dragged, above all other names, that of Pope upon the tapis of contention, it has so happened that this little read poet of the last age has since retaken his place in the thoughts, the conversation, pamphlets, and periodicals of a time, when the world has quite enough literary occupation of its own to fill up every leisure moment.

But the fact is, Mr. Bowles presumed upon his own eminence, and upon the paucity of genius, that marked the commencement of this century : not a planet was apparent in the literary horizon, and such a twinkling star as Hayley had "all heaven to himself." In such a time, a man of genius, like Mr. Bowles, was not over-arrogant in assuming a dictatorial air, and he sate down in consequence to his life and edition of Pope, with all the *de haut en bas* feelings of Johnson. No wholesome dread of the mighty host of critics, that had since appeared, awed his pen into circumspection ; he censured boldly, and wrote cavalierly whatever headlong warmth suggested ; and unfavourable as were his opinions of the poet he edited, his expressions, not weighed nor examined with sufficient care, frequently exaggerated his thoughts ; and the very grave accusations, since preferred against him, have proceeded more, we are conscious, from want of precision in his style, than from any malevolence in his heart. Thus Mr. Gilchrist accused him with some reason of having asserted, "that Pope attempted to *ravish* Lady Mary Wortley Montague," a conclusion far, we are sure, from the intention of Mr. Bowles ; and he has, in another instance, described the connexion between Pope and Miss Blount, in words as indecorous and ambiguous. Even in his argumentative paragraphs, in his *exposé* of his critical principles, the same slovenliness has rendered him obnoxious to misrepresentation.

"I presume," quotes the 'Edinburgh Review' from Mr. Bowles, "it will be readily granted, that *all* images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature are more beautiful and sublime than *any* images drawn from art ; and that they are, therefore, *per se*, more poetical."

Could Mr. Bowles possibly have paid any attention to this sentence ? Surely if he did, he would have perceived, that the unqualified extent of this *all* and *any* utterly undid and overthrew the force of a proposition otherwise undeniably true. The only way of accounting for such, is to attribute them to negligence ; in consequence of which guilty negligence, we had almost said, Mr. Bowles has apparently got the worst in a controversy, where, fundamentally, he was, without doubt, on the right side. We do not speak of his attacks on the moral character of Pope : some of these may be right, some may be wrong ; but the spirit in which they are told, discussed, or commented on, is undeniably bad, partial, malicious ;—they are not to be defended. But in his critical opinions, loosely and imprudently as they were at first put forth, and with so formidable a trio of adversaries, as Byron, and Campbell, and Gilchrist against him, we still think Bowles has the advantage. Gilchrist's blows, respecting the moral aspersions on his favourite, are certainly home ; Byron may have the laugh

on his side; but as to his nonsense about ethics and invention, it is very well for after-dinner argument, where wit and paradox are welcome, even at the expense of logic,—but in grave pamphlets, such skirmishing is quite thrown away:—as to Mr. Campbell, we think, he has had his answer; and Mr. Bowles has proved very satisfactorily, in his ‘*Invariable Principles of Poetry*,’ that the talented, but rather negligent, author of the ‘*Specimens*,’ could never have read the criticism he animadverts on, elsewhere than in the mutilated quotations of a review; and he retorts, in our opinion, with success the famed examples adduced, where sublimity is produced from images of art, and asks triumphantly, if “*The tower be not cloud-capt, the palaces join with the gorgeousness of earthly magnificence, and the temples associated with the solemnity of religious awe?*”

Very unfortunately for the ‘*Invariable Principles of Poetry*,’ Mr. Bowles, who took up their cause, and had the genius to appreciate their truth, was too sorry a logician to state their case to the best advantage; and, in consequence, all his antagonists have attacked, not the obnoxious propositions of the superiority of poetry drawn from nature to that drawn from art;—they have argued beside the question,—and instead of aiming their darts at this Ajax-shield of a proposition, with which Mr. Bowles covered himself, they thrust at some more vulnerable part, and by thus overthrowing the champion, think the cause also overthrown. There is not one of them, in fact, who has not allowed the truth of what Mr. Bowles sought mainly to establish. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* says, that no one, even in Pope’s own age, ever thought of placing him by the side of Milton and Shakspeare. We beg the Reviewer’s pardon, and do not think Alexander Pope would have been satisfied to place himself below them; nor do we think there was one of the French school of poetry and taste, at that day, that would not have placed Pope above all the great poets of Elizabeth’s days. It was against this that Warton reasoned, and that Bowles wrote, not certainly from any wish to sink lower than the second place, a poet of such talent as Pope. He is not of the rank of Milton and Shakspeare, allows the Popeist, and that is all the anti-Popeist would assert; he motions the moral poet to the second rank,—and with that, we are confident, he must ever rest contented. Will any one pretend, that it would not have been easier, for a man of unbiassed powers, such as Johnson defines genius to be, to turn them to the perfection of the couplet, as Pope did; to the study of Quintilian, of Rapin, and Bossu; and by the aid of such studies and daily exercise, to make himself master of that one cast of metre, and versification, and to express in such, pointedly, feelings not very warm, reflections not very original, and satire, the bitterness of which lay more in the

turning of the line, and the personality with which the name was given forth, than by any *vis comica* or inherent ridicule with which it was accompanied? Will any one uphold, that it would require as lofty a genius to effect this, as to create, like Shakespeare or Scott, an imaginative universe, wide, and warm, and palpable as our own, or to pour forth, like Byron, from the depths of an unfathomable spirit, that lava-flood of passion that overwhelms the soul, and withers up, like insignificant herbs beneath it, all the feeble sentiments, the pithy morality, or the childish feelings, that the verses of Pope could excite?—Away with arguments about nature or art, and all this dull theory, however true, by which it has been attempted to prove demonstratively, what was evident intuitively to the eye of common sense. We would quite as soon take Mr. Bowles' assertion as a poet, that Pope was not a first-rate genius, as we would enter into any round-about proof of a truism so palpable; it is like propping "London's column" with a barber's pole.

It happened to be Pope's fortune through life to be enabled to make his foes more subservient to his fame than any of his friends were—witness the Dunciad, in which, says Roscoe, "Pope may be assimilated to a savage conqueror, who raises a trophy of his victory with the skulls of his enemies." The same seems to be his fate after death, for the enmity of Bowles, we are certain, has ultimately proved more beneficial to the poet than will the feeble patronage evinced by Mr. Roscoe in this edition. The best edition, in fact, that could be given of Pope, is one *sans phrase*, at least accompanied with no more than an historical key. Of what use or amusement can Warburton's fine-spun pedantry be? There is no such profound philosophy in Pope as to need an Arabian commentary like those on Plato; and, where he is obscure, he is truly not worth explication. Even the notes to the Dunciad, a perusal of which some one has compared to a walk through St. Giles's, and "all that secret intelligence about his Dunces, with which he has burdened posterity, for his own particular gratification," as D'Israeli says, might, at least, be much curtailed. Warburton's notes have been happily characterized by Warton in a quotation of what Bayle says of Scaliger:

"Les commentaires qui viennent de lui sont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingénieuses, et fort savantes; mais il n'est guères apparent, que les auteurs aient songés à tout de ce qu'il leur fait dire. On s'éloigne de leur sens aussi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'esprit, que quand on n'en a pas."

Warton's annotations on both Pope and Warburton are just the opinions of his age on poetry and pedantry that were then going out of fashion; and Mr. Bowles' strictures are the indig-

nation of a man of talent, angry that even another age had dared to entertain opinions contrary to what he thought the truth. By pushing truth to the limits of exaggeration, this editor fell under a stigma partly merited; and Mr. Roscoe comes forward with his life and edition, to fill up the place of Bowles's, jostled out of its rank by the critics. But, alas! the erudite and elegant historian of the Medicis proves but a loose logician, a feeble arguer; and in the way of annotations little was left to be done, whilst even from that little Mr. Roscoe has shrunk. His nine volumes of Pope's works are those of Bowles curtailed; there is nothing of Roscoe's, except a life, of little novelty and much partiality, together with an Essay on the Poetical genius of Pope, which, far from being a finishing blow to Mr. Bowles, is a more feeble and mediocre piece of criticism than has met our eyes for these ten years past. After some common-placing, Mr. Roscoe makes an attempt at argument as follows:—

“But it may be asked, whether a poet or a painter, who undertakes a great subject, and executes it in a suitable and efficient manner, must not on that account be esteemed a greater artist, than he who undertakes an inferior subject, and executes it in a suitable manner? The answer is, there are no great subjects but such as are made so by the genius of the artist.”

Here this logician speaks first of a *great* and also of an *inferior* subject, and then in the next lines tells us, that there are no such distinctions as *great* or *inferior* in poetical subjects; that the poet alone endows them with grandeur, and that the battle of the angels, and the tricks of Tony Lumpkin, are originally of the same degree of *greatness*. And this is the writer, “whose voice,” as that pretty author, Mr. Crayon, tells us, “is to go to the ends of the earth;” if so, the ends of the earth truly are likely, in our opinions, to be very little edified. To indulge in one brief argument more on this matter,—Is Pope inferior to Milton and Shakspeare? He is, allow the bitterest antagonists of Bowles. To what then is this inferiority owing? Certainly either to his choice of subject, or to the essential powers of his mind. If the inferiority be owing to the choice of subject, Bowles' “invariable principles” are proved; if it be owing to the powers of the author, a greater lack of talent is proved against Pope than even Mr. Bowles would have asserted. Now, we think, his inferiority is owing to both these causes; but let our readers each take his own choice. In furtherance of this, if not in reply, it may be urged by the defenders of Pope, as, indeed, Mr. Roscoe urges:—Comparisons are odious; we will not take upon us to assert that Pope is exactly equal to either Milton or Shakspeare, but still we cannot allow of his being degraded to the second rank. This is struggling hard for their *protégé*; they have not

the face to demand for him the *real* rank, but at the same time they claim for him the *brevet*; let him pass muster, say they, and we wont press matters. In this way of argument they have brought poor Pope into a *limbo* of his own; he is beneath the first rank, and above the second. Now, about the exact extent of the interval between first and second rank, or, indeed, about any enumeration or registering of the poets, we will not quarrel; and are quite ready to leave him in the middle state, the poetical purgatory, into which his friends have introduced him.

But we have sufficiently discussed this abstract point of contention, and proceed to the life of the poet, or rather to that tissue of quarrel and intrigue of which his life was made up. "He adopted a system of literary politics," says D'Israeli, "abounding with stratagems, conspiracies, manœuvres, and factions. Pope's literary warfare was really the wars of his poetical ambition more, perhaps, than of the petulance and strong irritability of his temper." This sentence of D'Israeli contains more truth than has been noticed. Pope has always been considered as a petulant, an irritable character, of sensibilities fine even to disease. All his satire and venom has, in consequence, been laid to the account of an ungovernable temper, instead of being considered, as it ought to have been, the calm effect of his natural, unruffled, unexcited malevolence. In fact, every anecdote of the poet's life tends to display a self-command and a good humour superior to most of his literary associates. In the very commencement of his life there seems to have been no cause given for the lampoon he composed at ten years of age. There is not one peevish expression in his free correspondence with Cromwell. On Wycherly's coldness to him, he expresses himself calmly and even nobly; and Dennis' furious attack on his *Essay on Criticism* he sends to his friend Craggs, with accompanying remarks, that testify all the supreme good humour of a superior intellect. In the famed interview between him and Addison, it was Addison who lost temper, not Pope. In short, every thing tends to corroborate the truth of the remark thrown out by D'Israeli, that his life of quarrel and contention was of his choosing, not the necessary effect of his temper, but the premeditated warfare of his poetical ambition. With the exception of a very few instances, his satire was altogether gratuitous; and we are still at a loss to account for his deadly persecution of Cibber, unless upon the supposition that his spleen called for a victim, and chose one at random.

This solves at once many of the inconsistencies relating to Pope, and certainly tends not to increase the amiability of his character. He was envious and malevolent, far more than irritable, and dealt about his satire in wantonness, not in the justice which

he affected to consult and represent. Of feeble philosophical, and no political principle, he took the party-piques and prejudices of his friends for guides; his "Heaven-directed hand," as he impudently says, was more subservient to the cynicism of Swift and the disappointments of Gay, than to any love of virtue or hatred of vice; and his pen lauded the amiability of Swift and the integrity of Bolingbroke, while it could afford to the virtues of the exemplary Queen Caroline, the meanest and most disgusting couplet in any language. Mr. Roscoe, in his complete edition of the works of Pope, forbears to publish it: in justice, then, we shall. It is an epitaph on the death of that amiable and unfortunate Queen, who might have been saved, if delicacy had not prevented her from mentioning the disease under which she suffered, and which the poet thus insults:

"Here lies, wrapped up in forty thousand towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels."

We ask, did reptile ever insult the dead after this fashion—not only the dead, but the illustrious dead—a female, a Queen, a virtuous woman—the protectress of talent and of letters?

Whatever be our reverence for genius, such traits as these cannot be forgotten in our estimation of its character. And much as we may be inclined to pardon the effects of imprudence, irritability, or weakness in these Heaven-born spirits, the in-born malice of Pope is what, as men and moralists, we dare not slur over. Pope's early life and education were unluckily not calculated to counteract this egotism and vanity, so often found united with poetic power. An only son, of precarious health, and of a suspected religion, he was reared chiefly at home, in solitude; instructed by a Catholic priest, in a spirit, of course, different from youth at his age, amongst whom he seems to have acquired neither acquaintance nor friend, and accustomed to hear, in his paternal home, little else than the conversation of bigotry and discontent. As he grew up, instead of mingling in the free society of his equals in rank or age, which generally bestows frankness, and wears away vanity, he somehow or another contrived to get under the shade of his elders and his betters, who flattered and patronised his youthful genius with all the disgusting insincerity of that Augustan age. To read through the tissue of compliment and courtesy that composes his early correspondence with Trumbull, and Wycherly, and Walsh, whilst he was, in reality, but a boy, one can scarcely be surprised at the full-blown vanity of his maturer days. At the age of seventeen, he thus writes, with great simplicity, in answer, of course, to a laudatory epistle from Wycherly:—

"I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would persuade me."

What are we to think of this? Such compliments were, indeed, fit swathing-clothes for this future poetical dictator, and led him, afterwards, no doubt, to look upon the attacks of Cibber and Dennis with all the pride of offended majesty. Cromwell was the first acquaintance with whom Pope seems to have been at his ease :

"Honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,"

as Gay calls him; and Pope seems to have inoculated him with criticism and poetry, while the other returned the compliment by teaching the young poet the cant of gallantry and gay life. The letters, however, in which the friends indulged in discussing those free topics, seem to have shocked the decorous conscience of the present Editor; and Mr. Roscoe, by his editorial authority, has excluded them from the correspondence.

The non-age of Pope produced his 'Pastorals,' of which, like all poets of their first-born, he was peculiarly fond, so much so, as to be guilty of the *supercherie* against Philipps, so well known—the ironical comparison between their Pastorals in the 'Guardian,'—also his 'Imitations of English Poets,' and his 'Essay on Criticism.' This latter, however, was not published till 1711, when it met with just animadversion enough from Dennis to advance it, and praise from Addison to support it: its success brought out the 'Rape of the Lock' in the same year, Pope being then twenty-three.

"It was Addison's advising him not to extend the 'Rape of the Lock,' that first opened Pope's eyes," says Warburton, "as to the character of Addison." Now, in this celebrated quarrel, that has been so much discussed, here is a confession, on the part of Pope's best and most intimate friend, that Pope first took indignation at Addison's advice, and most likely commenced, in consequence, the envious quarrel. It was long tacit, and perhaps but a few even of the overt acts have reached us, certainly not enough to enable us to decide for either party. Addison was Pope's elder in the literary world, and instead of cuffing down rising talent, as Pope accused him, he was the first to praise and patronise Pope. As to Addison's advice about the 'Rape of the Lock,' no one will assert that Pope's suspicions thence-drawn were well grounded; yet thence, Warburton admits, is to be dated Pope's dislike.

"One thing, at least, is clear," says Pope's partisan, in the 'Quarterly Review,' "if jealousy, that infirmity of genius, existed between the parties, it could not be on the side of Pope: Addi-

son's true fame rests on his 'Spectators;' and Pope never, for an instant, could contemplate a rival in the verse of Addison."

What! the author of the 'Pastorals,' and the 'Essay on Criticism,' or even of the 'Rape of the Lock'—and more than these certainly had not been written when Pope's resentment, or envy, which you will, was formed—was placed, by his fame, above the author of the Letter from Italy, the Campaign, Cato, &c.?—Good Reviewer, you forget, Pope had very good reason, even all his life, to be jealous of Addison's verse. He was jealous of Philipps avowedly, and, we leave it to the world, if he had not more right to be jealous of Addison. It is asserted, moreover, in this little sentence, that Addison's true fame rested on his 'Spectators.' *Now* it does, no doubt, but we doubt much if it did *then*. Addison and Pope were both poets, and popular poets, and might very well be somewhat jealous of each other, without suffering any dreadful stigma on their characters for that reason. The superior envy of Addison is recorded in anecdotes preserved by the friends of Pope, and in verses penned by the rancour of Pope; but why should we trust to these interested, whispered, made-up stories, and to the rancorous satire of one poet, more than to the open and apparent facts, which all speak to the forbearance of Addison. Pope lampooned Addison in Atticus, and Addison, in return, praised Pope's Homer in one of his critical papers; the inference that impartiality would gather from this we leave our readers themselves to draw. But Mr. Roscoe, what does he infer? Why, that Addison—the vain, envious Addison, acknowledged Pope's satire for just, was obliged to Pope for the abuse, and in return for the favour, lauded the satirist. Nothing can be more conveniently flexible than Mr. Roscoe's powers of decision and discrimination; he decides at once, without giving himself the least trouble about it, that Tickell's Homer was written by Addison, though why it could not be written by Tickell we don't see. With no proof, he is contented to assume this; and yet to the full and abundant proofs that have been adduced, especially by D'Israeli, of Pope himself having conveyed his own letters to Curl—the Editor is deaf. He would white-wash Pope of all stains and sins, even of the very pardonable one of poetic vanity.

The general opinion concerning the quarrel between these rival wits, is, we believe, in favour of Pope, a strong prejudice against Addison being necessarily excited by a perusal of the interview between them, as given by Ayre. This account rests on no foundation whatsoever, except its internal evidence, no doubt strong in favour, at least, of its partial truth;—if a falsehood, it was a well-told one—"a lie with a circumstance,"—but to it,

partial as it stands, we cannot yield our preconceived idea of Addison, who, a courtier, and a man of the world, was little likely to make such a sorry figure in a dialogue, or to reproach Pope gravely, by telling him how much Steele had improved a certain line for him—

“ From every eye he wipes off every tear.”

Pedantic as the age was, we cannot credit this of a Secretary of State, and must set down Ayre's account as garbled and partial, however true in circumstantial points.

In thus detracting from the very, the ridiculously high character which Pope assumed and gave himself, as a moral censor, and which his friends have taken up, and claim still for him—for he really sat himself up as a kind of supreme pontiff, or vicegerent of the Almighty, in distributing rewards and punishments here below; witness his “ Heaven-directed hand,” and his pride,

“ ————— to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me,”

we do not meditate any injury to Pope or to his memory, nor did Mr. Bowles. It is merely just to reduce him to the common standard of honesty. He was not a bad man, far from it; on the contrary, he cannot be denied to have been a most independent and honourable private character. For as to the thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough, we no more credit this story, to the shame of Pope, than we do so many others to his magnification. Neither does Mr. Bowles at all prove what he had advanced, respecting his avarice, his “ money-getting passion.” In filial affection, in friendship, even in charity, Pope's life was an exemplary one. But allowing all this, he cannot be trumpeted as an unenvious literary character, as a poet without bile, that never made his pen subservient to his malice, but regulated his satiric couplets by the nice laws of justice and retribution. What satirist and poet has ever done so? Not one; and Pope is no exception. He must have written, like all poets, more under the influence of inspiration than of impartiality; nor can it be denied, that his headstrong muse carried him into one or two scrapes, out of which he sneaked ignominiously. From his attacks on Chandos and Halifax he could not clear himself—his having praised them elsewhere is no counter-plea; and that the Duke of Chandos was not satisfied, though he pretended to be so, we have the noble Lord's son's word for it. His mean retreat from the anger of Hill is his greatest weakness, perhaps: no special pleader ever argued more subtly to escape from the damning evidence he had heaped against himself; and instead of the downright contradiction, which conscious innocence would

have dictated, the poet, in his exculpation, endeavours to make Hill satisfied with the way in which he was mentioned :

" Next —— tried ; but hardly snatched from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light ;
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames."

Pope endeavours to persuade Aaron Hill that this was a panegyric, and Mr. Roscoe would persuade us the same. But we rather think Hill just in his reasons for resentment. " As to your oblique panegyric," writes he to Pope, " I am not under so blind an attachment to the goddess I was devoted to in the ' Dunciad,' but that I knew it was a commendation, though a dirtier one than I wished for—who am neither fond of some of the company in which I was listed, the noble reward for which I was to become a diver, the allegoric muddiness in which I was to try my skill, nor the institutor of the games you were so kind as to allow me a share in."

What can account for Pope's enmity to Cibber, unless the story of Cibber's jest at the farce of ' Three Weeks after Marriage,' to which Pope contributed ; and is there justice in the enormous retaliation ? What but the blindest malice could have prompted him to put the author of the ' Careless Husband' on the throne of dullness, or to abuse the player, personally, with distiches about his " Lord and W——e." In this contest, we agree altogether with D'Israeli, and think the player had the better of the poet. We back the Apology against the Dunciad, and esteem it a master-piece of good-humoured exculpation. " A satirical slander," says Cibber, " that has no truth to support it, is only a great fish upon dry land : it may flounce and fling, and make a fretful pother, but it won't bite you ; *you need not knock it on the head* ; it will soon lie still, and die quietly of itself."

That part of Pope's life, which has lately proved the most amusing subject of contention, is his amatory foibles, his connexion with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and the Miss Blounts ;—amusing, we say, not that of itself it could be so, nothing appearing to us more serious or sacred than the feelings of love, especially in the breast of poets ;—but most amusing, from the blind and angry discussions which it has given birth to some time since. Mr. Bowles was certainly very prudish in his remarks on this subject, and richly merited all the raillery of Byron about his gallantry and his wine and water : the reverend Editor grew quite a literary duenna, in talking of Pope's amours, and is really more savage than any spinster of seventy could be on the point : we should indeed have expected other sympathies

from the warmth of Mr. Bowles' genius. But prudery seems to be taking, and what is most amusing, Mr. Gilchrist, Roscoe, &c. seem to have caught up all Bowles' horror at the poet's innocent flirtations. If Mr. Bowles, as the 'Quarterly Review' charges him, did really assert (and we have not time to go through all his notes) that Pope offered violence to one, or all of these ladies, he certainly went a little too far with his prudery in his joking. Poor Pope! with thy long, long years of smothered hints and side-long looks, how much would thy nervousness have been increased, could it then have foreseen all the commentaries that have arisen upon thy timorous passion, and the expressions of it that escaped thee. Alas! we believe, that Egeria must have been thy true mistress; and that although at times

"The nympholepsy of thy fond despair"

became embodied in a mortal object once or twice, yet we cannot believe that such a person as thine could have carried the confidence that attends such hallucination, so far to outstep the bounds of decorum so flagrantly as all this comes to. No—whatever be thy faults, the crimes of Wilmot or Wharton were scarcely thine.

At accusations such as these, the only answer should be a smile; but Mr. Roscoe is imperturbable, and gravely gives Mr. Bowles a rap on the knuckles majestically at every note, that seems to hint at more than the most decorous gallantry. The fact is, we have no documents wherewith to form a conclusion in this matter; the letters, garbled and disputed as they are, are dateless, and from them nothing but conjecture can follow. In the fidgettiness of his affection, he certainly offended both Lady Mary and Miss Blount, and much in the same way. What the nature or extent of that offence was, is impossible to determine. The following sentence in one of Pope's letters is all we have to judge from respecting his insult to Lady Mary:—

"It is not in my power, dear Madam, to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me."

A similar letter to Teresa Blount, informs us of his having ventured too far in the same way with her:—

"Dear Madam—It is really a great concern to me, that you mistook me so much this morning. I have sincerely an extreme esteem for you; and as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God's sake do not judge and try me by the method of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I meant no disrespect to you," &c.

Some obloquy has fallen upon these two sisters, not from the

hastily-assumed opinions of Mr. Bowles respecting them, but from the coldness and caprice with which they treated the poet. But considering the little stability of Pope's devotion towards the fair, his affection seems to have been returned as fixedly and sincerely as it was bestowed. In fact, the Miss Blounts seem, with the natural acuteness of their sex, to have understood and seen through the poet, and to have given but a just allowance of credit to his professions. Pope thus writes to Teresa :—

“ You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity, as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned, *it was all but an amusement, occasioned by my loss of another lady.*”

This was pretty home of Miss Teresa, and, we fear, truly divined. Luckily for the public, who, in that case, would have had another volume of conjecture and commentation to wade through, Pope never quarrelled with the Blounts, as he did with Lady Mary. But we have dwelt long enough on these “ Miscellaneous Quarrels” of his, as D'Israeli calls them.

Of Pope's rank as a poet we have already spoken. By the side of Milton or Shakspeare he cannot be placed, especially in this age, when the number of that superior rank has been swelled by spirits far above Pope, if we err not. In satire and burlesque he stands amongst his compeers unrivalled ; but for a poet of passion and invention, even with the Epistle from Eloisa in his hand, he wants credentials. In the passionate parts of that Epistle, those solitary claims of Pope to feeling in his verse are manifestly borrowed from the original Latin letters of the unfortunate Eloisa. His argumentative, pedantic age, 'tis true, that half smothered even poetry in criticism, may have contributed to repress the development of the passionate part of his nature ; the good fortune, too, and good company that attended him through life, may have assisted ; but we have no right to suppose him in possession of powers that he did not exercise. He owned, himself, that he wanted invention ; and, we believe, he would have confessed a similar want of passion, if he knew of such a thing, or had heard it mentioned or discussed, which it never was in that didactic and moralizing age. It was the head that was contemplated and fathomed in those days—not the heart : ethics, instead of love, became the inspiration of the poet—and philosophy, distilled into maxims through the alembic of the couplet, passed for poetry, at a time when Shakspeare's was declared “ a bad style,” and Milton's verse “ exotic.” Pope, as Lord Byron says, is “ the poet of civilization ;” his Lordship was one himself, not only of civilization, but of rude nature—and, were his merit

confined to his morality, a part of poesy on which he seems to lay so much stress, we fear he would take up but a mean position on Parnassus. In opposition to Byron, we really know of no component part of poetry so perishable as its moral part; even ephemeral satire and epigrams on contemporaries last longer. Do not an hundred people read satirical, for one that reads didactic poems? In fact, there is nothing which passes so fast and so surely into common-place as morality; and who, at this time of day, does not look down upon the school-boy philosophy of the 'Essay on Man,' that seemed so bold, so original, to Bolingbroke and Pope. Instance his Lordship's own example, Lucretius, that he so belauds. What lines of the epicurean poet live; what moral sayings of his are remembered? None, except those that are put into some famous mouth, and have become dramatic by such a connexion; their charm lies not in their ethics, but in their dramatic force,—not in their truth, but in their application: so Lucan,

"*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

The sententious sayings of heroes are remembered,—but more for the sake of the hero, than for the moral.

The strictly private character of Pope for uprightness, for honour, and warm-heartedness, must ever, we think, be unsuccessfully impeached. Few friendships are recorded in literary history as stronger, than his to Gay, to Bolingbroke, to Swift: it is really carrying suspicion to an outrageous length, to impeach his sincerity, because he is said to have remarked that Rowe had no heart; or at once to proclaim his dishonesty, from Walpole's story of the Duchess of Marlborough's bribe. On these points we are far from seeking to defend the injustice of Mr. Bowles; but the same unblemished character can scarcely be considered the poet's, in his public life and opinions, if the free expression of his sentiments or satire may be so denominated. One would think, indeed, that it was incumbent on a person who considers himself as a kind of moral censor, and who exercised that office in all the plenitude of poetical power, to inform himself fully respecting those points which constitute the honesty, or dishonesty, of public men—that it behoved him to learn something of political question and principle, and to make choice of one of the contending parties to side with; or, at least, if he meant to remain neutral, to define, clearly and openly, the grounds and basis of that neutrality. But Pope gave himself no such trouble; he forbore to fathom the turbid ocean of politics, and chose his friends indiscriminately from either party. "Your happiness," writes Swift to him, "is greater than your merit, in choosing your favourites so indifferently from among either party." Neutrality of this

kind may be honourable and praiseworthy; never, however, if it be not inoffensive. In vain the poet pleads that he cared not, and understood not, the merits of political parties or personages—if he had no prejudices of the kind, his friends had, and they supplied him abundantly with political love and hatreds, that his judgment, of itself, would never have formed. Such are his attacks on Queen Caroline, against whom he could not have been prepossessed, but through Gay and Swift. With the latter cynic he has compared the amiable queen:—

“When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.”

In time, he had lauded and vituperated both whigs and tories. He has been impartial, nay, too much so, for he has praised and abused the same persons in different parts of his writings; and so capriciously, that one might conclude he meant himself, when he agreed that actions are not to be referred to their obvious causes, but to be attributed to whim;

“Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.”

In religion, Pope seems to have been an enlightened Roman Catholic, and in his early works he had called forth anathemas from his Jesuit critics. In his creed he seems to have been honourably firm; persecution could not make him a bigot, nor Bolingbroke a Deist. And in this side also the malevolence of his foes has failed utterly to wound his character.

Such are our opinions of Pope; we hope they are a just medium between the severity of Johnson and Bowles, and the blind panegyric of Mr. Roscoe. With respect to this edition—the life and other original parts of it seem much below the character of the historian of the Medicis; notes there are none—the defence of Pope’s poetical genius is wretched—and the life, although agreeably narrated, certainly containing little novelty. An answer to Mr. Bowles might have been produced in a cheaper and smaller form, and by a more powerful hand. The letters of Lady M. W. Montague are given here with those of Pope, and those of Pope given more fully and correctly than in Mr. Bowles’ edition; but, on the other hand, there is much which Mr. Bowles has given, curtailed in this, for which sufficient reason has not been shown.

We here end our notice; but having been rather severe upon Mr. Pope’s political connexions and trimming, that must form a secondary part of a poet’s character, we conclude by his own beautiful justification:—

“But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:

I shun his zenith, court his mild decline ;
 Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
 I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great ;
 Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame
 Compared, and knew their generous end the same :
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour !
 How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the tower !
 How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and attic wit ?
 Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield
 And shake alike the senate and the field !
 Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
 The master of our passions, and his own ?
 Names which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
 Rank'd with their friends, and number'd with their train ;
 And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, no follower but a friend.
 Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays ;
 I follow virtue : where she shines, I praise ;
 Points she to priest or elder, whig, or tory,
 Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Dined with the man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
 Some in their choice of friends (nay look not grave)
 Have still a secret bias to a knave ;
 To find an honest man I beat about,
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out."

THE IONIAN ISLANDS*.

WHEN so much has been written on the subject of the Ionian Islands, it may be almost presumed that the public curiosity is gratified even to satiety. The cession of Parga, and the acts of an individual governor, have been the fruitful sources of abuse and recrimination ; and attempts have been made to embody in description whatever might excite or exasperate national feeling, and to give to calumny all the force of dramatic effect. But this work is now done ; and far be it from us to labour in the resuscitations of strife, or waste our strength in discussions at once tedious and useless. Without pretending, therefore, to examine how far party-spirit has clouded the purity of truth, we purpose to

* "The Ionian Islands, by T. Kendrick, Esq.," London.

employ ourselves in a task far easier, and, we trust, far more agreeable to our readers, when we offer to them a very succinct account of these interesting appendages of ancient Greece.

When the friends of human freedom, or the lovers of classical associations, are discouraged at the storms which, in the present struggle, occasionally lower or burst over the mother continent, it is pleasing to turn and view the brighter side of the picture,—to see Grecian liberty, in its second infancy, cradled and fostered by the powerful arm of Britain; to see the nation most of all indebted to the first civilizers of mankind, thus effectually commencing the work of a retribution, by imparting the blessings of her laws and institutions to the country whence originally they sprung.

The islands which now constitute the Ionian republic, are the last remains of the Venetian conquests in the east. While the banner of Mahomet waved over the rest of the fallen empire of Greece, the powerful queen of the Adriatic held possession of the Morea*, Crete, Cyprus, the islands which skirt the eastern side of the gulf, with a narrow strip of land on the adjacent coast. The arms of the republic, however, gradually declined; and after many a gallant achievement, “many a feat of broil and battle,” all her splendid acquisitions were reduced to Dalmatia, the Ionian islands, and the adjoining ports of Parga†, Prevesa, Voinitza and Butrinto in Albania, which remained in faithful obedience, till the extinction of her independence in 1797. The despotic Venetian aristocracy left even to its Italian subjects little to boast of but the shadow of liberty; and their possessions in Greece were still farther from the enjoyment of freedom. Unwise restrictions on the cultivation of their soil, dictated, as it was thought, for the benefit of the mother country, according to the absurd creed of the political economists of that age, with the usual arbitrary exactions of arbitrary governors, were the principal proofs of the maternal protection of Venice. But with all these drawbacks, the islanders enjoyed advantages inestimably greater than those of their countrymen under the Turkish yoke.

* The Morea and Crete were ceded to Venice, in compensation for her services, when the Latins took Constantinople in 1204; and Cyprus was seized in 1486, on the death of its last king.

† The history of these four towns, when divested of all unfair allegation, is simply this: they were captured by the Venetians from Thomas Commeni, the despot of Albania, soon after they had obtained possession of Corfu, and afterwards formally guaranteed to them by the Turks in 1456. After passing with the islands through the hands of the French into the power of Russia, they were ceded by the latter to Turkey, in 1800, at the same time that the independence of the septinsular republic was recognised. This treaty was not carried into effect, when the French again seized both them and the islands in 1807. In 1814 the English surrendered them to Turkey, according to the supposed spirit of that stipulation.

Their situation was as good as that of most of the subjects of the absolute governments of Europe—perhaps better than their own, during the later reigns of the imbecile successors of Constantine. They were not ground down by the reflection that their religion was held in contempt and abhorrence by their sovereigns ; a circumstance which entailed every species of infamy on the continental Greeks ; nor, like the latter, were they separated from the rest of Europe by a barrier of barbarism. They were intimately connected with the most refined people of the politest country of Christendom, and who, after having ceased to monopolize, still possessed a respectable share of the commerce of Europe. Even the laws which prohibited the cultivation of corn, in order to force the growth of that commodity in the home-territory of Venice, were rendered harmless by the nature of the climate ; for olives, wine, and currants, were the most beneficial products of their soil. But though the condition of the Ionian islanders gains much when contrasted with the state of the Greeks, who were subject to the Ottoman dominion,—it did not accord with the jealous spirit of the Venetian administration to cherish among them a patriotic and national feeling. Every government which shuns the light must tend indirectly to debase the minds of its subjects ; and from a nervous dread of every semblance of combination, can hope only to perpetuate its rule by scattering discord and dissension—such was that of Venice. The Ionian youth were taught to forget those periods of Grecian history, in which every page teems with deeds of heroism ; and were permitted only to receive instruction in literature and the sciences, at Venice or Padua. The active and subtle character of the Greeks seems to have rendered them peculiarly liable to the suspicious distrust of the republic ; and it was supposed that the prohibition of every national establishment for education in the islands, would naturally lead to the inculcation of dutiful sentiments of dependence on the mother city. Even their own immortal tongue, which though fallen from its original dignity, still possessed both energy and beauty, was excluded from all public acts, and almost banished from the intercourse of good society ; so completely had corruption and the force of example *Italianized* the people.

This state of things continued till 1797, when Venice ceased to exist as a republic, and this part of her territory became subject to France. After a short occupation the islands were evacuated by the French troops, and recognised, at the peace of Amiens, as an independent state under the protection of Russia. A secret agreement with the northern emperor again consigned them to the power of Napoleon ; and a large military force, which landed in 1807, kept possession of Corfu till the termination of hosti-

lities in 1814. At the very time that the English, who had occupied Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Cerigo, since 1809, and captured Santa Maura in 1810, had seized Paxo, for the purpose of preparing an expedition against Corfu, a convention placed the whole of the seven islands in the hands of Great Britain. The treaty of Vienna continued them under the protection of this country; a national flag was allowed them,—and a constitution, under which they were denominated the “United States of the Ionian Islands,” was conceded to them. The government, at present, consists of a senate of ten members, with a prince, president, and a legislative body of forty deputies, who meet regularly at Corfu, and enact laws subject to the revisal and control of a lord-high-commissioner, appointed by the British crown. The aggregate extent of the Ionian republic is about equal to that of Somersetshire; and the amount of its population may be computed at about 210,000. Scattered along a line of coast, which stretches from lat. 36° to 40° , they are subject to great vicissitudes of heat and cold; though in some of the islands, particularly Zante, the air is pure and salubrious. The climate, however, of each, as well as the soil, is intimately affected by their locality with respect to the adjacent continent; and their most characteristic peculiarities in scenery and appearance will be afterwards noticed. The established religion is that of the Greek church; which, under British protection, has acquired a considerable accession of dignity. In the room of the proto-papas or chief priests of each island, the principal ecclesiastical authority in Corfu has been conferred on an archbishop; and bishops severally preside over the religious establishments in Cephalonia, Cerigo, Santa Maura, and Zante. Under the Venetians, the Latin or Roman-catholic church shared equally with the Greek in the revenue,—but the present government only allows the catholics toleration; and after the death of the clergy, who have suffered from the new arrangements, and to whom pensions are allowed, their successors will be left to derive their subsistence from the devotion of their followers. The endowments of the Greek church are far from affluent, though some of the highest offices are worth 800*l.* or 900*l.* a year; and the poverty of the inferior priests is an abundant source of profligacy and corruption among an ignorant populace. Such will ever be the case, where the ministers of religion are degraded below their just rank in society. Among the Ionians various expedients are invented to cheat the peasantry out of the irmoney; false miracles are often attempted; and the force of gold will, at any time, enable private pique or revenge to draw down excommunication on the head of an unfriendly neighbour. This last, after bribing the priesthood to remove the censures of the church, retaliates on his enemy the

same spiritual curses. When the venal minister of religion is thus beheld prostituting the sacred rites of his church for a paltry gain, it will hardly be expected that the manners of the islanders are marked by the observance of the more rigid virtues. That mixture of the vices of Greece and Italy, which is here met with, may be traced to the mal-administration of the Venetian government, and the usual effects of despotic rule are exhibited in all their rankness. The people are, in general, timid, revengeful, and implacable;—litigious, in a degree inconceivable to a sober inhabitant of the north;—ignorant and superstitiously devout;—full of professions which they have no intention of fulfilling;—and utterly unworthy of confidence in commercial dealings. In Zante this character might admit of still higher colouring; the opprobrium attached to the name of Zantiote had become proverbial. In all countries, the attention which is paid to the softer sex is a criterion of the advancement of civilization; but in the Ionian republic, oriental jealousy predominates. The women are treated as beings of an inferior nature; and are either altogether excluded from social intercourse with the men, as in the smaller islands, or, even if permitted to be seen in public, as in Corfu and Cephalonia, where English and Italian custom has softened the rigour of perpetual exclusion, their minds are deemed unworthy of cultivation, and are left from infancy unstored with religious or literary information. They are, in general, not celebrated for beauty; and frequently too much inclined to *embonpoint*. As a concluding proof of the low tone of moral feeling, in some of the islands, it is said that a Zantiote father, in spite of all his jealousy, will readily prostitute the person of his daughter, at a price proportioned to her charms; and that little, if any, immorality is attached by either to the action.

Though the outline, thus drawn, of the manners and morals of the Ionians, is by no means flattering, the picture, if completed, would, no doubt, be relieved, in its darker shades, by many pleasing tints; and the patriotism of a Briton will be gratified to learn, that the protection of his country is fast forwarding the work of amelioration. Already do the islanders wonder at the inflexible impartiality with which public justice is executed on criminals;—already has the uncompromising character of the English, and their uprightness in commercial transactions excited admiration;—and to admire and to imitate are not often disjoined. A college, under powerful and noble patronage, had been projected in Ithaca,—but a building offered by the government, which was thought suitable for the purpose, and its proximity to the executive power, has induced the projectors to found the establishment in Corfu; and it is expected that a course of education will very soon be commenced. These islands could not

indeed be placed in a situation more favourable for moral improvement, or political importance, than that which they now occupy under the protection of Great Britain. Freed from all apprehension of external foes, the citizens of the septinsular republic enjoy all the advantages of internal freedom with the boast of independence; the last of which they are too weak to maintain alone, and would infallibly lose, were they merged in the territory of continental Greece. It may be, indeed, with truth asserted, that since the heroic ages, when the Ithacan monarch bore sovereign sway in the Ionian sea, these western isles have not held a rank so dignified among the nations of the world. The military force, which the republic is bound by the charter to maintain, ought to consist of 4000 British troops; at present they are somewhat less than this number, and are paid and subsisted by England, in order to obviate the necessity of immediate and excessive taxation. Besides these regular troops, there is also a native militia.

After these general remarks, which relate to the whole of the islands, we shall notice, more minutely, the different peculiarities of each.

Corfu or Corcyra, the most northerly of the group, though only second in size is the first in importance. Its spacious harbour, its almost impregnable capital, and its position, guarding the entrance of the Adriatic, have all contributed to assign it this rank. Under the 39th parallel of latitude, and at the distance of 150 miles from Santa Maura, it stretches from north to south in a semi-circular shape, and is separated from the main land by a channel, which, at the narrowest point, is not more than two miles in breadth. Beginning from Cape Bianco, a conical cliff at the southern extremity, a chain of mountains, forming an inclined plane from west to east, runs nearly the whole length of the island, till it is met by the bolder elevation of Mount St. Salvador, which, crossing the greatest width, forms its northern barrier. This latter is a lofty ridge of table land, terminated, on the west by the celebrated Mount Titoul of antiquity, where the aristocratical party of Corcyra made their last stand in the Peloponnesian war. The extreme fertility of both forms a striking contrast to the barren rocks of Albania. A valley on the west called Val d'Europa, while in summer it exhibits the most romantic luxuriance of vegetation, gives interest and variety to the scenery, by assuming, in winter, the appearance of a lake; and the overflowing of the sea affords amusement to the sportsman, by its periodical importation of wild fowl. In the midst of the bay, shut in by these mountains, stands the capital, Corfu, pre-eminent in filth and deformity above the generality of Mediterranean towns. It is surrounded with walls, and strongly fortified with out-works,

The narrowness of its streets has been improved by the English, and shrubberies and plantations formed on the esplanade, the only beautiful or inhabitable part of the city, and which looks toward the ravine separating the citadel from the town. Here, and in the adjoining streets, the principal part of the public buildings are situated; and the palace of the high commissioner forms one of its most prominent ornaments. The cathedral, or archiepiscopal church, is dedicated to St. Spiridion, and is undistinguished for architectural beauty. In front of the harbour, about a mile from the shore, lies the battlemented rock of Vido, the batteries of which are bristled with heavy ordnance, and command both the town and the shipping. The island is divided into four districts; and of its population of 62,000 nearly one-fourth inhabits the capital, and the remainder is distributed in about eighty villages. The general appearance of the country is indicative of great fertility; its principal productions are wine and oil; and the climate, with a colder winter, differs little from the softness of Zante.

It is asserted by Strabo, that Corcyra was colonised by the Corinthians, six centuries anterior to the Trojan war; and if we give credit to the opinion which identifies this island with the Phæacia of Homer, the poet's description of the gardens of Alcinous expresses, in glowing terms, its riches and refinement during those ages of fable. When we descend, however, into the regions of historical truth, we find the Corcyræans, after having abolished monarchical government, essaying the new-born strength of their republic in a successful contest with the mother-country, then governed by the famous Periander. They afterwards contributed their quota to repel the invasion of the Persian king; and gave protection to Themistocles, when the illustrious fugitive sought refuge from the violence of the Athenian mob. But the most glorious page in their history is the second struggle which they maintained against Corinth, and which, in its results, was one of the proximate causes of the Peloponnesian war. It was in Corcyra, also, that Aristotle found shelter from Athenian vengeance; and here he was visited by Alexander of Macedon, and drawn from his retirement, to become the tutor and companion of the "world's great master." After various reverses of fortune, the once powerful republic resigned its independence to Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and soon after was absorbed in the overwhelming mass of the Roman commonwealth. On the decline of the eastern empire, the political state of the world induced the Corcyræans to court the protection of Venice, and the annals of the modern Corfu are not without their share of martial enterprise. In 1588 the island sustained a siege from a powerful Turkish army and fleet, the last commanded by one of the famous brothers, Barbarossa; who, after laying waste the country, and importing the plague, left the

victory in undisputed possession of the Christians. When the Turks again besieged the island, in 1716, the gallant Count Schulemburgh was intrusted with its defence; and his statue, in the citadel of Corfu, commemorates, to this day, the series of brilliant actions which compelled the infidels to retreat.

As to the antiquities of the island, not a vestige remains to indicate the ancient city of the Phæacians; but in the neighbourhood of the modern town are numerous ruins, among which scattered fragments of Doric and Ionic columns, large masses of square stone, and broken pieces of mosaic, attest the wealth and magnificence of the capital of the Corcyrean commonwealth.

Paxo, anciently Paxos, or Ericusa, the least of the islands, possesses little worthy of remark. It is supposed to have been originally joined to Corcyra, from which it is at present separated by a channel of seven miles in breadth. A small village, adjoining the harbour, aspires to the dignity of a capital. Its inhabitants, 4000 in number, have the credit of being more open and less jealous than many of the Ionians; but its principal celebrity is derived from the acknowledged superiority of its pale and fragrant oil.

Cephalonia, the largest of the Ionian islands, still retains its ancient name. It is situate midway between Santa Maura and Zante, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from the western shore of the Peloponnesus, and is about 150 miles in circumference. The whole island consists of one irregular mountain mass, which traverses its greatest length from north-west to south-east; at the distance of fifteen miles from this latter extremity, rises abruptly into a lofty ridge the celebrated Mount Ænos of antiquity. The twelve districts into which the island is divided, contain about the same number of inhabitants as Corfu. The soil, though but scantily spread over the rocks, is extremely productive; and the currants of Cephalonia are more highly esteemed than those of the other islands, and its wines celebrated for their exquisite flavour. Like Corfu, it has not yet attained its proper rank in commercial importance; but under British protection, its trade and consequence are gradually increasing. Here the Romanic, or modern Greek, has been almost entirely superseded by the Venetian tongue; and though both the French and the English encouraged its revival, the Greek literature of the island is yet in its infancy.

On its southern side the Gulf of Livadi extends eight miles into the land, and forms a most spacious harbour. Upon its western bank stands the town of Lixuri, containing 6000 inhabitants; and on a peninsula, formed by a small bay of the gulf, on its eastern shore, the capital, Argostoli. The population of the latter amounts to about 8000. It consists prin-

capally of one long street collateral with the shore, the centre of which is occupied by a small quadrangle. The air is, in general, pure, except during the prevalence of the Sirocco winds, which introduce most offensive and deleterious exhalations from the shallow parts of the bay. During the winter months Mount *Ænos* is covered with snow, and this, and the white rocks of its summit, when contrasted with its dark forests of pine, have rendered peculiarly appropriate the appellation of "black mountain."

The ancient greatness of Cephalaria is evident from the stupendous ruins of Samos, Crani, Palæ, and Pronos, the capitals of the four states into which it was divided. The first of these is situated at the head of a valley of exquisite beauty opposite Ithaca, to which it was, of old, an appendage. Here a line of stones of immense proportions runs along the beach, and large masses, which extend under water, till undiscoverable by the eye, are the remains which time has spared of the "Same" of Homer. The remains of a citadel on a hill in the plain of Ragli, on the eastern side of the island, are sufficient to indicate the site of Pronos. About two miles from Argostoli, the antiquary may easily trace the whole circumference of the walls of Crani, consisting, like those of Samos, of enormous blocks; while of the ancient Palæ the ruins are very inconsiderable, and are distant about a mile to the east of Lixuri. At the south extremity of Cephalaria there are also remains of a large city, and near them the ruins of a small stone temple, which may have been the renowned shrine of Jupiter *Ænos* *.

The valour of the Cephalariaans was once celebrated throughout Greece, and they were immortalized by their countrymen for their skill in the public games. They bravely repulsed the Roman consul, Flaminius, and the last sparks of their liberty were extinguished in a valiant but fruitless resistance to his successor, Fulvius. From that time, with a few trifling exceptions, their history becomes merged in that of Corcyra.

Next to Corcyra and Cephalaria in size and population is Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, being nearly 60 miles in circumference, 14 in length, and 8 at its greatest breadth. Ramparted on its western coast by a steep range of limestone hills upwards of 1000 feet in elevation, and on its eastern by Monte Skopo and other eminences, the intermediate space is occupied by a valley on which nature has lavished all her charms; its surface is thickly strewn with groves of orange and citron and olive. The "gadding" vine climbs on its trellis to an unusual height, whilst

* It is said that sacrifices were performed, at the same time, in the temple and on the top of the mountain.

beneath glows the red-berried arbutus, and the myrtle creeps in less assuming loveliness to the shore. On the mountain sides are scattered numerous flourishing villages, whose inhabitants derive their subsistence from the product of the smiling landscape beneath them. Zante, though part of the empire of Ulysses, possesses scarcely one memorial of its ancient renown. The modern capital of the island is said to be the best town in the Ionian Republic. Situated in a kind of recess at the feet of some lofty hills which form its background, it stretches for nearly two miles round the margin of the bay; and with its houses of Italian architecture, and the glittering spires of its numerous churches, it displays a striking panorama to the spectator who views it from the sea. The streets are narrow, but their appearance is rendered lively by the activity which pervades them, and by the many shops, or rather bazaars which present themselves, adorned by the silks and other rich manufactures of Asia. The population of the town is estimated at 15,000, that of the whole island at 40,000. The staple productions of Zante are currants and oil, though the soil also yields corn, cotton, and flax.

About six miles distant from the northernmost point of Cephalonia, and separated from the coast of Acarnania by a channel not more than fifteen miles in breadth, lies the once far-famed Ithaca. Little else at its first appearance than a rugged line of lofty rocks, it presents, on more close inspection, numerous features which characterize it as the seat of the empire of Ulysses*. That this island is the scene of the *Odyssey* scarcely admits of doubt. To trace the many spots of interest in it, and to shew their exact correspondence with the descriptions of Homer, would far exceed our present limits. It is happy for the lover of antiquity that the poet did not confine himself to the observation of the changing works of art which the island presented to him (for we cannot but think that he must have seen that which he describes so accurately), but has recorded the beauties and peculiarities of its natural scenery, which change not with the changing world around them; and this too, in characters so striking, that it requires not the eye nor the enthusiasm of antiquarianism to identify his descriptions. As instances of the truth of the latter part of our remark we would produce the deep and spacious port †, the hill of Aito ‡, the cave of Dexia §, and the precipice of Korax, with its fountain ||, which latter is, to this day, the watering-place for cattle, and the resort of shepherds.

* The sway of Ulysses extended over Ithaca, Leucadia, Zacynthus, and part of Cephallenia.

† Od. v. 324.

‡ Od. v. 352. c. 204. sq.

§ Od. v. 96. sq.

|| Od. v. 408. sq.

Ithaca, which retains its ancient name *, is about seventeen miles in length, and of very irregular breadth, though in no part exceeding five miles. It is composed almost entirely of two masses of rock, Mounts Neritos and Stefano, connected by a third smaller one, called Mount Aetos, or Aito. Ithaca is rendered peculiar in its appearance, by the bay to which we have alluded, which runs inland, to such a depth, as almost to divide the island. The scenery is in general rugged, though occasionally rendered in a high degree picturesque, by the groves of olive which fringe the sides of the mountains, and by the evergreens and wild flowers which protrude themselves through their crevices. Vathi, or Bathi, the modern capital, is situated about two miles to the west of the supposed site of the old town, at the farther extremity of a deep inlet; it is in a great measure composed of a single street running along the shore, and contains about 2300 inhabitants. The population of the whole island is rated at 8000. The Ithacans are strongly addicted to maritime pursuits, and are daily extending the sphere of their commerce. The education of the upper ranks is better than that of most of the other islanders, and their manners, as a natural consequence, are more courteous and engaging.

To the north of Ithaca lies Santa Maura, the Leucadia of antiquity, of a figure somewhat triangular, measuring thirty miles from north to south, and about twelve from east to west; composed almost entirely of a continued mountainous chain of great height, running north and south, and which is broken on the north-west into almost perpendicular cliffs of the most dazzling whiteness; it is still frequently designated by its ancient name †. This chain, however, is traversed at several points by inferior ones, on whose sides are seen many populous villages, beautified by the presence of the vine, the olive, and the sweet-blushing almond, the smiling productions of a rugged mother. Though the present appearance of Leucadia is in many respects at variance with the accounts of ancient authors, yet no one, perhaps, of the seven islands, save Ithaca and Corcyra, possesses more interesting and less disputable memorials of its ancient greatness and importance. United originally to the continent, it was divided from it by an artificial channel, cut by the commercial and enterprising Corinthians ‡. This channel, which in former times served, in all probability, as a passage for the vessels laden with the productions of the islands or the continent, or for many a

* The Vulgar call it Theaki.—GELL.

† Πίσα γὰρ ἐστὶ λευκή ———— ἀνὶ ἰσχυρὸν τοῦτομα λαβειν.—STRAB. X.

‡ STRAB. Lib. X. LIV. xxxiii. 17.

gallant trireme whose purpose was less pacific *, is now often so shallow, as to be useless for maritime purposes, and in many places is not more than one hundred yards across. The sites of the two ancient cities Leucate and Ellomenos have been discovered, though much of the ground which they occupied has become the territory of the olive. Many parts of the walls of Leucate have been traced with great precision; whilst several scattered blocks of marble and quadrangular masses of stone, remain as evidences of the havoc treated by the Roman engines under Flaminius†. In the same neighbourhood a large cemetery has also been discovered, which was found to contain several pieces of bronze and articles of ancient pottery, with coins of different ages. A part of the island, and that not the least interesting, remains unaltered by the hand of time. We allude to the ancient Leucas, from which, as poets tell, the unhappy and devoted Sappho cast herself into the ocean which rolls below it, and extinguished at once her passion and her life. Love heard not her prayer‡—no wing was spread to break her fall, and vainly did she call on gentle gales to

Blow,

And softly lay her on the waves below.

The promontory of Leucas, or, as it is now called, Cape Ducato, is situated at the most southern point of the island. It is a rugged cliff, rising to the height of about 115 feet above the sea§. A few paces nearer its extreme point than the spot supposed to have been the scene of Sappho's leap, are to be seen some ruins which are conjectured to be those of Apollo's Temple; and this conjecture is strengthened by the late discovery of some broken walls which are supposed to be remains of the "parva urbs" of Virgil||. The present population of the island is estimated at 22,000. The modern capital, distant about two miles from the seat of the ancient one, is called Amaxichi. Its situation is unhealthy, and the streets are narrow and ill built; they are, however, decorated by several gay shops, which are mostly kept by native Albanians. The revenue of the island arises from the olive, which is here very prolific, from grapes, and from the making of salt. There is scarcely any corn grown, and the deficiency of pasture is still greater than that of the arable land.

* Vide THUCYD. iv. 1.

† LIV. xxxiii. 17.

‡ OVID. Sapph. Phaon. v. 204 sq.

§ "The altitude of Leucas," says Dr. Holland, "is not great; sufficiently so, however, for the purpose to which the ancients put it."

|| ÆN. III. 275, 276.

The scenery of Santa Maura is often highly striking and picturesque, while, from some of its more elevated points, the spectator is presented with views as magnificent as any on which the eye can rest. To the northward may be seen the whole land of Cephalonia; part of the rugged Ithaca; the romantic scenery of the Bay of Artá; and the "beaked" promontory of Actium: whilst, to the eastward, rise the snow-topped mountains of the ancient continent.

To the south of all the other islands, and at the very entrance of the Archipelago, lies Cerigo, formerly Cythera. Its natural history may be told in few words. Of an oval form, and measuring seventeen miles from north to south, and ten from east to west, it contains about 10,000 inhabitants. The climate is unhealthy, and the soil unproductive; hence, the natives have been led, necessarily, to maritime pursuits; for which the situation of their island, at the confluence of two seas, is admirably adapted. The manners of the people are of the same rough and uninviting nature with their soil; so that, from this cause, combined with the distance of the island from any of the others, their abode in Cerigo is not unreasonably esteemed a species of banishment by the British troops who are stationed there. Turning from Cerigo, as it now is, to the consideration of its past history, we are first met by the grateful illusions with which fable has clothed it; for it was to the shores of this island that Venus was wafted by the zephyrs, after she had arisen, in smiles and beauty, from the foam of Ocean; and here, in after times, a stately temple marked the devotion of the inhabitants, and the honour in which the goddess was held. Descending from the ages of fiction, we next find Cythera in the hands of the Lacedæmonians, with whom it remained till the eighth year of the Peloponnesian war; when Nicias, landing at the head of a body of Athenians, took the island, and, for some untold reason, put the Lacedæmonians, who had capitulated, to death. It afterwards fell, successively, under the power of the Egyptians and Romans, and was ultimately taken by Venice, from which period it followed the fate of the other islands.

MODERN FRENCH COMEDY AND ELEGY*.

If there be any species of creative literature that could hope for a continued and living existence, it is comedy. Every other species, of poetry at least, if we except that of pure imagination, has a certain and definite stock of material which does not reproduce itself in proportion to its exhaustion. The domain of human passion is limited, and was never, perhaps, beyond the intellectual horizon of a man of feeling in any age. The period and experience of any one man's life is sufficient to represent and teach all its varieties, and two centuries of civilization could not pass without displaying it fully in all its shades and phases. Thus we find in the very earliest ages the great divisions of passion known, established, and even personified. No wonder then, that in a state of existence of some thousand years, any kind of passion has become rather a common-place theme. It may certainly be asserted in proof of the inexhaustibility, if we may be allowed the expression, of serious poetic feeling, that there never was an age in which poetry wore a more original aspect than at present. But this very original and sublime poetic feeling that marks the age, is by its nature the great proof of what we advance. It consists chiefly in a negation of all that ever went before it, in a bold heresy against the feelings and opinions of mankind. It is not a new land discovered, not a new piece added to the web of poetic feeling, but it is rather the old web reversed. It is the revulsion of genius back upon itself, after being repelled in its ambitious attempts to overleap established bounds. It was, perhaps, the sole resource left for a great poet, the sole principle of originality unoccupied; and as such, it is the keystone, the entablature of the poetic fabric, that precludes any further elevation.

In the progress of civilization the pure passions, which form the proper subjects of the epic and the tragic muse, become modified and frittered down to feelings and whims no longer worthy the name of passion; and thus modified, they become the proper subject of comedy. Society exhausts the stock of the tragic, whilst it hourly and abundantly multiplies that of the comic muse. Notwithstanding this, in all the countries of Europe, Spain perhaps excepted, the comic drama has been much less successful, much less perfectionated than the tragic.

* L'Ecole des Viellards, par M. Casimir Delavigne.
Messeniennes, par le même AUTEUR.

It can boast fewer *chef-d'œuvres*, and has remained in far longer intervals of decadence. Italy does not possess a single good comedy; and if Goldoni has recorded that he wrote sixteen of his pieces in one season, it is the activity of his pen and fingers we admire, not that of his brain.

The *forte* of French literature is said to be their comedy. It may be so; and we do not think much of it; nor does the frank opinion of Schlegel, "that Moliere had no genius," which so astounded the French admirers of the German critic, at all amaze us. Moliere was a great moral poet, though not a deep one; he was an acute observer of man in all the phases of society that came before him; he possessed wit, vivacity, and a language formed to express every shade of social feeling, foible, satire; but he had no invention, no deep, or more than ordinary passion; none of those great qualities, in fine, that stamp a genius dramatic *par excellence*. Had his comedies, at least the serious ones, been moral epistles, they had been unrivalled in their kind—but they possess no dramatic spirit. The principal and leading characters, the miser, the misanthrope, the hypocrite, are mere pure abstractions, to conceive which never required invention. And he has brought them on the stage as cold, abstract, and untempered, as if they were still but the subjects of the moral or the apophthegm. There is no individuality bestowed on them by the poet,—no parental mark, by which they might be distinguished from any other of their kind. If a boy were ordered to compose a comedy, of which a religious hypocrite was to be the principal personage, he would make him the same, blank, unshaded hypocrite as Tartuffe, and would just draw him the same unmingled villain without relief. Nor could the school-boy conduct the piece with greater improbabilities than the blindness of Orgon, &c.; and the untaught boy would certainly have recourse to the same convenient denouement—the interference of absolute wisdom and power to dissolve the difficulty, and give a moral finale to the piece. It is above all wonderful that Moliere did not possess the acquirable art of managing the action of a drama, and giving at least a probable denouement. But he lived and wrote for the court of a despotic prince, when the ever-so-strange and unexpected interference of power in the solving of knotty cases was, perhaps, customary and natural.

Wanting, then, the lower as well as the higher qualities of a great dramatist, how does Moliere support his character? By his excellence as a moral poet and a satirist; if not by developing character, like our great dramatists, at least by depicting them no wise inferior to our Pope. To us Moliere's 'Misanthrope' presents nothing so comic as Celimene's satirical description

of her acquaintance. But description is no dramatic virtue. Moliere was a great poet, but as his countryman, Mercier, says of him, "il n'alla pas jusqu'au drame."

The French, however, can find no fault on the score of character with Moliere. Even their tragic writers know of no such thing in their drama. M. Jouy makes an attempt at such by pillaging an unknown dialogue of Montesquieu; but what M. Jouy's opinions on the subject are worth, we may learn from his calling Voltaire's '*Fanatisme*' a tragedy of character. How far even Voltaire's view extended in this direction may be learned from his '*Siecle de Louis Quatorze*.' After asserting that tragedy is limited, he adds,

"La haute comedie a les siennes. Il n'y a dans la nature humaine qu'une douzaine, tout au plus, de caractères vraiment comiques et marqués de grande traits. L'Abbé du Bos, faute de génie, croit que les hommes de génie peuvent encore trouver une foule de nouveaux caractères, mais il faudrait que la nature en fit. Il s' imagine que ces petites differences qui sont dans les caractères des hommes, peuvent être maniées aussi heureusement que les grands sujets. Les nuances, à la vérité, sont innombrables, mais les couleurs éclatantes sont en petit nombre; et ce sont ces couleurs primitives qu'un grand artiste ne manque pas d'employer."

If the critic had been a little more exact, he might have enumerated the broad comic characteristics, and allowed a drama to each, which would have proved convenient in letting us know the exact bulk that the comedy of a country would swell to. This ridiculous restriction is precisely in French taste, and springs from their utter ignorance of any subject fit for the drama, beyond abstract passion.

The great defect complained of in Moliere and the other comic writers of his country, by an enlightened French critic of the present day is, that they always excite the *rire amer*, never the *rire gai*, or the *rire fou*. The same critic was particular enough to take account, at the *Theatre Français*, of the emotions of the audience during the representations of the *Tartuffe*, *Valerie*, and other comedies. Although there was frequent applause at an allusion, a satirical or well-turned verse, yet the pen of the critic has it recorded, that during the representation of the *Tartuffe* the French audience laughed but twice, at those times at insignificant passages,—at *Valerie* but once. We are far from wishing to sink comedy into farce, or from estimating a comic drama by the quantity of grinning it excites, but comedy that thus loses itself in satire, not only ceases to be agreeable, but to be natural. Boileau or Horace are amusing in the closet, but would be impertinent when declaimed from

the stage. And those moral sermons, that are extremely well for the pulpit, prove but very dull entertainments after dinner and in the scene.

The French are altogether sadly given to the didactic, and so preposterous an idea have they of their dignity, that they scorn to be amused without putting forward as a pretext, that they come to be instructed. A dramatic poet with them, it seems, would be ashamed to write poetry for poetry's sake; and, like our Spenser, he must endeavour to cloak the crime of verse under some dull allegory or moral. This mighty respect for morality is praiseworthy, no doubt, if it may not, as is greatly to be feared, be attributed, in a measure, to a want of invention, and of confidence on the part of the poet in his powers. It is far easier to teach, than to afford simple delight, without any further pretence—much easier to take hypocrisy, or avarice, or misanthropy, for a theme, present a personage simply actuated by one of these unmixed passions, and punish him in a moral denouement—it is much easier to do this than to take a character from life, of many and mingled qualities, support that, and render it amusing through a drama, with an eye to nothing beyond truth and reality. One traverses a straight and open path, with a visible end in view; the other, careless whither he may arrive, trusts himself boldly with the clue of genius to the labyrinth of nature.

The didactic pretensions of French comedy are avowed by Moliere in the pieces he has called Schools, such as the *Ecole des Hommes*, *Ecole des Femmes*, &c., absurdly imitated by Sheridan in naming his comedy the "School for Scandal," a title, the exact meaning of which is not very evident—the proof is, that it has been found untranslatable, and in the French version, it is christened anew, and not ill, the *Tartuffe des Mœurs*. M. Casimir Delavigne, whose elegies or *Messeniennes*, have proved so popular in France, brought forth at the commencement of this year the Comedy that suggests this article. It is called, the 'School for Old Men,' which not only expresses the didactic professions of the author, but also implies an attempt to revive the classic comedy of Moliere. And in this, critics, journals, and enthusiastic audiences, all proclaim him to have been successful. Fourteen thousand francs, an enormous sum for the literary world at Paris, have been given him for his copy-right. Its uniting the powers of Talma and Made-moiselle Mars, has added *éclat* to the piece. And even the *Ultras*, in their love of old taste revived, listen with complacency to the comedy written by the *liberal* poet, and dedicated to the Duke of Orleans.

The principal character of the piece, Danville, is an old

gentleman, an inhabitant of Havre, who has amassed a moderate fortune by the fitting out of privateers. A widower, with an only son, he has grown weary of his single condition, and has taken to him a young wife, Hortense, along with whom and her mother he makes a voyage to Paris. The scene there opens obviously with the meeting between the newly-married elder and his old friend Bonnard. News are exchanged. The bachelor supports his choice of singleness, and the husband vaunts the pleasures of the marriage state—a common-place dialogue, but lively supported. But to pass over the commencement as well as the under-plot of Bonnard's borrowing from Danville for Danville's own son in distress;—they are lodged, it seems, in the mansion of the Duc D'Elmar (that a duke should let lodgings, gentle reader, is no incongruity whatsoever), who becomes enamoured of Hortense—promises to procure a place for Danville, through his interest with his uncle the minister—and craves the honour of conducting Hortense to a ball at the minister's upon a certain evening. The action and spirit of the piece lies in the husband's jealousy, and the wife's peevishness and frowardness at first, and her penitence afterwards, her honour being preserved throughout.

Instead of giving quotations here and there, the most satisfactory mode of allowing readers to judge of the comedy will be to extract a whole scene, one of the most brief and striking. It is, when Danville discovers the duke concealed in her cabinet; the enraged husband insults and defies the young noble.

*“ Danville. Sortez, c'est trop long-tems éviter ma présence.
Venez.*

Le Duc. Que voulez vous ?

Danville, Punir votre insolence.

Le Duc. Mais, Monsieur——

Danville. Quand ? dans quel lieu ? comment ?

Le Duc. Que votre sang plus froid se calme un seul moment.

*Danville. Ah ! ce peu que j'en ai, s'il est glacé par l'âge,
Bouillonne et rajeunit aussitôt qu'on l'outrage.
Vous m'aviez confondu parmi ces vils époux
Qui, de tous méprisés, et bien reçus de tous,
Diffamés par l'affront moins que par le salaire,
Vivent du déshonneur qu'ils souffrent sans colère.*

*Le Duc. Pourquoi le supposer, et qui vous le prouvait.
Du moins si mon amour, follement déclaré,
Offense un titre en vous qui dût m' être sacré,
Votre épouse innocente——*

Danville. A quoi bon cette ruse ?

Le Duc. Ma voix doit la défendre.

Danville. Et votre aspect l'accuse.

Le Duc. Quand c'est moi qui l'atteste, osez vous en douter ?

Danville. Quand c'est une imposture, osez vous l'attester ?

Le Duc. Cette lutte entre nous ne saurait être égale.

Danville. Entre nous votre injure a comblé l'intervalle :

L'agresseur quel qu'il soit, à combattre forcé,

Redéscend par l'offense au rang de l'offensé.

Le Duc. De quel rang parlez vous ? si mon honneur balance,

C'est pour vos cheveux blancs qu'il se fait violence.

Danville. Vous auriez dû les voir avant de m'outrager.

Vous ne le pouvez plus quand je veux les venger.

Le Duc. Je serais ridicule et vous seriez victime.

Danville. Le ridicule cesse où commence le crime,

Et vous le commettrez ; c'est votre châtement.

Ah ! vous croyez, Messieurs, qu'on peut impunément,

Masquant ses vils desseins d'un air de badinage,

Attenter à la paix, au bonheur d'un ménage.

On se croyait léger, on devient criminel :

La mort d'un honnête homme est un poids éternel.

Ou vainqueur, ou vaincu, moi, ce combat m'honore ;

Il vous flétrit vaincu, mais vainqueur plus encore :

Votre honneur y mourra. Je sais trop qu'à Paris

Le monde est sans pitié pour le sort des maris ;

Mais dès que leur sang coule, on ne rit plus, on blâme.

Vous ridicule ! non, non : vous serez infâme !"

Notwithstanding the vigour of such scenes as the foregoing, and some others of the same piece, the fame of M. Delavigne must rest upon his lyric effusions. These principally are the 'Messenienes,' a Greekish title, by which he would import elegies. The first collection of these were on such subjects as Waterloo, Joan of Arc, the Spoliation of the Museum, and other equally Anti-Anglican themes, that allowed of patriotic fury at least, if they inspired not poetic. The bard became popular in abusing us, and truly he is welcome to popularity at our expense. When France became unable to avenge herself with the sword, she wisely took to the pen ; and the sword which Napoleon flung down was speedily metamorphosed by the genius of the nation into a pen for the *Poete vengeur*. To us, nevertheless, M. Delavigne's efforts at our vilification call to mind the Irish story of the wren picking crumbs and tapping on a drum-head,—he feeds himself, and raises some little noise, but no alarm.

Before the second batch of elegies, the rage of the poet had subsided, and Greece and Naples, with their attempts at liberty, are his theme. His third, published last year, contains a fine ode to Napoleon ; but as these have been all more or less

noticed and quoted in other periodical works, we shall pass on to his last *Messenienne* on the death of Lord Byron, which seems scarcely yet to have reached this country. It commences with allusions to the well-known attempt of the *Northern Review* to crush him, and the noble Lord's vengeance:

“ Par de lâches clameurs quel génie insulté
 Dans son obscurité première,
 Changea plus promptement et sa nuit en lumière,
 Et son siècle en posterité ? ”

In continuing to celebrate the foibles and the misfortunes of the bard, he takes an opportunity to offer a piece of very necessary advice to his brethren;

“ Poètes, respectez les prêtres et les femmes,
 Ces terrestres Divinités !
 Comme dans les célestes âmes,
 L'outrage est immortel dans leurs cœurs irrités.
 Un temple qu'on mutila, a recueilli Voltaire :
 Vain refuge, et l'écho des foudres de la chaire,
 Que le prêtre accoutumé à maudire un grand nom,
 Tonne encore pour chasser son ombre solitaire
 Des noirs caveaux du Panthéon. ”

He then addresses Byron in verses of great truth and force :

“ Victime de l'orgueil, tu chantas les victimes
 Qu'il immole sur ses autels ;
 Entouré de debris qui racontaient des crimes,
 Tu peignis de grands criminels.
 Rebelle à son malheur, ton ame indépendante
 N'en put sans désespoir porter le joug de fer ;
 Persécuté comme le Dante,
 Comme lui tu rêvas l'enfer. ”

M. Delavigne seems to imagine, with that obliquity that always seems to haunt the minds of party-poets, that England persecuted Lord Byron, that she banished him, used him very cruelly, &c. But this is merely an excuse to scold. After a very beautiful paraphrase of Byron's celebrated comparison between Greece and a dead female ; he follows it up :

“ C'est la Grèce, as tu dit, c'est la Grèce opprimée,
 La Grèce belle encore, mais froide, inanimée ;
 La Grèce morte ! arrête, et regarde ses yeux ;
 Leur paupière longtemps fermée,
 Se rouvre à la clarté des cieux.
 Regarde : elle s'anime : écoute : sous ses chaines
 Son corps frémit, et s'est dressé ;
 Ce pur sang, que le fer a tant de fois versé
 Pour se répandre encore bouillonne dans ses veines ;

Son front qui reprend sa fierté,
Pâle d'un long trépas, menace et se relève,
Son bras s'allonge, et cherche une glaive ;
Elle vit, elle parle, elle a dit. Liberté!"

We shall conclude our notice of M. Delavigne with his concluding stanzas to our lost poet :

- " Il n'est plus ! il n'est plus ! toi qui fut sa patrie,
Pleure, ingrate Albion : l'exil paya ses chants,
Berceau de ses aïeux, pleure, antique Neustrie,
Corneille et lui sont tes enfans.
Tyrans, pleurez ; vos nuits, qui vengent l'innocence,
Coutaient moins tristement quand vous lisiez ses vers.
" Pleure, esclave ; son luth consolait ta souffrance,
Son glaive aurait brisé tes fers !"
" Les Grecs le vengeront, ils l'ont juré ; la gloire
Prépare les funèbres jeux :
Qu'ils vont offrir à sa mémoire ;
Qu'ils marchent, que son cœur repose au milieu d'eux,
Enseveli par la victoire.
Alors avec le fer du croissant abattu
Ils graveront sur son dernier asile :
" O mort ! que ne l'espargnais-tu ?
Il chantait comme Homère, il fut mort comme Achille."
" Ah ! quels que soient les lieux par son tombeau illustrés,
Temple de la vertu, des arts, de la vaillance,
Dont Londres est fière encore et qu'a perdu la France ;
Son ombre doit s'asseoir sous tes pavois sacrés.
Westminster, ouvre toi ! levez vous devant elle,
De vos linceuls depouillez les lambeaux,
Royales Majestés ! et vous, race immortelle,
Majestés du talent, qui peuplez ces tombeaux !
Le voilà sur le seuil, il s'avance, il se nomme—
Pressez vous, faites place à ce digne héritier—
Milton, place au poète ! Howe, place au guerrier !
Pressez vous, rois, place au grand homme !"

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA, AND HYMN TO PAN.

SOMEbody blaming metrical translations, I believe Cowper, says that translating in verse is like dancing in fetters; and that therefore the looser the links are made, the more graceful is the motion. This was said to recommend blank verse translations. I differ altogether; if I must dance in fetters, let them *jingle*.

But putting this pun out of the question, and a poor pun it is, it has always struck me that blank verse translations are apt, from the comparative easiness of their metre, to fall into something like plain prose; and that the necessity of rhyme makes the translation, when *well* done, so much more *carefully* done, as to resemble better an original poem, than otherwise. Moved by these considerations, and others which there is no need of mentioning, I have done into Spenserian (the most rhyme-demanding of all our stanzas,) the pleasant little mock Homeric poem of the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice;' and with it the Homeric hymn to Pan, (it is not worth any body's while on this occasion to squabble about authenticity,) treated in a similar fashion.

In the *Batrachomyomachia* I have retained the Grecian names of the warriors, though I know Goldsmith's objection to it; *viz.*, that we lose the burlesque effect arising from the significance of their humble denominations. I think, however, that we gain another piece of burlesque comicality in the imposing grandeur of the sound applied to such tiny combatants. *Potempter* may be droller than *Embasichytros*, but the latter is more magnificent in sound; and the drollery of the former is, to our ears at least, more like that of *Æsop's Fables*, than of an epic poem. I agree with Southey's remark to the same effect in his preface to *Amadis*, where he assigns as a reason for retaining *Beltenebros* in his text untranslated, that nobody ever thinks of calling St. Peter, Stone the apostle, though the name was avowedly significant. Lord Thurlow, not the present, but the chancellor, has translated the names in his version of the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.' In giving the Greek names, I trust I have escaped the barbarous unprosodical pronunciation of Parnell.

I do not recollect ever having seen any part of Homer in Spenserian verse, except a fragment of the fourteenth book of the *Iliad* in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' about four years ago; nor indeed in any other stanza, except the hymn to Mercury, so admirably translated by Shelley; and a few detached passages of the *Iliad*, by a young writer, who has since realized all the promises of his boyhood, as a poet and a scholar.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

I.

INTO my soul, * fair Heliconian train,
Enter, and fill me with your tuneful quire !
For on my knees my tablets have I ta'en,
To heap them full of strife and tumult dire ;
Hear, sons of men ! while with poetic fire
I sing how mice the frogs in fight withstood,
Performing deeds of valour in their ire,
That mock'd the achievements of the giant brood :—
As Fame the story told, thus rose the deadly feud :—

II.

A thirsty mouse, escaping from a cat,
Dipp'd his soft whisker in a neighbouring lake ;
Him, while upon its verdant marge he sat,
With its sweet stream his panting thirst to slake,
A croaking native of the pool bespake,
“ Who art thou ? what thy race ? whence hast thou come,
Reply with truth, no fraudulent answer make,
For I shall lead thee to my royal dome,
If worthy of my love—and make my house thy home.”

III.

“ I am the king Physignathus, whose sway
Is own'd through all these waters, high and low ;
Me, as their rightful lord, the frogs obey,
And to my sceptre long have loved to bow.
Peleus, the prince to whom my birth I owe,
Wedded his bride Hydromedusa fair,
In amorous transport on the banks of Po ;
Thee too, thy vigorous form and lordly air
A sceptre-bearing chief, and warrior tried declare.”

* *Εμμεν νρεγ*. Lungs, I believe, would express what the poet meant ; but I am afraid that in these days we cannot ask the muses *there*.

IV.

So spake the frog. Psicharpax answered " Why
 Dost thou inquire my lofty lineage, known
 To those who dwell in heaven—in earth—in sky—
 To gods—to men—to birds—to every one ?
 Psicharpax is my name,—and I am son
 Of old Troxartas, most magnific mouse,
 And sweet Lychomele, who shares his throne,
 The pride of Pternotractas' regal house,
 Who in a darksome cavern bore me to her spouse.

V.

" She nursed me up with fond maternal care,
 And in soft luxury my youth was bred ;
 Feasted was I on dainties rich and rare,
 On figs, and nuts, and cates, delightful fed :
 But how can we, Physignathus, who tread
 Such different paths, in social concord meet ;
 You where the lakes their glassy mansions spread
 Live mid the waters, while to me 'tis sweet
 To dwell with lordly man, and what he eats I eat.

VI.

" To me no dainty morsel is unknown,
 Not thrice-baked bread in rounded platter laid—
 Not wide spread cake with sesamé bestrown—
 Not livers rich in snow-white fat array'd—
 Not slice from gammon cut with trenchant blade—
 Not pudding, food for gods immortal fit—
 Nor new-pressed cheese from milk delicious made,
 Nor aught sage cooks prepare, whose learned wit
 Lines the capacious pot with many a luscious bit.

VII.

" Nor from the slaughterous combat do I flee,
 But bear me bravely in the foremost fight ;
 Even man himself, vast though his stature be,
 Fills not my dauntless bosom with affright.
 Into his very bed I march by night,
 And seize with nibbling tooth his heel or toe ;
 He slumbers on, unconscious of the bite,
 Nor dreams how near, how desperate is his foe :
 Two living things alone can fill my heart with woe.

VIII.

" The hawk and cat my bosom overawe,
And the grim trap with deadly wilesreplete ;
But most I dread the cat, whose potent paw
Can drag me trembling from my dark retreat ;
Such is my mode of life, I scorn to eat
Parsley, or gourd, or radishes, or kale ;
I cannot swallow down your verdant beet,
On which you people in the lakes regale."
He ceased, the frog replied, gay smiling at his tale :

IX.

" Stranger, thy paunch supplies thee with a theme
Whereon to boast vain-glorious : yet we have
Many strange things to shew in land and stream ;
For Jove to frogs a life amphibious gave,
On earth to gambol, and in lake to lave.
These wouldst thou wish to view, thy course is plain—
Ascend my back, I'll bear thee through the wave ;
But clasp me close, that o'er the fluid plain,
In safety and in joy, we may my palace gain."

X.

He spoke and crouched ; the mouse, devoid of fear,
Sprung on the proffered back, with active bound,
And while he saw his native harbours near,
Much joy the swimmer in his voyage found ;
But when the dark blue waters rose around,
Then terror seized his heart, and sorrow sore ;
With copious tear and groan of dolorous sound,
Did he then vainly his rash act deplore,
And oh ! how much he wish'd he ne'er had left the shore.

XI.

In agony of woe his paunch he smote
With frequent foot, and rooted up his hair ;
His tail he spread along the deep to float,
A feeble oar ! while many an earnest prayer
He sent to heaven in transport of despair.
" O thus," quoth he, " Europa, lovely load,
Did the famed bull from Crete through ocean bear,
As this frog bears me to his dark abode,
Raising my body pale above the watery road."

XII

Sudden appear'd a water-snake, dread sight !—
 Above the wave his neck rose, stiff and high—
 Down duck'd the frog, forgetting in his fright
 That he had left his luckless friend to die ;
 Down to the utmost depth he sunk, thereby
 'Scaping black death, while his forsaken friend
 Forced on the fatal wave supine to lie,
 Wringing his hands, bemoaned his life's sad end,
 While screams of hopeless grief he vainly forth did send.

XIII.

Often he sank, and raised himself as oft
 With vigorous kick, but he was doomed by fate ;
 He perished, by his hairy mantle soft
 Borne down with weight of waters saturate ;
 He perished in the waves, in words of hate
 The frog denouncing ere he breathed his last ;
 " You shall not 'scape Heaven's vengeance ; soon or late
 This deed perfidious towards your friend will blast,
 Whom shipwreck'd from your back, as from a rock, you cast.

XIV.

" Coward ! on land, my power you could not beat
 In boxing, wrestling, racing ; but when here,
 Here to this lake you drew me by deceit,
 By fraud you laid me on this watery bier.
 God hath a vengeful eye ! the day is near
 When all the host of mice in arms allied,
 Shall claim, nor shall you shun it, vengeance dread."
 Thus died the mouse. Lichepinan espied
 The deed, as he reclined upon the bank's soft side.

XV.

Loudly he scream'd, and ran the mice to tell
 How he had seen their prince's hapless fall ;
 When heard, each bosom heaved with angry swell,
 And all in haste, they bade their herald call,
 By morning dawn, a council in the hall
 Of old Troxartas, sire of him who lay
 Dead, floating on mid lake in sight of all,
 From the bank's friendly shelter far away,
 Toss'd on the fatal waves above the billowy spray.

XVI.

At daybreak hastening, they arrived, and first
Troxartas rose in mourning for his son ;
“ Friends, though on me alone this woe has burst,
Yet general wrong to all our tribe is done.
Wretch that I am, my three brave sons are gone ;
My eldest offspring by the cat’s curst claws,
Outside his hole surprised, to death was done ;
My next was sent to Oren’s dismal jaws,
Snared in a trap, devised by men our griefs to cause.

XVII.

“ My last, my loved, his mother’s joy and mine,
The frog has smother’d in the deep-sunk lake :
Haste then, ye brave ; in arms of warlike shine
Sheath’d, let us ’gainst this foe our onset make.”
Desire of contest seized them as he spake.
By Mars himself were they in arms bedight ;
First, for their greaves, the bean-stalk green they brake,
Which they had gnaw’d down featly in the night ;
And on their taper legs now fitted trim and light.

XVIII.

Corslets of skin, soon from a cat they flay’d,
Bedeck’d them, fring’d and fasten’d all with reeds ;
A sponce’s middle boss their breastplates made ;
Their spears were needles form’d for martial deeds ;
Then helm’d in nut-shells, all the host proceeds
Arm’d for the fight—nor were the frogs afar :
Forth from the lake they issued to the meads,
And held a council, how to meet the war,
Much pond’ring in their minds how rose this hostile jar.

XIX.

While thus intent, a sacred herald came,
Embasichytius, son of that famed chief,
Who, from cheese-scooping, won his well-earn’d name ;
And thus he spoke all Mouseland’s ire and grief :—
“ Frogs ! from the mire I come, to say in brief,
That we defy you to the battle plain ;
We’ve seen Psicharpax drown’d, whom, past relief,
Your king, Physignathus, has foully slain ;
We to the combat dare the bravest of your train.”

XX.

He spoke—and vanish'd ; but his challenge claim'd
 Anxious attention from the frogs at large.
 Strait rose the prince, while all his action blam'd :—
 “ I slew him not, nor saw him die, the charge
 Is false, my friends ; he left his native marge
 Of this our lake and tried to sport like us,
 Sporting he died : but let us now discharge
 This slanderous stigma hurled against me thus,
 All blameless as I am, and points of war discuss.

XXI.

“ How shall we face in fight the treacherous mice ?
 I shall declare what plan I think the best :
 Let all our force, such is your king's advice,
 Rank'd for the fight, in martial armour drest,
 On the high lands, which bound the water's breast,
 Stand there where most the rugged bank is steep.
 Then let each frog, fast by the helmet crest,
 Seize on a mouse, and, with a vigorous sweep,
 Down plunge him, with his arms, into the fatal deep.

XXII.

“ There let them smother—and the battle won,
 We'll raise a trophy o'er our slaughter'd foes.”
 They heard the speech, and straight their arms they don.
 Marsh-mallow leaves their nimble legs enclose ;
 The broad green beets their corslets stout compose ;
 The cabbage leaf supplies their well-form'd shields ;
 Each head a snail-shell for a helmet shows,
 And, for a lance, each hand a bulrush wields ;
 Thus were they harnessed all, for deeds in battle fields.

XXIII.

On the high bank they stood with quivering lance,
 And full of fury was each warrior's soul.
 They did not 'scape great Jove's all-seeing glance ;
 The gods he summon'd to the starry pole,
 And show'd the hosts as on to fight they roll.
 He show'd their spear-arm'd ranks, their crowds, their size
 Awful as centaurs, or the impious shoal
 Of earth-born giants famed for bold emprise ;
 Then, with a smile, out spake the monarch of the skies.

XXIV.

Fair wisdom's queen he asked, in jocund strain,
" Say, daughter, wilt thou now thy aid prepare
To give the mice, who gambol round thy fane,
Pleased with the scent of sacrificial fare."
" Never," quoth she, " shall they my favour share,
E'en though they seek it in extremest need;
Because my garlands they presume to tear,
And on my consecrated oil to feed;
And still more wrath I feel at a more daring deed:

XXV.

" My robe, on which my hands such toil had spent,
Spinning and weaving, thread and web, the mice
Nibbled and tore, and filled with many a rent,
Which to repair, a tailor's finger nice
Required; who charged me most usurious price.
The sum it cost was borrow'd, nor, as yet,
Back to repay it do my funds suffice.
Have not the mice then given me cause to fret?
But neither shall I aid the host against them set.

XXVI.

" Rash tribe, who, when I seek the aid of sleep,
Returning home by deeds of arms o'er-worn,
Make such a constant clamour, that they keep
Me sleepless till the cock proclaims the morn;
While my poor head with racking pain is torn,
And not a wink is granted to my eyes.
Now in this contest let no part be borne
By any god. The natives of the skies
Might smart beneath the spear of these stern enemies.

XXVII.

" Their warlike souls fear not opposing gods:
Here rather let us, seated, be content
To view the combat from our blest abodes:"
She spoke, and all Olympus gave assent;
Meanwhile the foes, on mutual slaughter bent,
Met in the field. Two sacred heralds gave
Signal of fight: the clanging trumpet sent
(Blown by loud gnats) its music for the brave,
And Jove announced the war, thund'ring from heav'n's concave.

XXVIII.

Hypsiboas struck Lichenor with his spear,
 A warrior standing in the foremost rank ;
 Through paunch and liver urged in full career,
 The lance drove through, and prone the warrior sank,
 His soft locks soiling on the dusty bank.
 Next Pelion 'neath Troglodytes lay dead—
 Fix'd in his heart the spear his life-blood drank ;
 Black night his failing vision overspread,
 And from his falling limbs his parting spirit fled.

XXIX.

Senthæus pierced Embasichytrus' heart ;
 And next the paunch of Polyphonus through,
 Artophogus transpierc'd his deadly dart.
 This chanced while stood Limnochasis in view,
 Who instant to avenge the warrior flew ;
 Against Troglodytes a millstone vast
 He flung, and with that blow the mouse he slew,
 For on mid-neck lighted the well-aim'd cast,
 An unexpected blow—he fell, and breathed his last.

XXX.

At the victorious frog Lichenor's lance
 Was brandish'd, and, not sent with erring arm,
 Right through his liver did the weapon glance,
 Which filled Cranbophagus with dire alarm,
 And to the bank he fled. Behind him warm
 In fierce pursuit follow'd Lichenor near,
 Not e'en the waves preserved the frog from harm ;
 He fell, struck breathless by transfixing spear,
 And his heart's purple blood distained the waters clear.

XXXI.

The lifeless corse was stretch'd upon the shore :
 Its veins and fat intestines all swoln out :
 Limnisius slew Tyroglyphus, and bore
 His arms, as trophy of his exploit stout :
 O'er Calaminthius' soul pale fear and doubt
 Was spread when he Pternoglyphus beheld—
 Dropping his shield he fled in shameful rout,
 A needless panic, for that foe was fell'd
 Meanwhile, and his bruised brains out of his nostrils well'd.

XXXII.

That blow Hydrochasis had dealt; a stone
Monstrous upraising, 'gainst the monarch's head
The earth around with brains and blood was strown ;
And soon Borborocates join'd the dead—
Lichopenax the fatal javelin sped,
That closed his blameless eyes ; it sore displeased
Prassophagus to see his friend's blood shed,
Cnissodiocetes by the foot he seized
And drown'd him in the lake, holding his heel fast squeezed.

XXXIII.

Wounded in liver soon Pelucius died,
Killed by Psicharpax, whose sad heart was wrung
With grief for those who perish'd by his side ;
Pelobates, in turn, indignant flung
A mass of mud, which, to the forehead clung
Of bold Psicharpax, almost struck him blind :
The mouse, his spirit by the insult stung,
Seized a huge stone, the hugest he could find,
A burden to the earth on which its weight reclined.

XXXIV.

With this he struck the frog below the knees ;
The dexter leg was smashed beneath the blow ;
Supine he fell, his friend Craugasides
Advanced to shield him helpless from his foe ;
He smote Psicharpax on the paunch below ;
And drove his spear far in with vigorous push—
Out came the bowels in disgusting flow,
Forced by the wound upon the ground to gush,
While he was dragg'd along clung to the dolorous rush.

XXXV.

Limping, from war Sitophagus retired :
When from the river bank this strife he view'd,
His grievous wounds a rest from war required ;
He leapt into the ditch, and death eschewed.
Against Physignathus Troxartas stood,
And smote his son's destroyer on the foot.
He, wounded, sought the lake, intent on blood,
The mouse fled after him in hot pursuit,
While he kept stumbling on, maimed, and half dead, to boot.

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XXXVI.

Prassæus saved him in this piteous plight,
 Against the mouse hurling the lance amain;
 But yet he could not pierce the buckler bright,
 And the spear point just struck on it in vain.
 By the lake-side a youth of noble strain,
 Well skilled in war, Artepibulus' son,
 A very Mars, 'mong all the warlike train,
 Of mice unequalled, by the title known
 Of Meridarpax bold, now spoke, in haughty tone,

XXXVII.

Threatening, and sure he could his threat perform,
 To blot from earth, for ay, the froggish race;
 Had not great Jove himself th' impending storm
 Averted, moved with pity at their case,
 Alas! quoth he, before my very face
 A dreadful deed this mouse prepares to do,
 Vowing with horrid aspect to erase
 His croaking foes, I tremble at the view—
 Haste, Mars and Pallas, haste, lest worst deeds should ensue.

XXXVIII.

Lady and lord of battles, haste to foil
 The o'erweening valour of this champion bold.
 He ceased, but Mars at once refused the toil;
 Nor she, nor I, albeit, of godlike mould,
 Can now destruction from the frogs withhold;
 It would require all heaven's united force:
 Let then thy Titan-killing bolt be rolled,
 Which checked Enceladus in impious course,
 And 'gainst the giant train was thy most sure resource.

XXXIX.

He spoke—and Jove the vivid lightning cast—
 Olympus trembled at the thundering sound;
 Whirling it came; both armies stood aghast,
 While the dread bolt flashed forth with dire rebound;
 Yet still the mice undaunted hold the ground,
 Still fiercely on their foe's destruction bent.
 The frogs again from Jove assistance found,
 Else had the mice accomplished their intent,
 But he into the field now resh auxiliars sent.

XL.

At his command they entered, anvil-backed,
Crook-clawed, side-waddling, tortuous, shelly-scaled,
Hard-mouthed, broad-shouldered, all of bone compact,
Bandy-legged, shining round their blade-bones mailed,
Besom-eyed, armed with talons strongly nailed,
Right-footed, double-headed, handleless (named
Commonly crabs), who, *sans* delay, assailed
The rearward of the mice, and direly maim'd
Each warrior against whom their fierce attacks were aim'd.

XLI.

The first assault against their tails were made ;
Next feet and hands all unresisting bled ;
Quite useless was the spear's once potent blade ;
Snapt was the shaft beneath the nippers dread.
A panic terror in a moment spread
Over the host of mice, and all away
Affrighted from the field of fight they fled :
The sun now setting shot his farewell ray—
And the whole war began and ended in one day.

HYMN TO PAN.

I.

SING, Muse, of Pan, Mercury's darling child,
Goat-footed, two-horned friend of jocund noise,
Who, traversing leaf-shaded valleys wild,
Mix'd with dance-loving nymphs, his hours employs.
The bright-haired pastoral god who shares their joys,
They sing, on mountain tops where goat ne'er climb'd ;
Nor does his careless trim repress the voice
By which the lord of cliffs with snow bedimm'd,
Of hills' uplifted brows and rocky points is hymn'd.

II.

He wanders here and there through thickets dense,
 Now charm'd with gentle rivers' murmuring flow,
 Now scaling tops of loftiest hills, from whence
 He casts his eyes over the flocks below;
 Oft will he to the far-spread mountain go,
 The haunt of goats, and oft the hills among
 Hunts with keen eye, and lays their monsters low;
 While, rising o'er the reeds, his dulcet song
 Hesperus utters forth, with trumpet clangor strong.

III.

A song, than which the bird of melting strain,
 Who hid beneath the leaves in flowery spring,
 Doth pouring forth her honied notes complain,
 No chaunt of sweeter harmony can sing:
 To aid the song the nymphs their voices bring,
 The mountain-nymphs their voices all so sweet,
 Around a dark-streamed fountain in a ring,
 Dancing unwearied with fast-beating feet,
 While echo from hill-top will the soft strain repeat.

IV.

A lynx's speckled hide great Pan arrays,
 As through the dance he winds his joyous way,
 Cheered by the influence bland of sweetest lays,
 In the soft meadow where in rich inlay,
 Crocus and hyacinth with colours gay,
 And odours rich 'broider the verdant ground;
 Meanwhile due honours to the gods they pay,
 Chaunting their names with hymnings' holy sound,
 But praise above the rest Pan's heavenly father found.

V.

For in their loudest strain mild Mercury,
 Giver of good, heaven's messenger they sung,
 How to Arcadia's sheep-walks erst came he
 To his own Mount Cyllenus, where, though sprung
 From gods, yet he aside his godhead flung,
 And for a mortal kept the fleecy fold,
 Through love of Dryope's daughter fair and young;
 His suit was soon, and when nine months were told,
 She gave the god a son most monstrous to behold—

VI.

A horn'd, goat-footed, noisy, laughing child.
 The nurse jumped up, and dropped the boy and fled ;
 For his huge bearded ugly visage filled
 At the first look her very heart with dread,
 But over Hermes' soul great joy was spread ;
 And taking in his hand his bantling rare,
 To the Olympic towers he went, and led,
 Close swaddled in the skin of mountain hare,
 His boy, and show'd to Jove the object of his care.

VII.

Among the gods he sate : a general joy
 Through heaven at sight of Hermes' offspring ran.
 But most of all did Bacchus hail the boy,
 And from their love th' Immortals call'd him Pan ;
 For Pan is *all*, in dialect of man
 Interpreted, and he to *all* was dear.
 Hail, monarch of the woods ! and gently scan
 The song of prayer I pour into thine ear ;—
 Soon to thy praise from me a fresh strain shalt thou hear.

IRISH STORIES

Do you see that ruined cottage on the opposite hill ? It is almost midway from the top ; and the field in which it stands is neglected, and over-run with weeds. If you look more attentively, you will perceive that, extending from its sheltered gable, traces of the walls of an additional building are discernible. I remember that one of the prettiest bijoux in the entire neighbourhood,—one of those pieces of elegant refinement which makes luxury more luxurious. The traces of walls indicate the spot where a drawing-room had been added by its last proprietor, when his fortune outgrew his house. It commands a sweeping view of the beautiful river beside us ; and I recollect it filled with joyous groups of the young, the witty, the good-humoured, and the fair.

It was not however always so filled, and that was the cause of its destruction, and the ruin of its proprietor. James Mulvaney was the owner. He was descended from one of those Milesian families which indulge themselves with the cheap vanity of thinking their untitled rank, and even their occasionally plebeian

occupation superior, from the antiquity of their descent, to the proudest peerage conferred by monarchs, whose ancestors they consider less noble or regal than their own. It is one of those pieces of innocent pride that serve to make people in good-humour with themselves under every mutation of fortune. Severe indeed had been the mutations to which Mulvany's family had been subjected, if they ever could have aspired to what their genealogists claimed for them. If his ancestors, a thousand years ago, had been sceptred chiefs in Tara's hall,—or a thousands years before that knights of the Red Branch,—or, in still more remote antiquity, chieftains in Spain or kings in Scythia,—his father was a petty tradesman, and the occupation of his grandfather was unknown. But the tradesman won his way to distinction among his fellow-citizens by a mode of proceeding more likely to attain such an object than all the heraldry of the sons of Heber or Heremon. By a long life, devoted to unsparing industry, and regulated by the most exact frugality, he made a handsome fortune; which, with a trade now swelling from the counter to the change, and exalting its professor from the grocer into the merchant, he left to his son. In his hands, by judicious management, and the other regular advances of mercantile speculation, it speedily put him into the possession of immense wealth—at least such was it considered in the provinces of Ireland.

He was still in the prime of life, under forty, when the impulse given to the European systems of government by the French Revolution had reached Ireland. History will tell how it was received there. A vast mass of discontent existed in the country, and the agents of revolution proceeded to work upon the so existent stock. Some of the leaders of the Roman Catholic party, a body, in 1793, very insignificant, caught at the hopes of their claims to power being recognised,—others wished to avail themselves of any opportunity of reforming the representative body, and purging the executive of corruption,—the views of others extended no farther than the redress of local grievances—while several of the revolutionary leaders secretly wished for a separation from England, and the establishment in the self-governed nation of Ireland of a republic, on the plan of such of the fleeting democracies of France as happened to please the various fancies of these sanguine speculators. The peasants, poor and oppressed, ignorant and fanatical, (I speak at present principally of the southern peasantry,) when *they* were consulted, had only undefinable longings after the suppression of tithes and rents, the overthrow of landlords and magistrates, the prostration of a heretical church, and the substitution in its place of that to which they had clung with such a savage fidelity.

Mulvany soon joined the ranks of the United Irishmen. At first, this was merely a political club for the furtherance of a parliamentary reform; but it speedily embarked in other projects. That he moved forward with what in the dialect of the times would be called the march of mind, and the progress of intellect in the eighteenth century, is not wonderful. His family, his creed, his politics, were hostile to the established order of things in England. His mind was naturally fervid, and he saw no obstacle to the success of his wishes. Gifted with considerable talents, and possessed of a glowing though irregular oratory, he soon obtained some influence among his associates. Their organization was clever. Five invisible directors, known only to each other and the eight or ten local heads of committees dispersed through Ireland, managed the concerns of the conspirators. They gave the orders to the general board in the metropolis, from whom they emanated to the country. No one knew any body higher than those *immediately* above him, the same system being carried down to the minutest ramifications. Mulvany's wealth and respectable character, added to his abilities and his convivial talents, which were great, (and the possession of such talents is a circumstance which has never failed to recommend to the attention of any party in Ireland,) made him naturally the head of the local committee in the provincial town where he lived,—this town where we now are; and, as the promiscuous crowd which his situation drew to him might, from their character and appearance induce suspicion, if the meetings took place at his town-house, he used to appoint them at that cottage; and his drawing-room, that now dilapidated waste of broken stones and straggling herbage, was the scene of many an anxious midnight deliberation on the means of carrying into effect the purposes of the United Irishmen.

I am sorry to be obliged to say what I am now going to add. He had been one of the best-intentioned and best-natured men in the world. His heart melted at every tale of sorrow, and his purse was ever open to relieve the wants of all who came within his sphere. In all the social relations of life he was kind. He was a firm friend, a dutiful son, a fond husband, ardent in his attachments, munificent in his patronage. But the bitter feelings of political hatred soon changed his nature altogether. Long brooding over wrongs, real or supposed, made him gloomy and malignant; the necessity of concealing his feelings against the objects of his political dislike, whom he continually met in casual company, rendered him scowling and hypocritical; and his regular contact with the baser natures who play the atrocious parts in every faction gradually tinged him with their venom. He felt himself besides, from his rank among them, called to affect

a more eager and ardent zeal than the others; and this affectation ended as usual in creating the feeling which it simulated. The more he thought, the more certain did the benefits to be derived from the success of his friends appear, and the more diabolical the conduct of those who opposed their completion. Gradually, hatred to their principles began to be extended to their persons, and he considered them as beings whose existence was a blot upon the face of nature. I am not telling you the history of one man; I am telling you the history of the feelings of nine-tenths of the original leaders of this and every other conspiracy. As the crisis fixed on for insurrection approached, their party frenzy heightened all through the country. Such a spirit as that which I have painted as existing in Mulvany's bosom had spread very generally among men who would at first have shuddered at any approximation to it. Just then it was proposed, nobody ever knew by whom,—it was like the casual cry in a crowd urging on some deed of blood, and never traced to its author, who is perhaps himself unconscious of what he was calling into action,—it was proposed, I say, that an assassination committee should be added to the general and local committees of the club. The mention of it was sufficient. The sanguinary caught at it at once,—the malevolent hoped to gratify private spite under guise of the public cause,—the zealot justified it to himself by arguments drawn from the benefits certain to follow the extirpation of the unworthy,—and all these drove forward others of better feelings. The appetite for blood is wofully contagious. Many who disapproved of the project were obliged to assent to it, through dread of being themselves denounced under the new *regime*; and such is the fury of party, that lists have been found, drawn up by the more zealous rebel leaders, of those who were to be cut off for lukewarmness, as soon as the destruction of the English power had placed Ireland in the hands of the successful insurgents. These lists, compromising the lives of nearly half of the chief agents in the conspiracy, were found among their papers, when the suppression of the rebellion of 1798 had put an end to the existence of the club, and given up their interior secrets to the disposal of government.

But I am wearying you with talking politics. In short then, Mulvany, a man of the most upright intentions, and the most benevolent feelings, became a president of a committee, to which about three hundred of the most eminent of his fellow-citizens were marked out for the pike or bullet of the assassin; and that opposite cottage, which, little more than a year before, had rang with the sounds of mirth and revelry, now echoed only the hoarse accents of the cold-blooded calculators of the means of murder. This was, however, the overthrow of the plot. Some

of the members became horrified at what they heard ; the friends of others were selected among the victims ; and nature cannot always be repressed by political hatred : at last, precise information of what they had long surmised was afforded to the local authorities, and they lost no time in acting upon it. They so well laid their plans, that a meeting was surprised in the very act of sitting, with all their books and papers. Resistance was out of the question : a short struggle was made against the police and soldiers ; but eventually, after a five minutes' unequal contest, which answered no purpose save that of compelling the assailants to make a discharge of musketry, which shattered the room and cost the assailed a couple of lives and three or four wounds, the whole were, with one exception, taken into custody.

That one exception was Mulvany. Knowing the details of his house, and the by-paths about it, better than any of his company, he had contrived, by leaping from a window, to escape during the scuffle, and to conceal himself effectually from all chance of immediate seizure. His companions were, without delay, brought to trial before a military commission then sitting ; and dealt with, with the rigour and promptitude of martial law. They were all doomed to death in about an hour after they had been taken ; and the morning following their midnight trial appointed as the last of their lives.

Among them was one young man, so young indeed as to render his title to the designation of " man " questionable enough. He was little more than seventeen. He had been but lately enrolled into the club, and was by mere accident present in Mulvany's house, at the moment of the attack, not being yet admitted to the *arcana*. His connexions were highly respectable, and even the most violent of the opposite party pitied his tender years. Interest was immediately made for him with the sheriff of the city, who had in such times the power of staying executions, until the will of the lord-lieutenant was ascertained. Two of his friends, one of whom happened to be connected by affinity to O'Reilly, the young convict, waited upon him, and urged such topics as most naturally occurred. They argued on his inexperience, his want of knowledge, the little weight he could be of, the slight assistance he could give, and the cruelty it would be to urge the extreme severity of the law against one so little deserving of any visitation of its deadly powers.

The sheriff heard them to the end. He was a hard-featured man, but not a hard-hearted one. Party had made him, however, particularly indignant against United Irishmen ; and his feelings did not run any chance of being softened by the fact that his own name had been registered among the most prominent of those destined for death. " Why look ye, gentlemen," said he,

kniting his hard brow into its most iron expression, "all that is mighty fine talk. I make every allowance for youth, but, faith, there are limits, let me tell you; I have no objection to a young fellow having his fling—we were all young ourselves, and may be we all did queer things enough—but let me tell you, that cutting people's throats is no joking matter to man or boy. And, gentlemen, when the first men of your town are marked out with a black cross stuck up behind their names, meaning thereby that a staff-pike is to be stuck up into their bodies—I do not say it out of spite because I happened to be among them myself, though I assure you, none of us would like to be killed in that manner, at any hour of the forenoon, ay, or the afternoon either,—we must consider that the young gentleman who plays with such playthings is not likely to be good egg or bird, and the quietest way is to put him out of the danger of being troublesome, by just turning him off in the cool of the morning."

"Nay," said one of the intercessors, "you are too precipitate; is there no chance of repentance? none of amendment? will you not allow—"

"Pish! my friend," replied the sheriff, "I have lived long enough in the world to know, that when a youth begins with murder, he won't end with psalm-singing, except he may wish to indulge his vocal powers in that way under a gallows."

"But," still urged his friend, "you are putting the thing in the hardest light against this unfortunate O'Reilly."

"Unfortunate!" interrupted the sheriff, "a pretty word for such a fellow, indeed—if you called him a wicked young cut-throat, you would be nearer the mark."

"Call him what you please, but listen to me; if he is wicked, he is unfortunate too, and doubly so by being wicked; but you are putting the case, I say, in the hardest light possible against him. You assume that he knew all the murderous designs of the men with whom he associated. Now I hold that it is quite impossible; I am sure that he was a mere novice just introduced among them—knowing, I admit, that he was doing wrong, but yet not prepared for such wrong as he is charged with."

"The devil he wasn't! much you know about it; what a pretty little sucking conspirator you want to make of him! But wait awhile, and I'll shew you what sort of an innocent this protégé is. Step in with me,—(this dialogue had taken place at the door of the sheriff's house, from which he had been called out while at supper.)—step in with me, and we'll just take one tumbler of punch, and I'll walk down with you to the guard-house, where the lad is laid up in lavender, and out of his own mouth you shall learn how worthy he is of your interference."

"Let us come, then, at once," proposed one of the gentlemen,

"without making any delay, for the night is wearing, and the execution is fixed for eight o'clock."

"Meat or drink never marred work," was the reply: "I have some little papers, and other conundrums, to take with me, which I cannot find in the time you'd take to say Jack Robinson, and believe me, you'll find it snugger waiting over my jorum on my table, than on the steps of my hall-door; and as for the execution, why you know that you cannot have that neat exhibition until I think fit to show my physiognomy as prime contributor—so step in, I'll not keep you five minutes."

They followed him, and partook of his beverage with much more haste than their landlord seemed inclined to do. Urged by them, at last he rummaged among his ill-arranged papers, and having selected one or two, and carefully examined his pistols, he led the way to the guard-house, where O'Reilly was stretched, strongly-manacled, upon a heap of straw. He had been excessively fatigued and agitated during the day, and now Nature had asserted her dominion, and plunged him into a deep slumber. It was not destined to be of long duration. The foot of the sheriff was applied to him, (no gentle salute,) and he sprang up as nimbly as his chain would let him. He had been dreaming of the events of the day. "I defy you!" said he, scarcely awake, "if I had a sword, I would—"

"Stop your fine prate, my elegant fellow," said the sheriff; "If you had a sword! You may give God thanks if you get a cat-o-nine-tails in place of a rope. So now gather your brains, and listen to me. These two gentlemen are interested for you, and wish to get you off from what you so richly deserve. So I have come with them just to shew them, for their own satisfaction, not mine,—for *my* mind is made up on the subject—that you amply deserve the gallows."

"I am obliged to you for your kindness," said the prisoner; "if that were the sole object of your mission, it would have been kinder to have let me enjoy without interruption the few hours your cruel laws have awarded me."

"Mighty neat, and particularly elegant," retorted the man of office, "but although you *are* destined for the rope, yet, to tell you the truth, I have come to give you a chance for your life; so do not be sulky, but answer what I ask: you may as well, for worse it cannot make you, and may be it may do you good."

O'Reilly gave a sullen assent.

"Well, now, you know that last night was not the first time you were at Hill Cottage. You were there last Friday week."

"I was." At which answer his friends looked a little amazed.

"It was then proposed that this city should be attacked by bringing an armed party down the narrow passes at the back of

the hill, and introducing them through the lanes of the northern suburb?"

"I do not deny that there was such a proposal."

"And a very pretty sort of a one it was. You volunteered to give your aid in drawing on paper a plan of operations, which was to be followed up, and you expressed no reluctance to join in the execution of your own piece of tactics."

"It is true. I may as well confess what you have learned already."

"Well, you do see that I know something of your private and very secret meetings. I'll say nothing of your civil speeches as to myself, for there is no use in raking up such things now; but to show you that I know almost as much of your affairs as yourselves, I'll just mention one trifle. You sat at the right hand of the chair, and drank two glasses of white wine and water during your worshipful debate."

"How you obtained your information I cannot tell, but it is true, and cursed be the traitor who told you."

"Traitor, indeed!" said the sheriff; "considering, my lad, that you are yourself in a very fair way to be hanged for treason, it well becomes you to be calling people who stop murder and disloyalty, traitors. But now we are coming to the business. Mulvany was there, of course, the two Burkes—"

"Yes."

"Briscol and M'Guire, who are now in this prison; Martin, and O'Leary of Dublin, and the worthy Mr. Flaherty, who, with the blessing of Heaven, I shall lay hands on before the morning is over."

"All whom you mention were certainly there."

"Yes, my lad, I know that, and there was a tenth man there beside—don't start, there *was* a tenth man there, who came late, was muffled in a cloak, sat next the chair, and spoke only in whispers. Now, Sir, we have come to the question. Who was he?"

"That question," said the young man, convulsed with the energy of his refusal, "I never will answer. I know him; but I would be hanged ten times over sooner than breathe his name."

"Hanged, then, once you shall be," said the sheriff, "and that you will find quite enough for you. You see," added he, turning to his companions, "that this gentleman is not quite so great a novice as you had imagined. It is no use for us to stay any longer here, for we are keeping him from his devotions."

The intercessors did not spare any argument to induce the prisoner to change his mind, but he was inflexible. At first he replied indignantly to their entreaties, but finding them persevering, he turned away with a declaration that he would not open

his lips till on the place of execution. All their efforts to shake this resolution were fruitless, and they left the prison with a sigh, abandoning him to his fate.

Fate, however, was not so near as there was every reason to expect. The visit of the sheriff to the guard-house had not been unnoticed, and among his attendants came one whom he did not calculate upon. It was Mulvany. He had lurked about during the evening, and when the darkness of night gave him security, he had ventured into town, disguised in the dress of one of his own labourers. He had heard of the sentence passed on his friends, and lingered about the prison in the hope that some lucky chance would occur which might permit him to see them. Though the strictness of martial law prevailed, yet he had been enabled from his sort of official situation to obtain the pass-word, for there were spies on both sides; and thus, with a little management, and some presence of mind, he contrived to loiter about for a long time. While thus occupied, he perceived the arrival of the party whose proceedings I have just narrated. By great good fortune, he recognised among the twelve or fifteen civil officers who were waiting on their superior, a man who had been deeply indebted to him for various and important favours. This man, though he was an officer, had also been in no slight degree favourable to the projects of the United Irishmen, and this of course Mulvany knew. He determined to make trial of him. The fellow was among the last of the group: Mulvany waited until they had turned into a narrow lane leading to the prison, and just as the bailiff passed the angle of the street out of which it led, he caught him hastily by the skirt. The man started, and seized a pistol; it was no wonder that in such times people should feel a little nervous at being caught by an unknown hand in the dark. But before he was able to make any alarm, an anxious whisper had met his ear, and converted his fear into astonishment. He suffered himself to be detained while the rest passed on. When they were out of sight, "Oh the powers!" said he, "Mr. Mulvany, what bewitches *you* to be here, and your head worth its weight in gold? It is almost as bad, to be sure, for myself to be caught speaking to you, so in the name of God, be off like a shot."

"I am not afraid of *you*," was the reply, "for—"

"Nor need you," said the bailiff: "it would be quare indeed if Tim Daltera was to blow up the man to whom he owes the bread of his childer—but do go. I'll be missed, and that will be a bad job for us both."

"No," said Mulvany, "I will not go; you must let me get with you into the guard-house, where I'll take care not to be seen by any body."

"Is it into the guard-house you'd want to go?—'faith, man, you are as mad as a March hare. So good night, and take my advice. No, no, now. I can't upon my conscience—I dare not take it. Well if you must, you must, but lurk up close to me, and when in the guard-house shift for yourself, for I wash my hands from it clane."

The argument of five guineas had succeeded. Flesh is frail, and, unless they be belied, official people are not always incorruptible. Mulvany joined the party, and arrived unnoticed at the guard-house. The soldiers did not know the faces of the police, whom they as usual despised, and he ran no risk of detection from them; but to avoid the notice of those with whom he had come, he passed into a store-room which he knew was seldom visited, and through one of its windows into a yard containing some neglected out-houses, in one of which he concealed himself. Impatiently did he wait the departure of the sheriff, and as impatiently the return of quiet in the guard-house. At last all noises were hushed except that of the wind, which, as day-break was drawing near, had augmented to the violence of a storm. It was so much the better for his purposes.

He had ascertained in which room O'Reilly was confined. The victims of offended military law were frequently, as in this case, confined in guard-houses and barracks, which not being destined to the purpose of regular prisons, were generally unprovided with the means of security which gaols afford. O'Reilly was placed in an apartment which had been designed as the officers' guard-room, but the number of prisoners required the use of every room that could be spared. It was but one low story from the ground, and the windows were not secured with bars. Indeed, as its occupant was only to remain there a few hours, escape was thought to be adequately guarded against by his heavy chains. The front of the guard-house was supplied with its sufficient number of sentinels, and a large body of soldiers were on the ground-floor, ready accoutred for any emergency; but behind there was no sentry. It was thought to be quite needless, for it was sufficiently protected by a very high wall which ran along the verge of a steep precipice, at the edge of a rapid river. Mulvany therefore was enabled to reconnoitre the rear undisturbed. Availing himself then of the lower window, he climbed up till he could reach at the bottom of that on the first floor. The rugged masonry of its edge rendered this no very difficult feat to one accustomed like him to every kind of active exercise. His first effort was not prosperous. He had scarcely grasped the bottom, when his grip being insufficient, he fell. He was not much injured, but yet lay for several minutes on the ground, fearing that the noise which he had made might have been heard by the soldiers

in the front. All remained still, and he attempted again, and, this second time, with better fortune. He gained as before the bottom of the first floor window, and swaying himself up by his hands, succeeded in getting outside it. He raised it with cautious hand, and moving forward with stealthy pace, entered the room, without even disturbing O'Reilly, who had again fallen into a deep sleep.

The room was wrapt in complete darkness. He groped about until he came to the corner where the prisoner slept, and he knew that he had found the object of his search by stumbling over him. The chains rattled with a clanking sound, which drove a cold pang of terror into Mulvany's bosom. Loud as it rung on his alarmed ears, it was, however, so slight as to be quite unheard outside. His next fear was that the sleeper, on being awakened, might make some exclamation that would mar the enterprise. Gently, therefore, as a mother rouses her sleeping child, he shook him, and took care that the first sound he heard should be—"Be silent—I am a friend—Mulvany." In spite of the precaution, O'Reilly started, and could hardly imagine that he was not still dreaming. In a minute Mulvany had told him every thing, and proposed to him to lose no time in effecting his escape. "How is it to be done?" said O'Reilly, "I am fettered hand and foot, and the weight of my chains is such that I can scarcely move under them."

"That," whispered his friend, "I have thought of. Take this file, or rather let me use it, and we shall soon make your manacles of no avail." He was as good as his word; but the labour was tedious, and not a stir could be made that did not appear to them as a sure precursor to discovery and destruction. An hour, however, had not elapsed before the leg-fetters were so far filed off as to enable O'Reilly to walk, and the hands, though still surrounded with the rings of his hand-cuffs, were free. That being done, how was the escape to be effected? To go through the window, by which Mulvany had entered, would be useless. They could not pass through the guard-house, and if even they succeeded in gaining the top of the high wall behind, it would be impossible to get down the steep which it bordered without loss of life. They were for some minutes disconsolate, when O'Reilly recollected that there was a fire-place in the room. The chances were, that the chimney was unbarred. At all events, it was worth trying; and, accordingly, they proceeded to attempt climbing it.

It was one of those wide old-fashioned chimneys which admitted the passage of a man. Mulvany, as being unincumbered with irons, mounted first, and his friend followed close. With difficulty they crept up, torn by the irregular building of its

wall, and half-smothered by soot and dirt; but, at length, they arrived at the summit, and, as they anticipated, no bars opposed their passage. They emerged carefully. The next step was indeed one of danger. Neither knew the construction of the roof,—it was parapetted they were sure, but to what extent they could not even conjecture. The intense darkness prohibited them from guessing how far they had to drop, or whether the part of the roof on which they had to fall was sloping or not. If they fell off the roof, death was inevitable; the house being at least sixty feet high. Determination, however, was necessary, and that speedily. "I shall try it," said O'Reilly, "I may as well be dashed to pieces as hanged. I shall drop, and by my success, you may decide as to your own conduct." Before his friend could reply, the thing was done. Letting himself down his whole length, he dropped. The roof sloped as they had dreaded, and down he rolled, but fortunately the parapet was of sufficient height to protect him. He fell inside, repelled with great force, and thereby, as Homer would have said, escaped black death.

Mulvany listened to his fall, and halloed as loud as he dared, to inquire if he was safe. "Yes," was the reply, "the parapet is high enough; but take care of the slanting roof." He immediately made the attempt, and succeeded better than O'Reilly. He came on the ridge-tiles, and carefully crept down to the parapet, where he joined his companion. Their course was now comparatively clear. They would find little difficulty in passing to the roof of the neighbouring house, to which they therefore moved carefully along. An accident nearly discovered them. As they groped by the parapet, O'Reilly's hand shook down a loose stone, and it came thundering to the ground, just at the feet of two sentries parading below.

"Who goes there?" said one.

"One," replied the other, "who will not answer you. It is the wind, you fool."

"I'll fire," said the first, "if not answered. Somebody is giving us the slip."

"Fire, if you like," said the other, "and make an ass of yourself, which indeed is needless, as you are one already. You would make a pretty sentinel, if you were to fire at every blast of wind that sings by your ear."

The first sentry growled, but was persuaded, and continued his march up and down without farther argument. The fugitives above had no other interruption. They entered the next house by a sky-light, and proceeded hastily down stairs. The inmates were asleep, and they gained the yard undisturbed. Their knowledge of the localities of the city informed them, that

the back of this house looked over the hill side, where the steep, sloping gradually, was accessible, if somewhat dangerous. A small quay was below, at which a ferryman plied his poor trade. This therefore was their line of escape. The wall was easily scaled, and they fearlessly jumped on the ground below. Half staggering, half rolling, they came to the bottom, and immediately found the boat. They tore it from its moorings,—it was no time to discuss questions of property,—and, seizing the oars, rowed rapidly down the river. About three miles' rowing brought them to a house where they could venture to ask admittance, and, as the day had dawned for some time, though still it was very dark, and overcast with clouds, they knocked, and were answered from the window above by the owner himself. Gloomy as the light was, they made themselves known at once by communicating the word which marked them as initiated. He hastened to admit them, astonished at their escape. They turned the boat to the mercy of the current, and entered. He protected them till night set in again, and they then, venturing on the river, made their way to the harbour, where an American vessel, bound for Lisbon, took them on board, and secreted them, till out of the jurisdiction of England.

The next day, when the escape was discovered, the astonishment of all parties may be conceived. The sheriff had seen the prisoner at two in the morning safely chained. The sentries had not been alarmed. It was evident that the chains had been filed, but how or by whom it was impossible to guess. The ferryman attributed the loss of his boat to the violence of the storm; and, as it was found adrift about seven miles lower down, he never doubted that he was right in his conjecture. Suspicion fell on various individuals, but the mystery was never cleared up, until by the fugitives themselves in letters to their friends at home. Mulvany never told how he had got into the prison, and nobody was more perplexed how to account for it than the worthy bailiff himself who had admitted him, and he, you may be sure, kept the secret till his death.

What became of them?

They got to Lisbon, whence Mulvany went to America, rose to some eminence there in the law, but was shot in a duel. I forget for what.

And the other?

His fate was more singular. It is odd enough, that three years ago I had told this story of the escape of these men to a Roman Catholic priest, who had returned from Portugal to his native country. "I can finish the story for you," said he, "O'Reilly's narrow escape had not taught him caution. When

the French advanced on Portugal in 1808, he was living in the frontier town of Elvas, and he had the temerity to enter into a correspondence with them. It was intercepted. The populace rose in rage against him, and dragged him out of his house. I stood by him, and endeavoured to mitigate their anger, but in vain: I almost implicated myself in his fate. They, after cuffing and kicking him most unmercifully, cut him literally in pieces with their knives, and I was spattered all over by his blood. They kicked his mangled remains through the town, and flung them into the river. Such was the end of O'Reilly."

The cottage never was again inhabited. It gradually became out of repair, and is now in the condition in which you see it.

The hare may kittle on its hearth-stane,
And there never will be a lord of that mansion again.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

THE advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and, as such, is the eventual interest of mankind; inasmuch as the extension of reason is by its very definition the necessary object of rational beings. Timid theologians have trembled on the confines of some topics which might lead to dangerous discovery; forgetful that religion and truth, if not identical, are at least inseparable. Some nice and sensitive chemists have forborne the search of the *ne plus ultra* in alchemy, dreading that as gold is the great fountain of wickedness on earth, the indefinite increase of that metal might be the unlimited multiplication of human evil: but forgetting that in all human affairs, from fluids up to theories, there is a specific gravity in all things which keeps constant the level of terrestrial operations, and prevents the restless brain of man from raising any edifice, in brick or discovery, high enough to be the ruin of his own species. To me, however, the one consideration, that the eternal search of knowledge and truth is the very object of our faculties, has been the main spring of my life, and although my individual sufferings have been far from light, yet at their present distance the contemplation gives me pleasure, and I have the satisfaction to reflect that I am now in possession of an art which is continually employed, day and night, for the benefit of the present generation and of ages yet to come.

I was born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow; and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philoso-

pher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent which pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers—the planets move round the sun—and the very sun itself, with its planets, moons, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity,—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me; and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist;—a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump—applied it to my body—turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair—my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles; which were no longer curbed by the re-action of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend,—closed my arms carefully to my side, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water whose toes might barely reach the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced, but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow, uniform motion,—but, gracious heaven! imagine my horror and distress, when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress; and, when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city—motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself, for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people! I was too high to be personally known;—they called to me, and I answered;

but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me; but had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me, and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and sunk again to the ground. Alas! I thought, would to God it had pierced me, for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this! I must starve and be stared at! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to heaven—but heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town: but even now new horrors seized me;—I might be driven downwards into the Moskwa and drowned; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Godunuff;—the blow and the deep intonation of the bell deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades: I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and run as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the re-assembled crowd—looked upward as serious as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that, after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no! I felt I was reserved for great things;—such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talk of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I mean just enough to leave me of

the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than that, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere, and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required: besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs: thus, in my late essay, I should certainly have eventually descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at least sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skates I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope: but when at last I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downwards on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to gain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped head-foremost from a chair on the hard floor; twice I sprung into a well, and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions. But in vain! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me. I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who on great occasions can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing,

and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it; and, by simple multiplication, I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact I took double provision, partly from over-abundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! should a light breeze blow me from the line of projection, aye, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, whirl raving along cold uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round,—my ears rung with hideous sounds,—all my limbs were paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrenzy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of the delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me: unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder; I had forgot the motion of the planet herself, and the effects of refraction and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so: imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot;—had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain;—I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws

of gravitation ;—alas, how I envied that mass its gravity ! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing : sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds ; and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste : and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrenzy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but colour : I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face ; not of substance, but of colour : every hue I had seen was there ; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting ; blue faded into violet, violet to the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place ;—methought they too were colours ; I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro ;—they had neither shape nor substance—but their outline was in continual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve ; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive ; for at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded :—at last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet from very sameness of colour ; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love then, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after, I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently ; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived ; but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war ;—and *hose*, among beings impalpable and destitute of our earthly fa-

culties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance,—no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued; my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister-world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems! But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface, and it was evident that to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal, but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled of this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprang frantically upward, but many a dreary century passed by, before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity; not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain: in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of approaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens; with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry—and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and at the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body, and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I know not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrenzied wanderings. Its extreme closeness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my

garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders, that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to shew myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual. I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at my pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself, and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected, indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some method of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method:—

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading as it does every body in nature, impalpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination common among chemists, “*gravium*.” When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy consistence, which might be called “essential oil of gravitation;” and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English Davy Lamp), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again, the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven, I was now

in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries, the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung; I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Kharkof Voronetz was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling to his great amaze. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck; and by habit I knew the exact quantity which was requisite in northern climes. But when I had ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: If you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found, that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong sea-breeze was blowing. I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in the noblest manner over the whole extent of India. Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of

Mahmoud the great Gaznevide. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages, Herat, Ispahan, Kamadan. Then came Arbela on my right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A strong puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too heavy to trust again to the winds—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage natives cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all, even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so top-heavy, that upon the slightest wind I was sure to tumble over—and then I was chastised: my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single kick on the breech. But however powerless against lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weights under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support: I was, therefore, enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall, but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The whole country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death; I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave. But notwithstanding

the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit by my want of weight, and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathenoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine—and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial; and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgling in the waves and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But after the first hurry for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as a couch. I loosened my neckcloth, and spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night; by night I dared not close my eyes for fear of falling backward—and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair—fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft: once I struck my feet against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my passage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days unknown and unseen in a large forest near Minsk. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow; neither friends, nor

reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life—than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am now employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all of mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded, may be guessed from the recent errors in the Almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE PROVENÇALS.

PART II.—*On the state of Female Society and the Courts of Love.*

(Continued from No. V. p. 143.)

THE communication of oriental sentiments and manners seems to have operated strongly upon the nations of modern Europe in modifying their feelings towards women, and to have assisted in producing in love that mixture of passion and tenderness and devotion, which distinguished the age of chivalry. Love, in the times of classical antiquity, had superadded little to its sensual elements. The exquisite sensibility of the Greeks rendered them susceptible of a vehemence in this passion which bordered upon madness; their delicate perception of beauty had imparted to it all the refinement of which sensuality was capable; but still the passion was sensual. Though the chisel of Praxiteles might fashion a Venus so beautiful, that even the senseless marble could inspire a sacrilegious frenzy*; yet the imagination of the sculptor and the passion of the lover were both, in their essence, sensual. In the earlier ages of Rome, the condition of women in society had been far different from the degradation to which they were necessarily reduced in Greece; but before Rome became the mistress of the world, and influenced the manners of distant nations, her own manners had been corrupted and polluted. The moral dignity of a Roman matron was destroyed; and in the later ages of the empire, the most gross and disgusting dissoluteness was almost universal. In no respect has christianity exerted a more powerful or more beneficial influence upon morals, than in establishing upon its true

* See Lucian's Amores.

basis the union of the sexes. Christianity suffered not woman to be the slave or the partner of the sensuality of man; but made her his equal in all the rights of humanity, as the child of one common parent; and by the stability which its holy sanction added to the institution of marriage, it made her his companion and friend, his comforter in all his sorrows, and the sharer, not only of all his pleasures, but of many of his duties. Even under the Roman empire this great revolution had perceptibly commenced; but its progress was facilitated by the alteration of national manners which was produced by the irruption of the northern tribes. The consideration and respect with which women were regarded was one distinguishing characteristic of the people of the Teutonic and Gothic races. They were not only the companions of their husbands in the labours of tillage or the chase, but they shared with them the perils of war, and, by their presence and exhortations, stimulated their courage on the field of battle. Amongst the German nations, women were the objects even of religious reverence. They were supposed to be endowed with peculiar sanctity, and with superhuman wisdom; and inspired prophetesses directed the motions of armies and the counsels of nations. In the midst of all the refinements and corruptions of progressive civilization, this sentiment has, in a greater or less degree, retained its force among the people of modern Europe. The deference which is paid to the good feeling and good sense which appear instinctive in the female sex, might have arisen without the intervention of any national superstition. Indeed such an opinion of the quick and just discernment of women, if it had once gained ground among a rude people, where the qualifications most wanted and most esteemed in men were bodily strength and activity, might not unnaturally be exalted into a superstitious veneration. But if we examine the feelings which prevail in the present state of society, the delight which our imagination takes in its conceptions of perfect purity in women, and of a mental beauty in harmonious accordance with their personal loveliness; our disposition to throw the charm of holiness over all their thoughts and actions, and all that is associated with our ideas of them—like the glory which surrounds the portrait of a female saint;—the reverence with which we regard them almost as beings of a superior order, may appear, perhaps, to be the remains of a national sentiment, which took its rise in the superstition of an uncultivated age, but which has been perpetuated by its alliance with the most universal and most powerful of all passions. It is not altogether improbable that it was only the same superstitious sentiment which developed itself in a new form, when, in the gradual corruption of religion,

the worship which was due to the Creator was transferred to the Virgin Mary. At least it can scarcely be doubted but that the superstition, which constantly presented to the fervent adoration of its votaries the form of a young and beautiful female, contributed strongly to that intermixture of a religious feeling with the sexual sentiment, which was the most distinguishing characteristic of the gallantry of the age of chivalry*.

But another element entered into its composition, which, although it combines itself so naturally with the former that we cannot venture to refer it entirely to a foreign origin, seems at least to have been developed and refined by the influence of eastern manners; I mean the tenderness which considers woman as the privileged object of peculiar attention and universal indulgence. Christianity assigned to the female sex its due elevation in social life: we may trace, perhaps, to an ancient superstition the sentiment which leads us to consider women more as angels and ministering spirits than as creatures of flesh and blood: the universal temper of chivalry, which made the strong the defenders of the weak, extended a peculiar protection to the helplessness of the feebler sex; but the tenderness which would exempt women, not only from all sorrow and suffering, but from the slightest labour or trouble, which would prevent every wish, and indulge every caprice, appears to have been infused into European manners from the indolent and voluptuous climates of the East. The Harem was the abode of every species of luxury and pleasure. Its inhabitants, secluded from the world, were secluded also from all its cares and toils. The half-sleeping languor in which they reposed upon their couches, was scarcely varied even by those idle semblances of labour which amuse the leisure of the females of our regions. Music, and song, and dance, and the gorgeous imagery, or grotesque humour of oft-repeated tales, filled up the vacant hours; and the rarest and most costly productions of nature and of art, flowers of the richest colouring and the sweetest scent, birds of the most splendid plumage and melodious voice, spices and perfumes, carpets, and silks, and jewels, were accumulated with lavish prodigality around these idols of indolence and voluptuousness. Among the Spanish Arabs, this sentiment of tenderness to the objects of their impetuous passions, was rendered more delicate and refined, in consequence of the elegance of their taste and manners, and the greater freedom permitted to women. From this source it was imbibed by the people of Southern Europe, who were brought in contact with them by war or commerce. A sentiment, so congenial to the spirit of

* Sismondi, *Hist. des Fran.*, tom. iv. p. 201.

chivalrous gallantry was readily blended with it, and gave the last touch of delicacy and polish to the intercourse of the sexes.

We have a singular proof of the supremacy of the female sex over the opinions and manners of the age, in the institution of the Courts of Love. As these tribunals were totally unconnected with the common course of political events, they attracted no attention from the dry chroniclers of the day, who were incapable of taking a comprehensive survey of national character, and of duly estimating the importance of general opinion or the usages of society. Some account of their nature and constitution is given by Jean de Nostradamus, in his *Lives of the Provençal Poets*. He even mentions several places at which they were held, and the names of the ladies who composed the courts. Estéphanette des Gantelmes, the aunt of the celebrated Laurette de Sade, held a Court of Love in her Castle of Romanin; and it is more than probable that the mistress of Petrarch was herself a member of it*. But these details belong to an age later than that of the Troubadours; and the authority of Nostradamus is so small, and allusions to the Courts of Love so rare in other records, that their history has been involved in much obscurity, and some writers have even doubted of their existence. Mr. Von Aretin has been enabled to throw great light upon the subject† by reference to the work of an old author, which had escaped the notice of all‡ who had previously instituted researches into ancient manners; and M. Raynouard has ably employed the same evidence. It is a Latin work upon the Art of Love, composed by Maître André, a chaplain of the court of France, who is supposed to have lived about the year 1170, or somewhat later§; and it contains not only frequent references to decisions of the Courts of Love, but a transcript of the code upon which they are founded. It appears from the report of Maître André, that these tribunals had erected themselves even in the countries of Northern France; but there is clear and sufficient evidence that they were adopted from the usages of the southern provinces. As a feudal prince might summon a council of the lords and gentlemen who held their fiefs under his supremacy, in like manner his wife presided over her Court of Love, which was composed of her most noble and accomplished ladies.

We know not with what pageantry or pomp of heraldry these courts were summoned and held; but surely it must have

* Nostradamus, pp. 131, 217. Raynouard, tom. ii. pp. xciv. xcv.

† In a Dissertation published at Munich in 1803.

‡ Crescimbeni has cited some passages from a translation in manuscript.

§ Rayn. tom. ii. p. lxxxi.

been a goodly sight to behold the noblest ladies of the land, as fair as they were noble, and richly arrayed, and bearing in their deportment the consciousness of high birth and peerless beauty, all assembled in a solemn meeting, to exercise the empire of opinion over the haughty knights and barons, who would scarcely deign to acknowledge the supremacy of their feudal sovereign. If a lady were insulted by the inconstancy of her chosen servant, or a lover aggrieved by the fickleness or severity of his mistress, to these courts their complaints were preferred, and by their deliberate sentence wrongs were redressed and offences punished. Sometimes they amused themselves with determining merely abstract questions, and published their decisions to the world, to form the basis of the jurisprudence of Love. There is a species of composition familiar to the Provençal poets, called *Tenzon*, in which a question of manners or morals is debated between two interlocutors; and it appears that in general they were by no means the fiction of a single poet, but were really dialogues in verse maintained with all the vehemence of improvisation. We have Tenzons between various Troubadours, the most eminent for genius or rank; yet even these abound in personalities, and display in general much more warmth in disputation than skill in argument. Consequently the question is seldom brought to a conclusion; and the *envoi* is usually a reference to one or more arbiters, by whose decision it is agreed to abide. In matters of gallantry, these references are sometimes made to a Court of Love or its Lady-President*; and the Tenzons give us a clear notion of the subjects that were discussed and the arguments that were used in these singular tribunals. It is evident that their authority must have rested solely upon public opinion; and they afford a most decisive proof of the influence which was exerted by women over the mind of the age, and of the importance which was habitually attached to subjects of gallantry.

The influence of the female sex failed not to produce those effects by which it is invariably attended. The rougher and more masculine features of society were softened and refined; and there resulted a delicacy of habits, a courtesy of manners, and an elegance of language, which distinguished the Provençals from the other people of Europe, and gave a peculiar polish to their graceful and harmonious poetry.

It may be difficult to trace the causes which prevented this gentle and pervading influence from producing as happy effects upon the morals as upon the manners of the times; or rather, by its perversion, rendered it one of the most abundant sources

* Raynouard, tom. ii. p. xcii.

of corruption. Such, however, was unquestionably the fact: and it jars our habitual feelings with regard to that sex, which constitutes the very grace and ornament of life, and clashes sorely with our fanciful notions of the virtues of the olden time, to reflect that the age, in which the supremacy of women over the habits and institutions of society was most solemnly acknowledged, in which princes and nobles gloried in professing their subjection to this fascinating empire, was an age in which the most shameless profligacy was most widely diffused. The love, which so often transformed real life into a romance, which incited equally the reckless daring of the youthful warrior and the ambition of his elder leader, which more than shared the fervent aspirations of the crusader, which was the very soul of the existence of the Troubadour, gave fire to his poetry and caused all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, was universally an adulterous intercourse. William IX., Count of Poitiers, who is the earliest of the Troubadours whose works have reached us, was even more distinguished for his dissolute intrigues, than for the humour of his licentious poetry, or his gallantry in the Holy War. We find, from the ancient chroniclers of the Troubadours, that the lordly poets, whose names grace the splendid list, invariably chose the ladies of their love among the wives of their noble rivals; and this love was by no means the pure and platonic devotion, which the writers and readers of conventional romance are fond of fancying in the days of chivalry. The most illustrious of the many forsaken fair ones, who deplored the inconstancy of Rambaud d'Orange, was the Comtesse de Die, the wife of William of Poitiers*. The turbulent and indomitable Bertrand de Born had given his earliest vows to the Princess Helena, the sister of Cœur de Lion; but he was afterwards the lover of Maenz de Montagnac, the wife of a younger brother of the house of Tallérand de Périgord, and of Guiscarda Vicomtesse de Comborn. Maenz de Montagnac was one of the most celebrated beauties of the age, and was addressed in the language of love by Richard himself, by his brother Geoffrey Count of Brittany, Alphonso King of Arragon, and Raymond Count of Toulouse; but, in the simple language of the Provençal historian, she preferred Bertrand de Born for her lover and her master†. Raimond Jordan Vicomte de Saint Antoni, one of the most brave and accomplished of the Troubadours, had chosen for his mistress the wife of the Vicomte de Péna. In a petty war he was dan-

* Millot, tom. i. p. 170.

† Millot, tom. i. p. 245. . . . "per entendedor e per castiador:" Raynouard, tom. v. p. 81.

gerously wounded. It was reported that he was killed; and the Vicomtesse in despair devoted herself to the cloister. From the profound grief into which he was plunged by this separation, the Troubadour was roused only by the frankness with which Elise de Montfort, the wife of Guillaume de Gordon, touched by his sorrow and his constancy, offered him her love; and all the privileges of a favoured lover*.

In the adventures of the Troubadours, who raised themselves by their talents from the inferior classes of society, there is a similarity, which, by constant repetition, becomes even absurd: The Troubadour becomes distinguished for his music and his poetry; he is received into the family of some petty lord or feudal sovereign. As a poet, he is a lover by profession; and idleness, or fashion, or gratitude for past favours, or the hope of securing farther benefits, leads him to celebrate the beauty of the wife or (married) sister of his patron. At first his timidity and veneration will scarcely suffer him to aspire to such an angelic height. The object of his passion is concealed under some fantastic *nom d'amour*: the whole court is perplexed, and anxious to discover the fortunate beauty to whose praises his elegant and melodious verses are consecrated; while he himself is content to worship at a distance, unknown and unrewarded. At length, by female instinct, his mistress divines the secret; and, flattered by his praises and fascinated by his talents, she gives encouragement to her presumptuous admirer. Some chaster beauties are commemorated, who have been skilful enough to retain their poetic lovers by no higher guerdon than a smile or a kiss: the coquetry of others has tantalized their adorers through a servitude of several years, but usually within a much shorter period the high-born fair submits to the lowly Troubadour. At last, the imprudent passion of the lady, or the vanity of the favourite lover, divulges the secret; and he flies from his injured patron to seek refuge in another court, and to celebrate the charms of another mistress. It was not every prince who was so forgiving to the professors of the *gaye science* as the Marquis of Montferrat, when he contented himself with throwing his mantle over his sleeping sister and Rambaud de Vaqueiras†. The Dauphin d'Auvergne was less just to Peyrols: for, after he had himself interceded to persuade his sister, the wife of the Baron de Mercœur, to receive graciously the poetical homage of the Troubadour, his indignation, when the lady granted more than he deemed consistent with

* Millot, tom. ii. pp. 317, 318. Raynouard, tom. v. p. 377.

† Raynouard, tom. v. p. 418.

her honour, drove forth the aspiring lover to seek subsistence in the degrading occupation of a Jongleur *.

These intrigues sometimes terminated in the deepest domestic tragedy. The chroniclers of the Troubadours have dwelt with peculiar interest upon the piteous story of Guillaume de Cabestaing. Guillaume was a gentleman of Roussillon, and was received into the service of Raimond of Castel-Roussillon. The beauty of his person, the sweetness of his voice, the elegance of his manners, and his talents in conversation and poetry, rendered him an universal favourite, and peculiarly ingratiated him with his master; and Raimond, in an evil hour, made him the *pagé* or squire of his wife, the beautiful Marguerida. If we may believe the chroniclers, their passion grew in silence; and the *donzel*, as he was termed, dared not express his feelings by any plainer tokens than an increased earnestness to approve himself in words and actions. At length the self-betrayal of his mistress left no farther cause for timidity, and guilt was the consequence, as it has generally been, not so much of the audacity of man as of the weakness of woman. After a brief interval of criminal enjoyment, the jealousy of Raimond was awakened. If we may believe a narrative which has almost the aspect of romance, Guillaume was one day so closely questioned by his suspicious master, with regard to the unknown beauty whom he celebrated in his verse, that he found no resource but to avow a passion for the lady Agnes, the sister of Marguerida. Raimond commanded him to accompany him to the castle of Robert de Tarascon, the husband of Agnes; and there, after the usual greetings upon their arrival, he led his sister-in-law by the hand to her chamber, and seating himself with her on the bed, entreated her confidence, and asked her if she had any lover. Agnes was aware of the intrigue of her sister with Cabestaing: she had observed the apparent distress of the Troubadour, and readily suspected the cause; and the sudden visit of Raimond, and his abrupt question, led her female wit to divine the excuse by which Cabestaing had endeavoured to conceal his secret. From affection both for her sister and for Guillaume, she resolved to second his artifice; and, after a feigned hesitation and delay she confessed to Raimond that her secret lover was Guillaume de Cabestaing. The Lord of Roussillon left her, delighted at this avowal; and Agnes hastened to her husband. He also was acquainted with the passion of Marguerida and Cabestaing; and she had therefore no scruple in informing him of her suspicions of the jealousy of Raimond, and

* Rayn. tom. v. p. 281.

of the artifice to which she had resorted to obviate it: and she obtained his permission to use actions as well as words to strengthen her feint, and deceive her brother-in-law. When we read the plain narrative of the Provençal Chronicler, we cannot indeed wonder that Raimond was deluded into a thorough belief of the intrigue of Agnes and Guillaume, or that his relation of the circumstances of the visit inflamed almost to madness the jealousy of Marguerida. With a frantic disregard of the consequences, she insisted that the Troubadour should proclaim to the world that she alone was the lady of his love. Her devoted servant obeyed; and the avowal is still preserved. The eyes of her husband were now opened. He tracked Guillaume one day, when he had gone out alone, in the chace of Roussillon, with his sparrow-hawk on his wrist, murdered him, and carried home his heart and his head. The heart he caused to be dressed, and presented at the table of his wife. Marguerida ate of it, and Raimond then showed her the head, and told her that she had eaten of the heart of Guillaume de Cabestaing, and asked if it were good. She knew at once the features of her lover, and replied, that the heart was so good, that thenceforward neither meat nor drink should take the savour of it from her mouth. Her enraged husband drew his sword, and she fled to an open balcony, and dashed herself down. This lamentable story was known in Catalonia and Arragon and all the neighbouring provinces: and all the kinsmen of Guillaume and of Marguerida, and all the courteous cavaliers of the country, assembled themselves to besiege Castel-Roussillon; and Alphonso King of Arragon took the castle, and deprived Raimond of all his states, and caused him to die in prison. The lovers were solemnly buried, side by side, in the church of St. John at Perpignan; and for a long season lovers and their mistresses, all the courteous knights and all the gentle ladies of Roussillon, Catalonia, Cerdagne, and the Narbonnois, came as pilgrims to their tomb upon the day of their death, and prayed for the repose of their souls*.

This profanation of religion to the consecration of an adulterous passion—(very different from the stern justice with which Dante has set forth Francesca di Rimini, the daughter of his friend, as “suffering the vengeance of eternal fire”)—marks strongly the licentious character of the age. But we have proofs still more singular of this intermixture of corruption and devotion. The compacts of adultery were considered as religious vows; and those who had tender consciences would not dissolve them without the absolution of a priest. Pierre de

* Rayn. tom. v. pp. 187, 189. Millot, tom. i. p. 134.

Barjac, in an adieu to his mistress, proposes this expedient, to remove the obstacles which their mutual oaths and promises opposed to their separation, and to enable each of them to enter *loyally* into another love*.

Since gallantry became so religious, we cannot wonder at finding even monks among the Troubadours, as amatory as the rest of their brotherhood. Aubert, the monk of Puicibot, renounced the habit of his order, was knighted, and married; and, in consequence of a strange adventure, springing out of the general corruption of the times, subsequently compelled his wife to take the veil†. But the prior of Montaudun, who always retained the dress of the cloister and his ecclesiastical dignity, and was considered as a benefactor of the church, nevertheless mixed freely in the secular amusements of the neighbouring knights and barons; and his poems are full, not only of gallantry, but of grossness. We may judge of the shamelessness with which gallantry was avowed by the professors of celibacy, when we find the prior enumerating among the things that he likes, after "fat salmon at the hour of None," (the dinner-hour of his priory,) "his mistress sitting by him on the edge of a rivulet—a kiss, and more if he can get it." We need not be surprised at finding among the things that he dislikes, "a husband too fond of his wife‡."

This dissoluteness of morals, and contempt of the ties of marriage, was, of course, common to both sexes. We have but few examples of the verses, in which the beauties, who were so ardently worshipped, sometimes replied to their poetical adorers; but almost all of those which are preserved, if they are not inspired with the genius of Sappho, breathe at least her passionate voluptuousness. The lines in which the Lady Castelloza glories in her passion for the obdurate Armand de Bréon, and hopes that he may one day deign to repay it, elegant and touching as they are, might well have been written by her "who, with maddening desire, chased the too haughty Phaon§." The complaint of Clara d'Anduse is expressed with all the tenderness and delicacy of feminine sensibility and taste: yet the constancy which she protests with such prophetic vehemence, is

* Rayn. tom. iii. p. 243. Millot, tom. i. p. 122. But this is far from being the most amusing incident in the whimsical history of Balaun and Barjac, which we hope at some future time to present entire to our readers. See Millot, tom. i. p. 119. Rayn. tom. v. p. 180.

† Rayn. tom. v. p. 51. Millot, tom. ii. p. 384.

‡ Millot, tom. iii. p. 160. Rayn. tom. v. p. 263, and tom. iii. p. 451.

§ Τὸν ἀνέλεγκτον ἀνδρῶς φέων
Ὀπισθεύοντι πόθον.—MENAND.

See Millot, tom. ii. p. 464. Rayn. tom. iii. p. 370.

constancy to an illicit passion ; and she hesitates not to tell her lover, that she devotes her heart to him, and that, if she were as much the mistress of her person, he who possesses it should never have obtained it *. This little poem of Clara is characterized throughout by an earnest simplicity and graceful elegance, which make us feel, even now, unknown as she is, that she must have been a creature who could indeed be loved. The Comtesse de Die expresses her unreserved affection in poetry less exquisite, but language far more explicit ; and there is one of her pieces† which might almost seem a paraphrase of the too natural effusion of Sulpicia ;

Ne tibi sim, mea lux, æque jam fervida cura, &c.

But the female sex did not merely participate in the general profligacy of the age. We are justified in ascribing chiefly and peculiarly to their influence, the dissolution of public morals, and the substitution of an arbitrary concubinage for all that is endearing and ennobling in the marriage union. In consequence of the tendency which they impressed upon the feelings of society, and which they continued steadily to maintain, marriage, which had been honoured by the laws of man, and consecrated by the laws of God, the well-spring of all the charities of life, the comfort of all sorrow, the pleasure of all pleasure, became merely a political device, a mode of providing for the transmission of honours and estates ; and was despoiled of all its sweetness and tenderness, of all confidence, and of all love. To see the habits of a society at variance with its acknowledged principles is no uncommon spectacle. It is more rare to find a people with two systems of principles formally embodied, one to be revered in theory, the other to be reduced to practice. Such a state of morals might remind us of some African and Oriental kingdoms, where the legitimate sovereign is maintained in great state at the public expense, and pampered in the recesses of his palace, with less authority than the meanest beggar in his nominal dominions ; while a Scheik or a Shah, as legitimate as himself, rules with the strong hand of power. We do not find that the institutions of law and religion were formally renounced by the knights and ladies of this age of poetry and chivalry : marriages were celebrated, and heirs were born, as duly as in times of greater morality and decorum ; but to all that was confessed to be legitimate and sacred, was opposed the irresistible authority of the CODE OF LOVE. We know not by whom this singular

* Millot, tom. ii. p. 477. *Sism. Litt. du Midi*, tom. i. p. 136.

† Rayn. tom. iii. p. 25. Millot, tom. i. pp. 173, 4. See also *La Comtesse de Provence*. Rayn. tom. v. p. 123. Millot, tom. ii. p. 223.

system of moral jurisprudence was digested: the tradition of its origin is fancifully romantic. We have the legend of the countries north of the Loire: another, perhaps, might have been heard in the plains of Languedoc.

According to the popular tradition, Arthur, the hero of all romance in the countries of the Roman Wallon, had not really perished in the fatal battle of Camlan, but was removed from the face of the earth by Morgain la Faye, to return again at some happier period, and revive true chivalry in the world*. He was secluded in some unknown abode, and many knights went forth to seek him. His subterranean palace had been beheld in the visions of sleep, and described in the raptures of prophetic revelation; but none had ever found him; and few had returned from the wild and perilous adventure. A Breton knight loved a Breton lady; and she required of him that he should bring her the falcon which slept upon a golden perch in the court of Arthur. In this fruitless search he spent many days. At last, in a forest, he met a damsel; and the damsel said to him, that she knew the will of his lady, and the adventure which he had undertaken; but that he should not achieve it, unless he could maintain, in single combat, that his lady was fairer than all the ladies beloved by the knights of King Arthur's court. Then the knight accepted the condition with gladness; and the damsel guided him through various adventures, till he came to the place where Arthur was concealed. There he overcame in fight divers of the knights who came out against him; till at last he came to the perch of gold, at the entry of the palace, on which the falcon was sitting. By a little chain of gold was suspended to the perch a roll, containing the Code of Love, which the knight must take, and publish to all knights and ladies in the name of the King of Love, if he would bear away the falcon in peace. So the knight took the roll, and gave it to a court of love and honour, in which sat a great multitude of knights and ladies; and they ordained that all these laws should be observed by all lovers†.

Strange as such a legend may appear in connexion with matters of real history, it is certain that such a code existed; that it formed the basis of all the decisions of the courts of love; and that, under the sanction of their authority, and by their pervad-

* *Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem.*—MILTON, *AD MANSUM*.

He is a King crowned in Fairie,
With scepter and sword; and with his regality
Shall resort as Lord and Sovereigne
Out of Fairie, and reign in Britaine.—LYDGATE.

† Rayn. tom. ii. p. ciii. from the work of Maitre André.

ing influence, it became in this age of gallantry a rule of life. It consists of thirty-one articles, of which several are merely descriptive of the marks of a true lover; but we shall confine ourselves to that portion of it which bears most strongly upon the history of public morals, and subjoin examples of the mode in which it was applied to practice; for, unless the testimony were before our eyes, it would be scarcely possible to believe, that the women of any age could thus have made an open profession of adultery. We may be amused, at the same time, by the legal subtleties that were introduced into questions, which have generally been determined by an unwritten law.

The great principle upon which the whole of this singular code is founded, and which the proceedings of the courts of love pre-suppose, is laid down in the first article, "That marriage is not a valid excuse from love*." A question was submitted to the Countess of Champagne, "Whether love could exist between two married persons?" Her judgment is thus recorded: "We say and affirm that love cannot extend his power over two married persons: for lovers grant their favours to one another of their own free will, and without any compulsion; but married persons are bound by a debt to comply each with the will of the other, &c. Let this our judgment, therefore, pronounced with too great moderation, and confirmed by the opinions of very many other ladies, be held for an indubitable and established truth. In the year 1174. April 29."

A question of a similar nature was submitted to Ermengarde Vicomtesse de Narbonne, whose court appears, from the Provençal history, to have been the most refined and polished of all in the south of France. She was required to determine, "Whether between lovers or married persons existed the greater love." Her judgment declared, that the affections of the two states were of natures so completely different, that no just comparison could be instituted between them.

A lady, who had entered into an engagement of love, upon forming an honourable marriage, refused her accustomed favours to her lover.

But Ermengarde condemned this breach of faith, and decided, in perfect conformity to the first article of the Code of Love, that the supervision of the tie of marriage did not justly exclude her former love, unless she solemnly renounced all love whatever.

A question of greater intricacy was submitted to the casuistry of Eleanor of Poitiers and Guienne, the grand-daughter of William Duke of Aquitaine, the eldest of the Troubadours, and

* *Causa conjugii ab amore non est excusatis recta.* Rayn. tom. ii. p. cv.

queen successively of France and England. A knight professed love for a lady, who was under engagements of love to another; but she promised him, that if she should ever be deprived of the love of her present lover, her love should be bestowed upon him. After some time the lady married her lover. The knight demanded the fulfilment of her promise; but the lady utterly refused, asserting that she was not deprived of the love of her lover. To this statement the queen replied, "We dare not contradict the sentence of the Countess of Champagne, which has decided that love cannot extend its power over two married persons; and, therefore, we recommend that the aforesaid lady should grant the love which she has promised."

We must conclude with a judgment still more strange, pronounced by the elegant and accomplished Ermengarde of Narbonne. "A lady, who has been married, is separated from her husband by divorce. Her former husband is a suitor for her love." "We judge that love between those who have been united in marriage, and afterwards separated in any way whatever, is not culpable, but honourable*."

It is probable, that in the age of Provençal poetry and chivalry, as in every other age, the corruption of morals was most flagrant in the highest classes; but we cannot read the life of any Troubadour, without finding convincing proofs, that the principles, of which we have given a specimen, were common to all those whom noble or gentle birth elevated above the tillers of the soil or the burghers of the towns. The laws of honour by which illicit love was regulated, arbitrary in their institution and frequently fantastic in their character, opposed but a feeble barrier to this general demoralization. There is one singular point of public opinion, from which we may fairly conclude, that even the compacts of love were not unfrequently as little regarded as the solemnities of marriage. It was esteemed dishonourable for any lady to be engaged with a lover of higher rank than her own. This sentiment is expressed by Azalais de Porcairagues, where she upbraids the inconstancy of Rambaud d'Orange †; and it flowed naturally from the humiliation to which mistresses in an inferior class were frequently subjected by the neglect or desertion of their haughty lovers. It was the discovery of an intrigue with the Comte de Foix, which destroyed the reputation of Loba de Pénautier, the lady in whose honour the madman, Pierre Vidal, suffered himself to be hunted as a wolf‡. The intrigue itself was nothing: it would have been reckoned

* Rayn. tom. ii. pp. cvii--cxi.

+ Millot, tom. i. p. 110. Rayn. tom. iii. p. 39.

‡ Millot, tom. ii. p. 276. Rayn. tom. v. p. 228.

to her honour, but for the rank of the lover. In the singular words of the Provençal Chronicler, "she lost esteem, and honour, and friends; for they held as dead every lady who made her adulterer of a High Baron." The dastardly mode in which Raimond de Miravals availed himself of her disgrace, to avenge himself for her former coquetry, by affecting to disbelieve the reports of her slanderers, and becoming the champion of her fair fame, till she had rewarded him with all that he desired, and then deserting and upbraiding her;—and the tone of commendation in which the historian relates his perfidy;—are signs of the morality engendered by the Courts of Love*.

It is difficult to trace the causes which led to this total neglect and contempt of the rights and duties of marriage, and the avowed and recognised substitution of a regulated adultery. The proximate cause appears to have been one, which still produces the same effect, in a greater or less degree, in the countries of southern Europe: the restraint imposed upon the intercourse of young unmarried women with general society, which thus precludes them from the opportunity of forming such an attachment as may constitute the happiness of their future lives, and makes them the passive victims of a marriage contract dictated by the avarice or ambition of their family. A girl, to whom the world has been made by seclusion a theatre of unknown wonders; who does not become the mistress of herself, till she has been bound by indissoluble ties to another; who, with all the fancy, and enthusiasm, and passions, and affections, of a young and ardent spirit, is united to a husband, at least unknown and indifferent to her, and probably on that very account, if on no other, an object of terror and aversion, must be endowed with no common virtue, to temper with discretion her novel liberty of action, and to resist the fascinations of flattery and love. For a few months the lessons of the duenna or the convent may be timidly remembered; but feelings, which have never been exercised, cannot have been regulated; passions, as soon as they are born, start into ungovernable maturity; and the *cavalier servente* speedily supplies the place of the neglected or hated husband. Where these are the usual events of society, the whole system of society becomes corrupt: the contagion of the mother infects the daughter: the taint of each pollutes all; and the consequence is a general demoralization which poisons the very roots of all domestic and social virtues. Such is the awful retribution which most surely awaits the violation of the just and natural feelings of humanity.

In the feudal times the will of women was perhaps less con-

* Rayn. tom. v. p. 384. Millot, tom. ii. p. 398.

sulted in their disposal in marriage than at any other period. They were not only subject to the caprice or selfishness of their natural guardians, but the liege lord exercised an arbitrary power over the hands of the daughters of his vassals. This power was confirmed by the manner of their education. It was the custom to attach girls to the service of some noble lady (frequently, of course, the lady of the feudal superior), in whose court or castle they might learn all gentle behaviour. As youths of good lineage were placed as squires or pages in the retinue of some feudal lord, and were not considered as duly trained to the honour of knighthood, unless they had discharged these inferior offices: so girls of high birth became the damsels of his lady; and by their docility as maidens, approved themselves worthy to come forth as the wives of knights or barons, with all the privileges and powers of their imperial sex. Though the duties of pages and damsels were often of a menial nature, yet no degradation was implied in the performance of them. A parity of rank was felt both by lord and page, and by lady and damsel. The services which were rendered, were rendered by equals to equals. They were rendered to superior age and experience, only that the younger, by thus learning to obey, might be taught how they were hereafter to command. Unless this peculiarity of the manners and institutions of the age of chivalry were previously understood, we should be somewhat amazed at the instructions addressed in verse by Amanieu des Escas to a damsel, whom he honours with the title of Marchioness, but to whom he gives instructions which might seem better fitted for a chambermaid. From details respecting her toilette and her menial duties, he passes to her behaviour in society; and is particularly explicit in the counsel which he gives for her conduct to all sorts of lovers. The whole poem is very interesting and amusing from the *naïve* picture which it gives us of the domestic manners of the feudal times *.

(End of Part II.)

* Rayn. tom. ii. p. 263. Millot, tom. iii. p. 198. Sism. Litt. du Midi, tom. i. p. 173.

THE LADY ALICE LISLE.

[The conclusion.]

I COME to the last scenes in the life of the Lady Alice Lisle. Shortly after the murder of her husband at the town of Lausanne, in Switzerland, she returned to her native country. With the true feelings of a mother, her grief seemed to press heavier upon her heart while she knew herself parted from her children. Her own friends, many of whom she had befriended during the season of her husband's prosperity, welcomed her with open arms. The Lady Lisle had no house of her own to receive her, for all the estates of John Lisle had been confiscated; but her friends were true and powerful: they represented her situation to their good-natured monarch, and not many months had passed away when the gentle widow found herself in possession of her former wealth and station. The world said that the tide of her fortune had turned again, and, indeed, so it seemed. Her health, which had long been feeble, improved: her children grew up lovely in outward form, and noble in spirit: her servants returned to their mistress, and served her faithfully: the poor blessed her: the rich esteemed her: her sovereign honoured the Lady Lisle. At his express command she went once to the court of his queen, and but once; for she sought to lead a retired and a holy life, as became the widow of a traitor, and the mother of fatherless children. She was wont to reside chiefly at Moyles Court, near Ringwood, in Hampshire; and there, year after year stealing away her youth, left in exchange new graces, fresh vigour to her soul.

I will pass on silently through the calm of her middle age, even to the last years of her venerable life. In the month of July, in the year of our Lord, 1685, it being then the early part of the reign of James the Second, the Lady Lisle came down to Moyles Court, having remained in London during the time that the country was troubled by the rebellion of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth. The battle of Sedgemoor, at which the adherents of Monmouth were defeated, ended the war; and the Duke being taken a few days after, in a field near Ringwood, the Lady Lisle no longer hesitated to leave London. She brought with her the gentle ladies her daughters: they were, altogether, a female party at Moyles Court, the son of the Lady Lisle being still with the king's troops. Nearly a week had passed since their arrival, and they began to rejoice that all appeared so quiet in their neighbourhood, knowing how lately it had been the scene of civil disturbances.

On the evening of the 26th of July, the weather being cool and freshening after a sultry day, the Lady Lisle ordered the supper-table to be spread in the great hall, to which she adjourned with her daughters, intending to remain there till they should retire for the night. The repast was finished; and the family, after having been assembled at prayers, had dispersed, the chief part of them to their sleeping-chambers. The venerable lady yet lingered with her two daughters before the long open windows towards the garden, through which the moonbeams shone brightly, and the pleasant breeze brought along with its fitful breathings the many perfumes of the flower-plots. "Truly," said the Lady Lisle, who had sat for some minutes in a profound silence, "truly, I have cause to bless our heavenly Father, when I look back upon the length of days he has given me. Chequered they have been, you may tell me, with many troubles; but for *this* I bless God, that he hath enabled me to perceive the mercy of each trial; that he hath turned the murmurs of my rebellious heart into praises."—"Yet we may hope," said Tryphena, the elder of her daughters, "that the troubles of your life have ceased, and that, although the day hath been clouded, a fair calmness may wait upon its setting."—"I would fain hope with you, my child," replied the Lady Lisle, "but I would not think too often of any hopes which might leave me unprepared for future events. It is better to pray 'Thy will be done,' than to indulge in hopes which might be contrary to that best and blessed will. 'Watch,' is our Lord's command; I know that He will bless that servant whom He shall find watching, and I feel within me so perfect a confidence in His unchanging love, that I think there is no earthly trial over which I should not be enabled to rejoice. If I must confess to you my secret thoughts, I own that I am tempted to believe my troubles are over; I am tempted to give way to my body's age and infirmities, and be too indulgent to them. I must not feel thus. Who can tell but that the short period yet remaining of my life may be that one hour in which I am most urgently called upon to watch and pray without ceasing."—"Oh, my mother," said Tryphena, "do not speak thus; why should you anticipate evils which may not, will not surely happen?"—"I will not speak thus again," replied the Lady Lisle, "I will only seek support from day to-day; I will take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The Lady Lisle seldom spoke of the troublous times in which she had lived with her husband; she seldom, indeed, mentioned the name of the Lord Lisle, and then only to her children, whom she treated with all the confidence of dear familiar friends. This evening she conversed on many of the events which had occurred

while they were yet children, and her daughters listened to her with feelings of deep emotion. She spoke much of Charles the First. She described the court of that unhappy monarch as she had once beheld it; how she had seen him at the side of the lovely Henrietta Maria, surrounded by their children. She told of the gallant lords of those times, who were not court friends to their king, but who followed him in his perils, and never forsook him till they fell fighting for his cause. She told of the beautiful and high-souled dames, whose chaste and noble conduct contrasted so strikingly with the loose demeanour of the wantons that had thronged the court of Charles the Second. She spoke also of that dark period when the forsaken monarch was put to the trial as a criminal, and condemned and executed; and how he seemed greater in his afflictions than in prosperity. She stopped—she had, as I before said, lived in the interchange of a perfect confidence with her daughters, but she had never described many of the circumstances which had affected her most deeply in those perilous times. She told with what a fearful and heart-sinking anxiety she had waited her husband's return home, after the death-warrant of the king had been signed, and how, after he had suddenly quitted the house, she had continued, by night and by day, in a fever of restless terror, till, unable to restrain her feelings, she rushed upon the sight she most dreaded, and saw with her own eyes the horrid death-blow given to her beloved king. She mentioned the civilities of the aged gentlewoman who received her when saved from the turbulence of the mob.

The Lady Lisle had the power of making her descriptions pictures, striking and animated pictures, of the scenes she had beheld; and her daughters had deeply sympathized with her feelings, as she mentioned how she had seen her husband ride along Westminster-street with Colonel Hacker and his soldiers. She spoke again of the aged gentlewoman, and mentioned the young lad whom she had seen in that house in Westminster, and whom his grandmother had recommended to her protection, should he ever need to claim it. One of her daughters asked (it was but a casual question), if the lad had ever claimed her promise? "Never," replied the lady, "I have almost ceased to expect he will; indeed I know not if he be yet alive; and how I could be made useful to him seemeth a question not easily to be answered." The conversation ceased—the Lady Lisle, with the younger of her daughters, retired to her chamber. The elder lingered after them; and when they had disappeared, she took the lamp and entered her favourite apartment; it was spacious and lofty, panelled with dark oak, and hung round with portraits. She raised the lamp to the features of one of those well-known portraits of Charles the First, by Vandyke, in which the painter has pleaded

more eloquently than any historian the cause of the unhappy monarch. Tryphena turned slowly from this portrait to another which hung beside it, painted by the same master, a young maiden she appeared who was represented in the picture; her slender form was half turned away, but her face was not averted. With one of her beautiful hands she appeared to be pulling down a branch of a luxuriant rose-tree in full flower, growing in a vase of antique fashion, which stood upon a sculptured stone ballustrade. There was an expression upon the features which seemed to ask, "Shall I gather them?" Girlish as those lovely features were, bright with all the freshness of youth and health, the gazer was chiefly struck by the free expanse of the fair forehead, and the sweet but firm decision of the lips, which declared the original to be not only of a beautiful countenance, but one whose spirit was also of a noble and superior order. "And this was my mother," said Tryphena, shading the lamp with her hand, that she might throw its light more fully upon the portrait, "how lovely she has been, and how lovely she still is! Her eyes have still all that calm innocence, her face and person have still that delicate purity, that nameless charm about them, which is here so remarkable!" Tryphena started—the stillness that reigned around was broken by what seemed to be the loud and approaching tramp of horsemen. In a few minutes the bell at the principal entrance was violently rung. Tryphena hastened to her mother's chamber—before she reached it the ringing was repeated. A maid servant came up with a message from three men, strangers, who stood without, entreating shelter for the night. The Lady Lisle questioned the servant as to the appearance and words of the strangers. One of them alone had spoken, whose face had not been seen; he had turned away from the light which the steward held as he opened the door. He would explain, he had said, the reason of his visit to the lady of the house (and he begged he might see her), but to no other. The lady went down to him; he was the very person of whom she had been speaking that evening—the grandchild of the old gentlewoman who had sheltered her from the mob on the morning of the execution of Charles the First.

At the first mention of the strangers, a foreboding flashed through her mind that some danger would attend her receiving them into her house. Two of them were non-conformist ministers, Hicks and Nelthorpe by name, and the third person was their servant. Without asking any farther questions, the kind lady granted their request,—they were all admitted. Supper was provided for the two ministers in an upper chamber, and thither, accompanied by the Lady Lisle and her eldest daughter, they repaired. "You have treated us with much confidence, noble

lady," said Master Hicks, "we cannot do less than return it. We are accused of having taken part in the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. I will not say how true the charge may be; but this is certainly true, a party of the king's troops are in search of us, and if they find us here your safety may be endangered. I think, however, that we have for the present escaped our pursuers; that they have not discovered in what direction we have fled. Will you now protect us till to-morrow morning, or shall we depart forthwith?" The lady saw her danger, but she did not hesitate. "The Lord would surely punish me," she replied, "were I to send you out wearied and faint among your enemies. Rest here at the least for some hours. I am, I hope, a true subject to my king, and I must not harbour his foes; I would therefore wish you to remain here no longer than for the night, and for your own safety I would have you set off betimes. An hour before day-break would not be too early." An hour before day-break Moyles Court was surrounded by soldiers, and little time had passed before the house was occupied by the king's troops, and in the king's name were arrested Hicks and Nelthorpe, and—Alice Lisle herself. The conduct of the soldiers was insolent and unbridled; the house soon resounded with their riotous uproar; they scrupled not to pillage whatever tempted them, even to the wardrobes of the ladies of the house. Vainly were expostulations and entreaties addressed to Colonel Penruddock, the commander of the troop.* The Lady Lisle, accompanied by one of her daughters, was carried off that very day to the gaol at Winchester.

A very short time had elapsed after the arrest of the Lady Lisle, when she was called upon to take her trial for her life, upon the charge of having harboured and abetted John Hicks and James Nelthorpe, traitors and rebels against their Sovereign Lord the King. The court was immensely crowded when the venerable lady appeared. She walked onward to the bar, leaning upon the arm of her eldest daughter, her face pale as the dead, but very calm. Once or twice she looked round mournfully upon the crowd, and a sigh escaped her lips; but she stood up at the bar without trembling, and replied to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" with a firm and distinct voice: "Not Guilty, so help me God." The Lady Lisle being, from her great age, rather thick of hearing, one Mathew Brown was allowed to stand beside her, and acquaint her with all that passed in the court. It would be wearying and disgusting to recount all the proceed-

* It was well known that the Lord Lisle had been accessory to the beheading of Penruddock's father, and it seemed but too evident that Penruddock had determined to be revenged on the innocent and helpless widow of his enemy.

ings of that iniquitous trial. It was a shameful sight to have seen that vile and impious Judge, Jefferies, in all the wicked pride of his power, raving, and sneering, and canting by turns. With the solemn mockery of justice and holiness, calling out frequently, "Jesus God," and praying the Lord of Heaven and Earth to witness and approve his infamous behaviour. Opposite to him sat the poor Lady, with an expression of calm and pitying sorrow on her fine countenance whenever it was turned towards her unrighteous judge. The witnesses who were heard against her, gave very confused and contradictory evidence, and the Lady, who appeared deeply interested in all that passed, would frequently have spoken, but she was always interrupted and stopped immediately. At last, when the night had come on, and lights had been brought into the court, she was called upon for her defence. She rose up with some difficulty, owing to the fatigue and anxiety of the day; and her defence was short and very simple. She requested to know by what law she could be convicted of harbouring and abetting traitors, when neither Hicks nor Nelthorpe were attainted or convicted as such at the time of her trial. "I know the King is my Sovereign," she then said, "and I know my duty to him; and if I should have ventured my life for any thing, it should have been to serve him. I know it is his due, and I owed all I had in the world to him: but though I could not fight for him myself, my son did; he was actually in arms on the King's side in this business; I instructed him always in loyalty, and sent him thither; it was I that bred him up to fight for his King." As the Lady spoke of her son, her weak voice became clear and strong; she raised her head almost proudly, and her face was lighted up by a gleam of surprising animation. The people felt that her words came at once from her heart. Her earnest and artless appeal carried conviction with it. A murmur of applause was heard in many parts of the court. The Lady still continued standing—she seemed about to speak again, and yet she hesitated: at that moment the Lord Chief Justice leaned forward, and darting a look of cold contempt on the prisoner; called out, in a brutal and impatient tone—"Well, have you done?" His words seemed rather to mean, "You have done—you shall not speak again." For the first time, the blood mantled richly over the pale cheeks of the Lady Lisle. Sternly she fixed her eyes full on the face of the wretch who had addressed her; and her searching stare confounded and abashed him. With commanding majesty she raised her arm on high, as if to wave him far from her sight, with an expression of fervent eloquence, her lips unclosed; but most suddenly another spirit possessed her. Slowly she dropped her arm—a look of mild, sorrowful reproach, such only a woman could give, passed into

her face—her words were spoken in a whisper, and yet they were distinctly heard. "Yes, my Lord, I have done speaking." She bowed her head and sat down. The unfeeling judge now hastened to sum up the evidence and address the jury. He plainly declared his confidence that they would bring in a verdict of "Guilty" against the Lady Lisle. But an English Jury are not easily to be turned from justice. After a short consultation, the foreman declared the Lady Lisle "Not Guilty." The face of the judge flamed into scarlet with repressed rage. He folded his arms, and leaning upon the cushion before him, looked as if he had not heard rightly, as if he had not rightly understood the foreman. "Retire again," he said at length; but then observing that the jury still delayed to do so, a satanic smile played about his closed lips and nostrils; he knit his brows more thickly, and added, in a soft voice: "Retire again—there is certainly some mistake." The jury obeyed, but they soon returned. "Well, Sir," said the Chief Justice, facing the man with a smooth, but subtle look, "Well, Sir—let me hear your verdict now—Guilty, or Not Guilty?" "Not Guilty," replied the man immediately, with a loud and decisive voice. The fury of the judge was now beyond control. He started from his seat, and stamped, and swore, and raved, in the delirium of his rage. He dared the jury to hold to such a verdict. With abrupt words, and fierce glances, he reasoned, he expostulated with them, and he flattered them; and lastly, with much pomp and solemnity of expression, he seriously assured them, that if they persisted in the verdict they had so hastily returned, he should feel himself in conscience and in duty bound to enter against them a writ of attain. Again the jury retired, and consulted together for a longer time than before. The whole court rose when the foreman appeared to deliver his verdict. A breathless silence prevailed, and many a heart sickened with anguish as the word "Guilty" met the ear. But then the stillness that succeeded became even more death-like, till it was broken up by deep sobs, and long heavy groans. The general attention was turned to the aged prisoner. Her daughter, who had been standing beside her, had now fallen on her knees before the Lady Lisle, and her arms were tenderly embracing her mother's waist. Yet the Lady stirred not—her daughter looked up into her face—she was asleep, and smiling calmly as she slept. In the midst of that throng of persons, where every heart was agitated by some strong and moving passion—she, the source and spring of that absorbing interest, was alone superior to it; and secure under the protection of Him in whom she believed and trusted, lulled by that holy peace which passeth all understanding, she slept quietly like a wearied child. The Lady Lisle was

awakened by the grief of her daughter. She gazed awhile upon her tear-streaming countenance, and then, smiling upon her, she gently passed her arm round her neck, and kissed her forehead. The anguish of Tryphena became now overwhelming; more and more closely did she cling round her aged mother, striving to smother her cries by burying her face in her mother's lap. For a moment the Lady Lisle pressed her fingers to her brow, appearing as if she strove to recollect what was passing. She then gazed gravely round her, and seemed at once to collect all the powers of her mind. Tenderly she laid her hand upon her daughter's head, and whispered to her, "I know it all. Be comforted, dear child. I feel a spirit within me that will not fail." From that hour the noble Lady seemed indeed to be upheld by an unfailing spirit. She had been feeble and perplexed before, and her fortitude had rather burst forth at intervals than displayed that uniform consistency which it afterwards maintained. Certainly it was now sobered, but it was strengthened. The judge addressed himself to the prisoner, repeating to her the verdict, but adding that the sentence would not be pronounced before the following day. Ere he could finish speaking, hisses and murmurs of "Shame! shame!" rose on every side; but his brutal voice only became louder and louder. He commanded the offenders to be seized, but, as is usually the case on such occasions, no offenders were to be discovered. The court was dismissed.

Little that concerned her passed in the court on the morning after the trial of the Lady Alice Lisle, except that she was called to the bar to hear her sentence pronounced. She would fain have prevailed upon her daughter not to accompany her, fearing that the sentence would cause her unnecessary affliction; but Tryphena had sought for the same strength which upheld her mother, and she would not be refused. Ah! were not these hard words for a daughter to hear pronounced over a mother, whom she looked up to as the gentlest and holiest of her sex.

"There remains no more for me to do, I say, but to pronounce the sentence of the law, which is this: And the court does award, that you, Mrs. Lisle, be conveyed from hence to the place from whence you came; and from thence you are to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, where your body is to be burnt alive, till you be dead. And the Lord have mercy upon your soul!"

The Lady Lisle raised her eyes solemnly towards heaven, as the false judge ceased speaking, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed "Amen. The will of that same blessed Lord be done!" She then took the hand of her pale, motionless daughter, and said to her, "It is the best will, my child; say with me, Oh God, thy

will be done." Tryphena began almost unconsciously to obey, but the words, as they rose into her throat, seemed to choke her, she could not utter them.

Much interest was made with the king, and the higher authorities of the realm, to procure a pardon for the Lady Lisle; but every application was made in vain. There appeared to have been some design, in the haste with which the trial had been brought on, and the little time the prisoner was allowed to call upon her friends for their assistance. This the Lady Lisle had greatly complained of, but now, the trial was over,—the sentence had been pronounced,—and no appeal to reverse it was received. Lady Abergavenny, Lady Marlborough, and many other persons of high rank, friends and relatives of the Lady Lisle, attested her loyalty. "They had known her," said many of them, "since her childhood. She was of an ancient and honourable family, related to some of the noblest houses in the country. Few persons had grieved more sincerely than she had done over the shameful murder of his late majesty, Charles I.; her detestation of the crime had for many years estranged her from her husband. Many of the royal party during the usurpation of Cromwell had received protection and kindness from her." The only effect gained by these petitions was, a respite of the execution for four days, and the change of the sentence from burning to beheading.

The sun rose with a blaze of glorious splendour on the morning of the second of September, and the light clouds which skirted the whole expanse of heaven were radiant with hues of gorgeous colouring; cheerfully did the rich light stream in through the window of the cell in which the Lady Lisle lay sleeping. Her daughter had been long awake, wishing the moments hours, and gazing upon the sweet peaceful countenance of the sleeper, till her own agony almost broke her heart; but she turned to the highest Source for comfort, and gradually her grief became more tranquil. Once she wished that it might please God to make her mother's sleep the sleep of death, so that she might never again uncloset her eyes upon the cruel world. Never had the beautiful pure light of morning been unwelcome before; but now Tryphena trembled, and turned away, for it threw the broad bars of the prison window in strongly-marked reflection upon the floor. The clocks of the city began to strike six, and Tryphena gently woke her mother. The Lady Lisle was much refreshed by her sleep, but her first thought on arising, was to pray for a renewal of spiritual strength and consolation. The mother and daughter knelt down together, clasped in each other's arms; they prayed in silence, till, with a low, but un-

shaken voice, the Lady Lisle repeated aloud the Lord's prayer. Then rising up, she begged her daughter to read to her from the Bible. The part that she chose was St. John's account of the sufferings of our Saviour. "And now I must make one request of my beloved child," said the venerable lady, when her daughter had finished reading. "Let me depart alone from this chamber? The journey is but short to my home. I am, blessed be God, in some manner prepared for it; and I shall now soon be at home." "Dearest," replied Tryphena, tenderly clasping her mother's hands in her own, "Indeed, I cannot leave you; I know that you are going, like Naomi, your journey from this idolatrous world to your own home. Ah, how I long to go thither with you! Part of the journey I *may* go with you, and I must cry with Ruth,—Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee. I know that I shall be enabled to attend you, for what are my afflictions during the next few hours to your own. Let me still be at your side, and support you as I have been wont to do, with my arm? I would not have you lean upon another. Oh! my own mother," she continued, with unceasing earnestness, "have we not just read that the women stood beneath the cross of the dying Jesus; may not I dare, I speak it humbly, to follow their example?"

The Lady Lisle had received the last embraces of her other children the night before. They were not less attached to their mother than Tryphena; but they felt that they could not have borne to be present when her blood was to be poured out in obedience to the sentence of inhuman and infamous wretches. They had not the high and holy resolution, the enduring and forbearing love which Tryphena felt, even among the murderers of her mother. The awful bell began to toll. The last stroke of the cathedral clock, as it struck eight, had scarcely died away, when a door at the farther end of the scaffold opened slowly, and the Lady Lisle came forward, leaning on the arm of her faithful child. They were both dressed in deep mourning, and the mother held in her hand a folded paper. On the other side she was attended by the minister who had constantly visited her in prison. A general feeling of sorrow and indignation seemed to spread through the immense concourse assembled beneath the scaffold, when the noble lady, then past seventy, pushed back the hood which had half concealed her face, and unfolding the paper in her hand, began to read aloud from it. Her voice was faint, and scarcely audible. She stopped, and turning to one who stood near her, with a sweet dignity of manner, she requested it might be read in a loud voice.

THE LAST SPEECH OF THE LADY ALICIA LISLE.

Gentlemen, friends, and neighbours, it may be expected that I should say something at my death, and in order thereunto, I shall acquaint you, that my birth and education were both near this place, and that my parents instructed me in the fear of God, and I now die of the reformed protestant religion ; that if ever popery should return into this nation, it would be a very great and severe judgment; that I die in expectation of the pardon of all my sins, and of acceptance with God the Father, by the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, He being the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes. I thank God, through Jesus Christ, that I do depart under the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than that of Abel ; God having made this chastisement an ordinance to my soul. I did once as little expect to come to this place on this occasion, as any person in this place, or nation ; therefore, let all learn not to be high-minded, but fear. The Lord is a sovereign, and will take what way he sees best to glorify himself in and by his poor creatures ; and I do humbly desire to submit to his will, praying to him that I may possess my soul in patience. The crime that was laid to my charge, was for entertaining a nonconformist minister and others in my house ; the said minister being sworn to have been in the late Duke of Monmouth's army ; but I have been told that if I had denied them, it would not at all have affected me ; I have no excuse, but surprise and fear, which I believe my jury must make use of to excuse their verdict to the world. I have been also told that the court did use to be of counsel for the prisoner, but instead of advice, I had evidence against me from thence ; which, though it were only by hearsay, might possibly affect my jury ; my defence being but such as might be expected from a weak woman ; but, such as it was, I did not hear it repeated again to the jury ; which, as I have been informed, is usual in such cases. However, I forgive all the world, and therein all those that have done me wrong ; and, in particular, I forgive Colonel Penruddock, although he told me that he could have taken these men before they came to my house. I do acknowledge his majesty's favour, in revoking my sentence ; I pray God to preserve him, that he may long reign in *mercy*, as well as justice ; and that he may reign in peace, and that the protestant religion may flourish under him. I also return thanks to God, and the reverend clergy, that assisted me in my imprisonment.

ALICIA LISLE.

The Lady Lisle now turned to the minister of the gospel, and kneeling down with him and her daughter, they continued in

prayer for some minutes. She rose up, and the executioner came forward; "Thank you," she said mildly to him, "but my daughter will assist me." Tryphena removed her mother's hood, and her finely shaped head appeared covered only by her long and snow-white hair. With trembling hands the loving daughter cut off all that long flowing hair; and then, kneeling before her mother, prayed her blessing. "God, for Christ's sake, bless and keep you, my own child," she exclaimed aloud, and kissed her fondly. "We shall indeed meet again to part no more: now pray for me," she added, "obey my last request, I am sure you will not disobey me now. Do not turn your head."—Tryphena did obey.—There was a short, but awful pause;—a loud and sudden stroke sounded in the ears of the daughter—and she fell beside the headless corpse of her mother.

L. W.

ON COTEMPORARY ITALIAN WRITERS.

No. I.—IPPOLITO PINDEMONTE.

It has been frequently a subject of remark, especially of late, how little cotemporary Italian literature is known in England. Even among the generality of literary men,—of those who know something of the literature of foreign countries,—the first-rate Italian classics, and Alfieri among the modern, are the only authors which may be said to be commonly appreciated.

The literary productions of Italy which have appeared since the French revolution are almost a dead letter in England; indeed, we have heard it asked, with real inquisitiveness, whether there were any recent Italian authors worth reading. Many causes may be assigned for this singularity. The want of a common centre of information in Italy itself, from which circumstance many of her authors remain unknown beyond the precincts of their respective states; the scarcity of reviews and other periodical works; the little encouragement literature enjoys, and the insecurity of literary property; the fashionable use of the French language; the censure; the custom-house duties; all these are sufficient motives to account for the slowness and difficulty with which literary novelties circulate even through Italy. Adding to these the distance between that country and England, and the consequent expense and trouble attending the carriage of books; the want of a speculative spirit among Italian booksellers, and the little intercourse that

akes place between the natives of the two countries, we shall not wonder so much at Italian cotemporary literature being little known in England. However, as we think this literature not altogether contemptible, although not perhaps in as flourishing a state as that of various former periods, we shall endeavour to fill this void in encyclopedic information, by giving a series of articles upon the most distinguished Italian writers of the day, attaching ourselves principally to the spirit of their works, and their connexion with, and influence upon, the present state of mind in that country.

It has been said by a modern writer, that "*le siècle qui suit une époque de troubles est toujours le siècle des génies.*" If this proposition were true, and it bears at first sight an air of plausibility, our age ought to be blessed with a greater quantum of genius than any since the flood. Troubles, and disturbances, and convulsions, there have been enough at the close of the last century and at the beginning of this; ten years have now nearly elapsed since the termination of those calamities,—a full time at least for the first beams of this promised blaze of intellectual splendour to have illuminated the horizon. Those countries, too, that have been the principal scene of troubles, and wars, and mighty changes, ought, by a natural deduction, to have the greater share of the subsequent benefit. But, alas! facts are stubborn things, and upset the most flattering theories. Our age, with all its increase of education and general information, is remarkable for a scarcity of that unacquirable gift of nature called genius; and this scarcity is particularly observable in those countries which have, for a quarter of a century, been in a state of political and moral fermentation hardly equalled in history. France and Italy are decidedly poor in writers of original transcendent genius; indeed, in the former country, we should be much embarrassed to point out a literary character which, by the opinion of Frenchmen themselves, deserves to be placed in the same rank with their great writers of the age of Louis XIV., or even with those of the last century. With regard to Italy, which is more particularly concerned in the present article, we are bound to acknowledge an almost equal deficiency in original inventive genius; and the principal exceptions are those of two or three writers who belong properly to the age that is past, and who may be said to have flourished before and during that very disturbed period. The truth is, that the avatars of genius cannot be foretold; the appearances of that child of heaven do not seem to be connected with the tide of other human affairs; its visits have taken place at epochs the most dissimilar; amongst the din and the horrors of war, as well as in the luxurious times of peace: it has appeared to the soldier in the busy field, to the party-man during the contentions of civil war,

and to the cœnobite in the solitude of his cell ; and even, at times, to the savage in the gloom of his forests, and to the barbarian roaming over the trackless waste. The combinations which determine its coming forth are beyond the power, as well as above the research, of man.

In the latter half of the last century, and in times of profound peace, Italy was irradiated by a constellation of bright intellects, such as she had not seen since the age of Leo. These great men had formed themselves under circumstances, which, in our days, we are apt to consider as peculiarly disadvantageous: they were the natives of Roman catholic countries, the subjects of absolute governments ; they had been educated according to the old system, and most of them by jesuits. Some were churchmen themselves. And yet, from such a state of society, and under the shade of such institutions, came forth Passeroni, Gozzi, Bettinelli, Verri, Parini, Cesarotti, Denina, Alfieri, Monti, Pindemonte, Bertola, and several more who might be mentioned. Of this glorious list, two or three only are now surviving. Monti and Pindemonte are both very old ; and when they are gone, their seats on the Italian Parnassus will probably remain long vacant.

Ippolito Pindemonte was born a younger son of a patrician family of Verona, in the Venetian states. His elder brother, Giovanni, is known in Italy for some tragedies he wrote, and which enjoyed, at the time, some popularity. They are now nearly forgotten,—an instance of the precariousness of Italian literary reputation, owing to the great influence exercised upon the public by the opinion of a small class of literati ; an influence which has at times weighed heavily on genius, and which is opposed now, but with doubtful success, by a school of young men that will no longer submit to it. Ippolito Pindemonte, however, by his genius, the independence of his mind, the amiability and modesty of his manner, and his immaculate reputation, has either conciliated or conquered the severity of this self-constituted areopagus ; for men of all parties, and critics of various opinions, speak of him with deference and respect, both for his talent and character. “ He is fully possessed,” says Countess Albrizzi, “ of that most difficult art of making the wicked forgive him his goodness, the ignorant his learning, the vicious his virtues, and women his indifference.” This latter charge, however, has been gently repelled by Pindemonte, whose alleged coolness in this respect seems to have proceeded not from natural indifference to female charms, of which supposed indifference indeed many of his earlier productions afford a refutation, but from the mastery which it has been the study of his life to give to the nobler and purer, over the lower and more earthly, passions.

Among Pindemonte's earlier productions are his *prose and*

poesie campestri, which, as he informs us, were written in the year 1785, while he was living in his rural residence of Avesa near Verona. "A man," thus he described himself in the introduction, "who does not dislike living with himself, who loves independence and liberty, and who is enamoured of the country, finds himself, for the first time in his life, free, independent, and retired in the green recesses of a delightful villa. He is arrived at that crisis in which men become undeceived about most of the illusions of this world,—a crisis perhaps not very desirable, but yet unavoidable sooner or later in life, by those who have a single grain of philosophy in their heads. His disposition is somewhat inclined to melancholy, and his precarious health contributes to this bias; but his melancholy flows tranquilly and mildly, and the forewarnings of a slow but cruel disease which threatens his days, endears to him still more his rural leisure, which he perhaps will not be able to enjoy much longer. He has exerted himself from boyhood in the art of composing; an art of which he knew the difficulty only when its charms had deprived him of the power of forsaking it: hence the various sensations and ideas which, in this his new situation, now crowd to his mind or warm his heart; he traces them on paper, now in the language of poetry, and now in that of prose, accordingly as he feels himself inspired. I am that man, and the reader will thus know what he has to expect from this book."

These rural compositions are, by their sentiments and their style, well adapted to the subject. There is not in them any affectation of sentiment, but mild wisdom, love of the human kind, and an elegant taste for the beauties of nature. The language of the *prose* is flowing and familiar without being trivial; it is a fair specimen of plain Italian composition, and shows that language well adapted for the humbler walks of light literature as well as for the loftiest flights of poetry. The author describes the inducements to rural life, and its advantages; and maintains its usefulness. "The inhabitants of cities, and especially of Italian cities, have a sort of contempt for country life; they look upon any one who does not live with them as being out of the world, as if there were no human beings out of cities. And yet no where can the wise and the rich render themselves useful as in the country, where that part of the human race exists which is often in want of our greatest care, and which certainly deserves it most. It is in the country that, far from forgetting mankind, one learns better to love and serve it; while in cities one is in danger of deceiving others, to avoid being oneself deceived." These, and other reflections of the same sort, serve to prove that Pindemonte's philosophy was not of the indolent and epicurean character, but philanthropic and patriotic. Of this latter quality, indeed, he affords so many proofs throughout his writings that it were idle to doubt it. But the circumstances of his

native country have been so peculiarly unfortunate, that Pindemonte's patriotism, like that of many of the best among his countrymen, could not possibly coincide with any of the parties, whether foreign or domestic, that strove for the mastership over the country, "*che giova nelle fata dar di cozzo?*" Pindemonte felt this early, and despairing, as well he might, of being of any use, he took the only path he thought he could conscientiously follow,—that of obscurity. The state of his health might be an additional reason for this resolution, and the history of Italian events can but serve to shew its wisdom. Of what advantage would it have been to Italy had Pindemonte sacrificed himself, and added one more to the number of its illustrious victims? Where there is no truly national cause, no national interests, there can be no political duties imposed upon individuals. *Noi non abbiamo patria, abbiamo soltanto un domicilio*, thus we heard once a warm-hearted Calabrian exclaim at Naples; and yet Naples had at least a shadow of nationality which, since the fall of the Venetian republic, has been refused to Pindemonte's native country. But we will touch again upon the subject of our author's national sentiments as we advert to his later works.

"With great delight I look back to the days of my early youth. The greatest charm of that age is derived from the illusive vista of the future. . . . Our life is like a mount, on the summit of which shines an enchanted palace of wondrous beauty, the higher we ascend the fainter it appears, until, arrived at the summit, we find nothing but an empty space." *Prose*.

In his third *prose*, he gives an interesting description of the localities of his rural retreat, and he leads the reader about the delightful country round Verona. The house in which he then lived belonged at one time to the jesuits; and the celebrated Bettinelli had written in it most of his works. "He converted the youth of his country to God in the church, and afterwards in his apartments gave them lessons of taste and literature." After the expulsion of the jesuits, several Englishmen resided there, attracted by the salubriousness of the air, and among the rest the then Duke of Gloucester, who experienced great benefit from the climate.

In another of his *prose* he enters into a short historical disquisition upon the taste for country seats and rural leisure, which, after having prevailed to a great extent among the Greeks and the Romans, declined during the ages of barbarism, and revived in Italy together with the other arts in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Boccaccio in his *Decameron* gives us a description of an elegant villa; but the first, says Pindemonte, among the more lordly mansions, was that of Bagnaja, near Viterbo, begun in the year 1511, and brought to a termination by Cardinal Gambara.

Afterwards rose, near Tivoli, the famous villa Estense; and by degrees all the other magnificent villas which exist at Rome or in its neighbourhood. But now the Italians seem to value no longer these quiet delights; and other countries, and above all England, have succeeded us, and improved upon our early example. In his dissertation upon the English system of gardening, which was then just introduced into Italy instead of the old symmetrical plans and artificial forms, Pindemonte sees the earliest idea of it in Tasso's description of the gardens of Armida:

Poiche lasciar gli avviluppati calli
In lieto aspetto il bel giardin s'aperse:
Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior varj, e varie piante, erbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli
Selve e apelonche in una vista offerse;
E quel che il bello e il caro accresce all'opre,
L'arte che tutto fà, nulla si scopre.

"Italy," adds Pindemonte, "has now many imitations of English gardens; but I know only three real ones, that of Caserta, that of the brothers Piconardi, near Cremona, and the one of Lomellini, near Genoa."

In another of his *prose*, our author entertains us with several anecdotes respecting the celebrated Luigi Cornaro, who wrote upon diet and regimen, and practised the precepts of temperance he gave, so as to live nearly a century in the enjoyment of perfect health. Elsewhere, he discourses upon the various literary pursuits, their dangers and utility; he then defends his beloved poetry, even in its humblest walks, from the aspersions of detractors. The ninth *prose* contains an affectionate tribute of almost filial reverence to the memory of his countryman and mentor, Torelli, an eminent scientific and literary character of the time, and the successful translator of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; a man to whose judicious advice and firm integrity, Pindemonte professes himself indebted for much of what there is valuable in him, or in his writings. "Various have been, Torelli, our callings and our paths in this lowly valley of life, and, therefore, various in some respects must have been our ways of thinking. But if our paths were different in this world, may I, on leaving it, take no other path but thine." These are sentiments which, however homely they may appear, do equal honour to the preceptor, and to the pupil.

In this desultory and unreserved manner, our good Pindemonte converses with his reader upon different topics; and such is the charm of his unpretending philosophy, that in closing the book we feel as when shutting the door after a departing friend. In the

last of these discourses he contemplates at night, in the silence of his retreat, the beauties of the heavens, and his soul rises to a lofty theme of admiration. The plurality of worlds, the possible qualities of other beings who may inhabit them, the harmony of the whole creation, the cause of the disappearance of some celestial bodies, all these are discussed by our author. "I have travelled, said to me a philosopher, through various parts of Europe, and witnessed many extraordinary and strange things, but the strangest of all was to me, seeing a celebrated astronomer who made public profession of atheism*." At the close of his discourse Pindemonte observes, that far from being too much humiliated by the contemplation of the immensity of the universe, we still must feel a complacency in being the only thinking part of this immense creation we are acquainted with. *Man is a frail reed*, it is true, but he is also *a thinking reed*. "Without the aid of the book of philosophy," thus concludes Pindemonte, "nay, even without that book which surpasses all philosophy, I have only to look into my heart, and I find in it a principle not less natural, but stronger and better felt, than reason; I find in it a desire never satisfied, ever renewed, of a true and perfect happiness, a happiness which I am always seeking, but can never meet with on this earth."

We have dwelled at some length upon these early productions of our author, because they serve as an index to the particular points of that moral character which marks his life and his writings, and from which he has never deviated.

The *poesie campestri* breathe the same character of pathos and mild pensiveness as his prose. Occasionally the poet rises to a more elevated strain, but the principal beauty of his verses consists in their very simplicity, and the naturalness of the descriptions of country scenes.

In his *mattino*, Pindemonte, who had been a traveller by sea, and had enjoyed the splendid marine scenery of the Mediterranean, compares the brilliancy of the latter to the humbler beauties of his inland retreat. He is speaking of the sun, as he had seen it rising above the mirror of that tideless sea.

Vidi talor la tua infocata sfera
 Uscir dalla tranquélla onda marina,
 E yidi l' ocean che specchio t'era

* The astronomer here alluded to, is, we believe, the same who, observing one day to the learned naturalist, Charles Bonnet, of Geneva, that he had not time to occupy himself with considerations on topics of religion, by which he meant the first fundamental ones, was replied to by the religious philosopher, "Yet I would earnestly advise you, my dear sir, when you have an hour to spare from your more important occupations, to employ it in considering whether there is a God."

Tutto acceso di luce porporina.
Pregai che l' increspasse aura leggiera,
E nuova meraviglia ebbi vicina ;
Scorsi di più color l'onde ripiene,
E noi tanto dell' Arte amiam le scene ?

Di sì vago e mirabil oriente
Spesso godei quand' io solcava il mare :
Pur non vorrei la dolce erba presente
Col soggiorno cambiar dell' onde amare.
Qui pur del Sole i rai veggo sovente,
Mentre da foglie e rami egli traspare,
Rapirne il verde, e a me condur tesoro
Di liquidi smeraldi e d' ostro e d' oro.

Il rugiadoso prato che biancheggia,
Tutto al levar del sol s' ingemma e brilla.
Il rivo d' uno sguardo il sol dardeggia,
E il rio volge in ogni onda una favilla.
Erge dai fiumi ancor la muta greggia
Talvolta al sol l' attonita pupilla,
E il sole anch' ella, in sua letizia muta
Quanto i belanti e i volator, saluta.

Congiungo à queste anch' io la mia favella,
E de' miei colli errando per le cime,
Con meraviglia della villanella,
Che l' estasi mia vede, alzo le rime,
Finche lunghe son l' ombre, e i campi bella
Varietà d' aureo e di scuro imprime,
E l' azzurro del ciel vincono i monti,
Che lunge in faccia mia levan le fronti.

These rural poems have been, and are still, great favourites with the Italian public ; they have gone, like all the works of our author, through many editions. Yet Pindemonte seems to have thought slightly of them, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to give them to the press.

The genius of our author is, however, essentially lyric, and would appear still more so, had he oftener abandoned himself to his inspirations, and been less attached to logical order, and less tenacious of the connecting links of his thoughts. This, and his too frequent recurring to moral reflections, are the principal blemishes of several of his compositions. But his lyric muse fully manifests itself in his little poem on sepulchres, in the beautiful choruses of the *Arminio*, in several of his epistles, and in some passages of his late production, *Il Colpo di Martello*. We will give a sketch of these several productions.

It had been, since the dark ages, a custom with the Italians to bury their dead in vaults, under the pavement of their churches ;

a nauseous practice, and often attended with danger to the health of the living. Churchyards were afterwards established for the purpose in the more northern states of Italy; but, at the beginning of the present century, regulations were issued by the then rulers of North Italy, which forbade any distinction to be observed in these burying grounds; the dead were buried promiscuously in common vaults; inscriptions, slabs, and any other testimonial of affection excluded; even the ancient appendage of the cypress was banished; and at Verona they went so far as to forbid the entrance of the campo santo, or burying ground, to the living.

Pindemonte's sensitive and affectionate mind was shocked by this oppressive measure; and he began a poem in ottava rima, on the subject of the *cimiterj*, or burying grounds. At the same time, a celebrated writer, Ugo Foscolo, was writing his poem *I Sepolcri*, in which, amidst the luxuriance of lyric effusions which have been deservedly admired, he censures the same regulations which had awakened Pindemonte's generous bile.

Pur nuova legge impone oggi i sepolcri
Fuor de' guardi pietosi; e il nomè ai morti
Contende.

Foscolo then proceeded to vent his indignation against Milan, for leaving the remains of its poet, Parini, without a monument. Foscolo addressed this poem to Ippolito Pindemonte, who, finding his subject in some measure pre-occupied, gave up his own task. "Still," he says, "after reading Foscolo's poem, I felt my ancient partiality for the argument revived, and as it appeared to me that one might yet glean in the same field, I attempted it; I wrote, therefore, an answer to the author of the *Sepolcri*."

Whether in consequence of the general indignation against the inhuman laws concerning burying grounds, or from some new caprice in those who ruled over the fate of the dead as well as of the living, the campo santo of Verona, Pindemonte informs us in his preface, was, just before his publication appeared, closed to the departed. "Perhaps," says he, "the complaints of the living were the cause of this. Now, at least, the dead are buried in the cloisters of a convent; it is allowed to have a separate tomb, to place an inscription over it, and we are not forbidden from going to mourn over the sepulchral marble which covers the remains of our beloved friends."

A poet naturally inclined to the elegiac, like Pindemonte, must here have been in his element. The genius of his poem was compared to that of Tibullus, while Foscolo's manifested a greater share of the Pindaric vein. The two poems were published together, and went through several editions with the addition of comments by other Italian writers.

Pindemonte replies to the vulgar objection that the funeral ho-

nours and the mourning of friends, do not contribute to render the sleep of the dead more peaceful and soft. "No," says he, "but are tombs raised merely for the benefit of the dead? Do not the living draw from them a source of comfort and instruction? Do not the tears which the widow and the orphan shed upon the tomb of their departed husband or father, do they not relieve them? Are not tears the greatest comfort in irretrievable evils? And yet this comfort has appeared useless to the legislators of my country; the gate of the enclosure, where our dead are buried, stands immovable, and deaf to the wailings of the living*."

Here Pindemonte avails himself of the opportunity of combating the frigid tenets of the material school; which although they have crept through some wayward intellects in all times, yet have been proclaimed in our days in a bolder manner, in consequence of the general confusion of ideas produced by so many overwhelming catastrophes. Thus, in an earthquake, strange animals come creeping out of their dens and lurking holes, while the earth heaves, walls are crushed, and the very foundations of massive monuments become exposed to the light of day. Even the corrected and improved version of these tenets tends to reduce man to the state of a useful machine, making him a mere instrument as perfect as possible, but still an instrument, unbiassed by feeling and enthusiasm, and employed all his life solely in gathering as much as he can for the great bee-hive of the community. This is the *beau ideal* of the system; but it will not do. Something must be left to man's independence; the very aberrations of his mind, his very passions, the flights of his fancy, the instinctive throbbings of his heart, constitute his freedom, which some modern sages would destroy.

Di seste armata, e tutta angoli e cifre,
E massi e spazj, l'età nostra ride
Dell'altrice di sogni antica etade

Thus remarks Torti, in his poetical commentary on the two poems of Foscolo and Pindemonte. On this subject the latter observes, alluding to Prometheus' traditional attempt and failure:

Il divin figlio, se talor col falso
Che Grecia immaginò, dir lice il vero,
Il divin figlio di Giapeto volle
L'uman seme formar, d'inganni dolci,

* A similar image, employed in a different sense, is found in Propertius' beautiful elegy on the death of Cornelia:

Desine Paule meum lacrymis urgere sepulcrum,
Panditur ad nullas janua nigra preces:
Cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges
Non exorato stant adamante viæ.

D'illusioni amabili, di sogni
 Dorati amico e di dorate larve.
 Questa, io sento gridar, fù la sua colpa ;
 Ciò punisce l' angel che il cor gli rode
 Sù la rupe Caucasea, e non le tolse
 Dalla lampa del ciel sacre faville,
 Quindi l' uomo a rifar Prometei nuovi
 Si volgono, e dell' uom, non che il pensiero,
 L' interno senso ad emendar si danno.

When will it be allowed on all sides that the mind of man requires certain indulgences ; that it feeds upon recollections and hopes ; that life, matter-of-fact life, circumscribed by calculations of mere utility, without affection or enthusiasm, without visions of past, and dreams of future bliss, without poetry, in short, would appear to many as not worth having ? Logicians may reason, rhetoricians may declaim against this or that custom, against this or that prejudice, they will never succeed in eradicating all prejudices from the minds of men. But let us prune, let us graft them so as to render them harmless, and even beneficial. Of these prejudices, if they must be so called, those connected with the disposal of dead bodies, and the management of funeral rites and memorials, are among the most strongly impressed on the human mind in all countries, and at all times. Pindemonte displays before his readers the various forms in which this feeling of the human heart manifests itself ; in the rude people who refuse to leave their dwellings if they cannot carry along with them the bones of their fathers ; in the savage mother who sits over the grave of her infant child, and with tears presses over it the now superfluous nourishment from her breast. Achilles comforted his grief with the idea of having his ashes enclosed in the same urn with Patroclus. Rome, Greece, and ancient Egypt, loved and revered their sepulchral monuments. The nations of the east, to this day, devote large tracts of ground shaded by cool groves, to be the last mansion of their dead. He then more particularly alludes to the curious vaults he beheld in Sicily, and which we have also seen in other parts of the Mediterranean, where the bodies of the dead are preserved, and the skin and muscles of the face and hands dried up by a particular process, so as to retain their features for many long years ; the corpses are dressed up in the garments they used to wear in life, and then sitting or standing, are placed in niches, to the view of the visitants, on the anniversary of All Souls.

Discende allor ne' sotterranei chiostri
 Lo stuol devoto : pendono dall' alto
 Lampadi con più faci ; al corpo amato
 Ciascun si volge, e sù gli aspetti smunti

Cerca, e trova ciascun le notefforme ;
Figlio, amico, fratel, trova il fratello,
L' amico, il padre : delle faci il lume
Così quei volti tremolo percute,
Che della Parca immemori agitarsi
Sembran talor le irrigidite fibre.

* * * * *
Intanto un sospirar s' alza, un confuso
Singhiozzar lungo, un lamentar non basso,
Che per le arcate ed occheggianti sale
Si sparge, e a cui par che quei corpi freddi
Rispondano : i due Mondi un picciol varco
Divide, e unite, e in amistà congiunte
Non fur la vita mai tanto e la morte.

This striking description of a singular custom affords a strong image of that luxury of grief to which southern people are prone, both by temperament, and by the tenets of their faith.

But a sight of this nature, our poet justly observes, might appal or disgust a delicate mind; he therefore changes the scene, and leads his readers to other climes, where, under verdant groves, and on the bank of a bubbling brook, rises a snow-white monument, the symbol of conjugal love, and whose marble lustre contrasts with the fresh green and flowery carpet round its base. The hereditary mansion, in which the departed heaved her last sigh, appears in sight: there no ascetic gloom, no superstitious horror is inspired, every thing breathes soft, and melancholy, and tender remembrances. "Moderate your grief, O, my beloved, for I am blessed," thus the marble is made to say. The scene of these consolatory images is England, a country early visited by Pindemonte, and of which he speaks in several of his writings with fond recollection. He expatiates on the beauties of the English country residences and parks, and wishes himself again in those hospitable shades, "E udir da lunge appena—mugghiar del Mondo la tempesta."

But the monuments of the departed afford not merely comfort to the living; they are also monitors, from which the citizen is taught to make a better use of his remaining time, and the youth feels inspired to magnanimous deeds. "Dost thou not wish, O, my Verona, to behold thy future sons illustrious in the sciences, or in the arts? If thou dost not, go, and those images, which in better times thou didst erect in thy forum, hurl them to the ground; let thy divine Fracastoro fall from on high, and Maffei's bust, broke in a hundred fragments, lie scattered over the ungrateful soil."

After praising Foscolo's generous and sacred flame in defence of the last abodes of men, and comparing his poetry to the blue

Rhone, which comes out rapid and transparent from the Leman, and then disappears at once under the earth, to rush out to light again some distance thence, the poet digresses into an affecting lamentation on the death of the amiable Eliza, (Countess Mosconi, to whom he had addressed one of his epistles in the year 1800,) of whom he speaks in strains of the most delicate but heartfelt tenderness. "Behold her tomb, for my countrymen now allow a separate abode to the dead; this is the slab inscribed *to the best of mothers.*" The lofty mysteries of religion, the thoughts of final resurrection, afford our author a consolatory and appropriate termination to his poem. He speaks of the last day when Eliza's rest will be interrupted by the archangel's sound. What will Eliza's remains then be? Perhaps an herb, a plant, or flower, moist with the dews of morn; but the elements of which Eliza was formed will return unto Eliza. But how?

Chi seppe tesser pria dell' uom la tela,
 Ritesserla saprà: l' eterno Mastro
 Fece assai più, quando le rozze fila
 Del suo nobil lavor dal nulla trasse;
 E allor non fia per circular di tanti
 Secoli e tanti indebolita punto,
 Ne invecchiata la man del Mastro eterno.
 Lode à lui, lode à lui sino à quel giorno.

We will now proceed to consider Pindemonte in both the capacities of a dramatist and of a critic. His tragedy of *Arminio*, and the three discorsi or treatises, he wrote simultaneously, and which being published together in one volume, brought him before the public under this double character.

The drama of *Arminius*, which our author wrote in 1797, is a regular tragedy, although not perhaps strictly classical. The subject is taken from a few words of Tacitus, who, speaking of the German hero, reports that he attempted to reign over his country, and perished in the attempt through the treachery of his relatives. Upon this passage Pindemonte has built his plot. We shall not enter into any details upon the texture of the play; our object being rather to examine its general character and spirit. Suffice it, that *Arminius* is opposed in his attempt by the bold patriotism of *Telgastes*, another chief; that his son, *Baldero*, rather than see the enslavement of his country, and prevented by filial duty from raising his arm against his parent, destroys himself; that the warriors are divided between *Arminius* and his opposer, and a combat ensues, in which *Arminius*, after fighting valiantly, forsaken by his own men, betrayed by his uncle, and, covered with wounds, expires, confessing the justice of his fate, approving of his rival's conduct, and sanctioning *Telgastes'* once-proposed

marriage with his daughter. There is in this play the same sort of political interest which is found in those of Alfieri, although the sentiments are less truculent. The conduct of Baldero, opposed to that of Brutus, as represented by Alfieri and other tragedians, is a deviation perhaps not unfavourable from the unnatural patriotism of the supposed (though gratuitously so) son of Julius. The dialogue between Baldero and his father is perhaps the most interesting part of the drama; the conflict of national and filial sentiments in an ingenuous and amiable youth; his entreaties to his beloved father to desist from his attempt; the fond pleas he uses to persuade him; his father's tenderness towards his son, opposed by his inflexibility in the pursuit of his ambitious views; all these throw a deep pathos and an air of truth over the whole scene, so much so, that, when Baldero kills himself, the action seems suspended, and the author himself informs us, in the subjoined discourse, that having read his manuscript to several friends, one of them drawing him aside, and in a state of visible trepidation, as if communicating a piece of disastrous information, whispered to him, that, by the death of Baldero, the tragedy ended with the third act, "as if," adds Pindemonte, "the death of Baldero were the action of the drama." But the pedantry of his friend had, however, we suspect, a secret affinity to true feeling; because the author, as he himself seems aware, has spread over the son much more interest than over the character of Telgastes, who, however, ought to divide with Arminius the attention to the end of the play. The character of Arminius, although well drawn, has little novelty in it. There are some fine passages relating to the enslaved condition of Rome as described by Telgastes, who had just returned from a fruitless mission to the imperial city, and had seen the hollow, cruel, impenetrable Tiberius, upon whose enigmatic words, or atrocious silence and ambiguous countenance, depended the existence of millions—Tiberius, who feared freedom of speech, and at the same time hated the flatteries of his servile senators. Telgastes, after long procrastination, being admitted to his presence, proposed frankly that the Rhine should be the boundary between the two nations, thus putting an end to all future dissensions:

Con viso immoto
 Tiberio udi: poi tanto avviluppata
 Risposta diè; così la guerra insieme
 E la pace aggruppò, che agevol cosa
 L'intenderlo non fù. Ma pur compres
 Ch' era inutil del Reno il far parole:
 Che abbandonar quelle Germane genti
 Non si potea che patti fer con Roma:

Stesse ciascun nei campi suoi tranquillo :
 Primo non romperia l' Italo nome
 Confini e accordi—ai detti aggiunse i doni:
 Vasi d'argento effigiato e d' oro

Pindemonte has introduced choruses in this tragedy. These are lyric strains appropriate to the circumstances, and which are sung by the Teutonic bards. The first chorus, on the occasion of the anniversary of Varus' defeat, is in praise of the gods, protectors of Germany. The second is on the formidable power of love, and bears therefore an affinity to the close of the second act, where the mutual attachment of Telgastes and Velante, Arminius' daughter, being crossed by her father's ambitious projects, threatens to make them both miserable. The tragic death of Baldero furnishes the subject of the third chorus, which consists of some beautiful strains in lamentation of the immature end of the youthful warrior. The fourth serves to express the regret of some old bards, who could not assist at the battle which was then raging between Arminius and Telgastes, and which was to decide the independence of their country. These choruses have been much admired as lyric compositions. With regard to their dramatic effect, we have observed that they come naturally from the mouths of bards, and in the occurrences above mentioned. From which considerations, Pindemonte says, he determined on introducing this novelty on the modern Italian stage, as having a similar effect to the fine chorus of the young Levites in the *Atalie*, although without considering this as a practice to be adopted on all occasions. "The choruses thus appropriately introduced suited me, in order to paint in them part of the national and religious customs of my characters."

Another living poet of considerable talent, Alessandro Manzoni, in his tragedy, *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, in which he has had the boldness to discard the two unities, and to defend this deviation, has also introduced a beautiful chorus, not to be sung by any of the characters, but as an image of the ideal spectator, abstracted of the feelings inspired by the action. Choruses, however, such as Pindemonte's, might certainly be used between the acts, instead of the dull unconnected music which now partly fills those interruptions.

In his well-written discourse on tragic poetry, Pindemonte combats victoriously the supposition of perfect illusion being produced on the spectators by a tragic performance,—a supposition, which had been assumed by Gravina, the old Italian critic, and adopted also by Cesarotti. "No," says our author, "it is not true, as Cesarotti pretends, that the representation of a tragedy produces an impression and excites senti-

ments perfectly similar to those which would be produced by the action itself. On the contrary, there exists a wide difference between the feelings one experiences in witnessing an event of calamity or terror, and those felt while beholding a dramatic imitation of it; at which imitation, although the spectator shudder or shed tears, yet he is conscious all the while that he is witnessing a performance, and this very consciousness renders his emotion agreeable, which, otherwise, would be painful. In tragedy, as well as in the fine arts, the imitator can never totally conceal himself, nor ought he to do so if he could; if he should, then one of the firsts and most essential rules of tragedy would be that it should be written in prose, in order that the imitation might be more effectually concealed. Then, also, for a similar reason, our immortal Canova should paint his statues, for, in coloured statues, the sculptor would be less visible."—"It is not the emotion produced by tragedy, as well as by the other imitative arts, that alone constitutes the delight of the spectator. His pleasure is also derived from the intrinsic nature of imitation; in tracing to what degree of power and perfection of truth the ingenuity of man can reach in its imaginative fictions. The painted curtain of Parrhasius, and the imitation of a carpet by John of Udine, appeared delightful to the astonished spectators, the former only, when Parrhasius' rival attempted to remove the curtain from the frame, and the latter, when the Pope's groom hastened to snatch it, in order to spread it for the use of his Holiness—that is to say, when the illusion in both cases was removed; for, before that, any one thought he was beholding in the first a real curtain, and in the latter a tangible cloth, neither of which had in them any thing wonderful to look at."

Pindemonte proceeds to censure the too great refinement and too strict exactness in the scenic decorations, in the dresses of the actors, and in other parts of the *materiel* of the stage; and narrates an anecdote relating to Marmontel, who, in order to add truth to the performance of his Cleopatra, had an aspic constructed by the celebrated mechanic, Vaucanson, which was made to hiss on the stage, at which Bernis, being interrogated how he liked the tragedy, facetiously replied, that "he agreed in opinion with the aspic."

Pindemonte's remarks upon these and other questions connected with the drama are deserving of attention, because, although he may be considered, in many respects, a classicist, yet several of his judgments approach very near to those of Schlegel and the romantic school. It must be observed, also, that he wrote his treatise in 1797, therefore long before the appearance in Italy of the digested romantic code, which may be traced to Schlegel's lectures delivered in 1808 at Vienna, and before the romantics

had taken the field in Italy. Men of sound intellect naturally coincide, or at least come very near each other, in their opinions, although at a distance of time and place; but their opinions are not always ushered to the world with equal publicity, and this has been repeatedly the case with the productions of Italian genius. The Italians have started most of the principles of sciences, letters, and arts, which, being taken up and improved upon by foreigners, have afterwards met with so much success in the learned world. Gherardini, the intelligent translator and commentator of Schlegel's lectures, fitly observes, that the most important and plausible principles of the romantic school were known to the Italians for ages past; that it was by no means required to import them as novelties from beyond the Alps, in order to enlighten the intellects of the living Italian generation; that Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and their disciples, although classic in the whole structure of their poems, are romantic in the painting of manners and affections, and in the choice of their subjects; and that for a model of the true romantic, in all its wild, but splendid irregularity, Ariosto stands there to claim for Italy the palm, even in the pretended newly-imported style. Gherardini, in support of his plea, quotes a remarkable passage from Tasso, in his first discourse on the *arte poetica*, in which that great master opines, that subjects drawn from the history of the ancients cannot afford to us christians a fit subject for a perfect epopea; for as the poet must have recourse to the marvellous, if he attempts to derive it from the divinities of polytheism, then the appearance of truth, which must always be blended with the supernatural in a poetical composition, ceases, as the marvellous of the gods of polytheism must, from its known falsehood and absurdity, appear to us cold, ignoble, and destitute of effect. The case was totally different with the ancients, the great mass of whom believed in their gods; and to whom, therefore, the marvellous drawn from mythology did not appear impossible. "This reason ought to be sufficient," says Tasso, "to induce us to draw the subjects of our epic poems not from Pagan, but from Christian or Jewish history." Thus far Tasso, and the coincidence of these sentiments with those of Schlegel and the romantic school is obvious. This, however, does not forbid on the one side, that images derived from mythology may be used as ornaments, and as rhetorical figures, though not as the principal subject of poetical composition; nor does it mean on the other, that historical poems may not be drawn from the profane histories of Greece and Rome, without, however, recurring to their sacred legends, as a machinery, or source of the marvellous; and this is what the modern Italian classics, such as Alfieri, Monti, and others, have done in their tragedies.

Resuming all that has been said by the best Italian autho-

rities on the subject of the great question between the classics and the romantics, we may safely conclude that all competent and impartial judges blame only the exaggerated and exclusive pretensions of both schools; pretensions which have contributed to widen a breach, which a little sober sense, joined to a clear intellect, might have easily filled up. This, however, is the case in most disputes, whether literary, religious, or political: a difficulty starts up, and different modes of solving it are proposed by different men; but instead of endeavouring to find out truth by fair comparison, analysis, and approximation, violent spirits on both sides get hold of the question, each determined to carry his point, and condemning blindly whatever does not coincide with his predetermined opinion; and this, because feeling is easier and more pleasing than reasoning. Why, for instance, do the classics pretend that no new species of composition should arise, which cannot be properly classed under any of the former heads, or which has not a model among former writers? And why on the other side, should the romantics, and Schlegel as their leader, pretend to banish classical, or what they call plastic poetry; although they see that men of the first genius excel in it, even in our days, and that multitudes, nay whole nations, are pleased with it? Let classic and romantic poems be brought out, both excellent of their kind, and they will be found to please each a separate class of men; and our literature will be the richer by the competition. We consider Grossi's romantic poem "*Ildegonda*," for instance, as a real acquisition to Italian literature.

After having made the Italian presses groan under their learned lucubrations, the determined champions of classicism, and those of romanticism, do not seem to have agreed even on the mustering of their respective authorities. The same authors, and of the first importance too, are claimed by both parties; this happens because great geniuses seldom write by system; they pluck beauties wherever they can find them—they are neither exclusive classics, nor exclusive romantics.

There are two points to be considered in this question: the first, concerning the essence and spirit of a poetical composition; the other, relating to the form in which poetry is to be clothed. From the neglect of this essential distinction, much confusion has arisen. The romantics require, first, to banish from poetry the use of mythology; in this we have seen Tasso had already, in some measure, forestalled them, and that Gherardini, and others of the most judicious modern critics agree with him; secondly, that the subjects should be drawn in preference from Christian history, and from our national chronicles. This is the strongest hold of the romantics; this Tasso has also said before them, and to this men of feeling, and men of understanding, and what is

more, men who love their country, will agree, in as far as national and Christian subjects come the nearest home, and are most useful to us. But surely the lofty deeds of republican Greece, and the majestic pomp of ancient Rome, need not be banished for this from modern literature; surely they may furnish fit subjects for tragic poetry, as well as for lyric effusions. And here Alfieri, whom Schlegel, notwithstanding all his sagacity, judgment, and learning, has certainly treated too severely, and has not sufficiently appreciated,—here, upon Roman subjects, has Alfieri mostly excelled, because his mind was an abstraction of the old Roman spirit, and because the stern and simple grandeur of those great shades suited his ideas of the dignity of Melpomene. Call them political dramas, or historical dramas, what matters it, provided they excite interest, either by recital, or on the stage? And that Alfieri's plays excite interest in Italy, no one who has witnessed their performance by tolerable actors, will, I believe, deny. The Italians must be naturally alive to the personification of their glorious ancestors, or supposed ancestors; it is to them a sort of consolation for their present political inferiority. This may account in part for their propensity to hear noble sentiments clothed in lofty language. The Italian Melpomene carries with her that peculiar sort of dignity which becomes her birthright.

Proceeding to the form of a poem, the romantics reject the observation of the three unities, and admit of more than one protagonist. They say that modern dramatic poetry ought to be like a painting composed of different groups, a sort of moving panorama; and that the unity which suited the sculpture-like effect of the ancient drama is opposed to the reality of painting. Here the question becomes much more entangled; a sort of mysticism pervades through the definition of the romantics; their opponents answer them with logical syllogisms, and it is tedious and unprofitable to follow them in the labyrinth. They do not agree even upon the right meaning of the unity of action, the most essential of the three, and which both sides pretend to recognise; Schlegel himself confesses "that it is no easy matter to come to an understanding on the subject." He seems to see the unity in the termination of the action; the others require it from the beginning.

With regard, however, to the two unities of time and place, most modern Italian writers have agreed that they are not strictly obligatory. Alfieri has violated them himself, and he considers the only true unity to be that of action, because it is implanted in the heart of man; because when an interesting fact is narrated or exhibited, the hearers or the spectators do not feel disposed to listen to any thing that will divert their attention from the object before them. Availing ourselves of this opinion, to return from our digression to the writer before us, we observe that

Pindemonte, like the best Italian critics, expresses himself very moderately on the subject of the unities. In speaking of that of place, he says "that tragedy ought to be an imitation of truth, and as such the transitions should not be so great as to sin against probabilities, and thereby injure the interest of the action, the latter being the case when we find the persons removed all at once from the palace of the Ptolemies to the promontory of Actium, and this not because the spectators can ever fancy themselves to be either in the former, or the second of those places, but because it shocks the imitation of reality, to see Anthony and Cleopatra carried away in a few minutes from Alexandria to Actium." He denies that the unity of place is necessarily connected, as Voltaire pretends, with the unity of action; "for," says he, "a dramatic action is composed of several occurrences, which may take place some in one spot, and some in another; in Racine's *Phedre*, for instance, if instead of Theramenes relating the death of Hippolitus, the scene were to change from Theseus' court to the sea-shore, and Hippolitus were to perish before the audience, who would say that the unity of action were lost?" Our author proceeds to discuss the subject of monologues, of which Alfieri has made great use to replace confidants; but, says Pindemonte, the abuse of monologues is an error not less to be avoided than the other. Cannot the action begin to develope itself early, and the essential persons so converse between themselves, as to soon let the spectators into the state of things? This method, adds he, I have endeavoured to adopt, although I have not altogether excluded monologues from my *Arminio*. To the division in five or three acts he seems to attach little importance; the poet must consult in this the habits and the taste of the public.

Thus, through the whole of his most interesting discourse, our author discusses all the important questions connected with tragic poetry, in a pleasing and unprejudiced tone; without pretensions, without bigotry, without affectation; seeking merely but sincerely after truth, and giving his reasons for his opinions, with honest conviction, but without fanaticism. And this is Pindemonte's character throughout his works.

In his other treatise upon the histrionic art, and theatrical reform, Pindemonte passes in review the French stage, in which he found that *outrée* declamation, as he calls it, those unnatural contortions and shrieks, which the French critics themselves, among the rest Voltaire and Geoffroi, had censured before him. He does not speak of Talma, probably he had not seen him perform. Proceeding to the Italian stage, he complains of its being in a low condition; a condition which, we are sorry to say, has not sufficiently improved since the date of his remarks.

Italian classic tragedy has, however, a very essential advantage

over the French, in the superior poetry of its language and in the freedom of its blank verse. Voltaire himself confesses that, "*si jamais les Italiens avoient un theatre regulier, je crois qu'ils iroient bien plus loin que nous. Leurs theatres sont mieux entendus, leur langue plus maniable, leurs vers blancs plus aisés à faire, leur nation plus sensible. Il leur manque l'encouragement, l'abondance et la paix.*" Since his time, Alfieri has given the Italians a tragic theatre; but encouragement is still wanting, and Pindemonte therefore recommends the establishment of regular dramatic companies, paid from the national treasury, and which he thinks would be so many nurseries of future great actors. "Perhaps," he says, "some one of those personages who are placed at the head of affairs will one day accomplish the great and noble undertaking of completely reforming the Italian stage. I do not doubt that one of the first thoughts that would occur to him would be that the performers should receive their salaries from the public treasury, in the same manner as the professors of the universities; and the amount of which would be refunded from the monies paid by the audience. I beg the learned professors who might read this not to sneer, as there is not such a very wide difference between the two pursuits; for a good as well as a false doctrine will produce effects stronger, more immediate, and more universal, when proclaimed from the stage, than if uttered from the chair. The same actors should then remain in the same city and tread the same boards. No one should be admitted among them who had not received a good education, and whose conduct was not respectable. Persons of this sort would not then disdain a profession which would thus form a body in society, and an object of national care." This advice of placing the stage under the control of government, coming from so sensible a man as Pindemonte, may shock the ears of some English reader, but it is well to remark, that the control would not be greater than it is now, when the plays must be approved of by the police, which has a right to suspend the performances, and shut up the theatre. Therefore the question cannot be about the freedom of the stage, but about its support, and the means of raising the performers in their own estimation and that of the public, and of placing them above the dangers of neglect and distress, evils more fatal to talent than the censure itself. If you wish to prepare men for emancipation, you must raise them first in their own estimation and that of others; this is a truth which must be strictly attended to. With similar views, the plan of a society for the formation and direction of a permanent dramatic company at Florence was drawn by several patriotic noblemen, about two years ago, and the list of subscribers soon after published, which contained some of the most respectable names in Tuscany. We are igno-

rant whether this society has as yet brought its labours to any thing effectual.

Pindemonte has published a collection of epistles in verse, written at different periods, and addressed some to living friends, and others to several illustrious dead. These epistles are compositions of the elegiac sort; and many happy conceptions, many pathetic touches, are to be found in them. The language is noble, the sentiments natural; if any fault, that of occasional minuteness might be laid to them. They are stamped, as the author observes in his preface, with the character of the times, for they bear the dates of 1800, 1, 2, and 3. That was for Italy, especially for the Venetian states, our author's native country, an epoch of humiliation, bitter regret, and uncertain hope. "Some will ascribe to me, as a fault, my speaking against war; but the poet has a right to look to the inverse face of things, and we of Verona (and he might have added, of all Italy) have had sufficient reason to deplore the late campaigns: our fine city divided between two states, one half to Austria, and the other to the Italian republic, the river Adige forming the boundary; our splendid fortifications, the work of San Micheli, blown up; our domestic losses (such as the military executions, first by the natives against the partisans of the French, and then by the French against the natives, when they stormed the town in 1797)." "Many persons," continues Pindemonte, and it is really melancholy to hear such a man obliged to stifle, in some degree, his indignation under such circumstances, and to condescend to make some sort of apology for holding a national language; "many will think it in me a blameable vanity that I should occasionally allude to the conduct I have kept in the late vicissitudes, as if I thereby were blaming those who followed a different path. It is true that I thought myself bound to retire within the shade of obscurity, repeating to myself the famous sentence, *λᾶθε βιώσας*; but I did not, for all this, refuse to render justice to those who remained on the great political stage, and endeavoured to promote the common good, or at least to prevent evil, as much as it was in their power. And I could, if proper motives did not forbid me, mention several of these, and the more willingly, as they are bound to me by the dearest as well as the most sacred ties*."

Among these epistles, which have been much admired, and have gone through many editions, we shall notice the one to Isotta Landi, the author's sister, who appears a sister worthy of such a brother, if we are to judge from his expressions breathing the most genuine brotherly tenderness: he observes

* Pindemonte's elder brother himself, early embraced the republican cause, and wrote in its favour; he died, however, soon after the French invasion.

what many of us have felt, that a true sister's love is the purest and most soothing sentiment on earth :—

E qual migliore havvi amistà di quella
 Di german con germana ? Più soave
 Dell' amistà che l' uomo ad uom congiunge,
 E senza i rischi troppo dolci a un tempo
 Dell' amistade che non rade volte
 A gentile il congiunge e non sua donna.

With loftier strains, he addresses two epistles to his illustrious townsmen, Fracastoro and Maffei, the boast of Verona, whose statues, with those of Catullus, Vitruvius, Plinius, and others, adorn the forum of that city. He addresses those mute effigies, and asks whether there is any one among the present youth who ever raises his eyes up to them with envy or a desire of emulation.

Spesso un Maffei gli alzava, e non già in vano ;
 Però trà voi spirante in marmo anch' esso
 La Patria il collocò * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Ma chi trà questa Giovèntà novella,
 Chi fia che salga un dì sopra quell' arco
 Di cui la cima solitaria alcuno
 Non sostien simulacro ; ed un ne aspetta ?

The unaffected modesty of the noble writer prevented him, perhaps, from foreseeing that that vacant place in the Veronese pantheon is reserved for him. And this ought to be a debt of gratitude on the part of the Veronese ; for Pindemonte, throughout his works, and especially in these epistles, speaks with the warmest affection of his beautiful Verona. To Maffei he addresses his plaintive lays, about the misfortunes, not only of Verona, but of all Italy. “ Oh, what grief thine would be, in beholding our Ausonia stripped of its proudest monuments of the arts, of those statues which, repugnantly and in chains, left the banks of the friendly Tiber, sacred by the accents of Tullius and Maro, where there is not a hill unsung by poets :—

* * e non che muro ed arco,
 Sasso non trovi, che non goda un nome.
 Ah! stolta Italia che spogliasti l' armi !
 * * * * *

“ But, at least, have those monuments which were rooted, as it were, in the bosom of the earth, been left to us ? No ! the works of San Micheli, our famed ramparts, the pride of Verona, are

mined, and, with a tremendous crash, hurled to the ground * *
All this would, O Maffei *, fill thy eyes with tears,—yet I have not spoken of our most severe calamities: all social ties of friendship or blood have been torn asunder by these fatal dissensions and wars,—the hospitable board deserted,—and even the nuptial bed. We have seen”—

Cader dal volto vero il finto volto,
E quella illasion ch' era più dolce
Che perigliosa, dissiparsi a un tratto:
Quì chi pria dominava, alle straniere
Catene lieto presentar le braccia:
Là chi prima servià, cittadin dirai,
E un ferreo scettro alzar col pileo in testa:
Mutar suono le voci; esser ribelle
All' estranio signor chi al proprio è fido:
Parer bestemmie i nomi augusti e santi
Di patria e libertà, di leggi e dritti:
Spenta del ver la bella luce, i buoni
Quasi tutti restar taciti e ascosi

* * * * *

E come accede di bollente vaso
Ove quel ch' è più impuro, alto galleggia,
Nell' Italia infuocata il più vil fango,
Plebeo fosse o Patrizio, andar più in alto:
Perder ricchezza che l'uom guasta, e guasti
Tornar più ancora. * * *

Hear this ye who talk of the benefits conferred upon Italy by the revolutionary *adventus*; hear this description, torn, as it were, from the heart of this illustrious Italian; a description worthy of Tacitus—a description confirmed by all the authors who witnessed those times—hear it,

E se non piangi di che pianger suoli?

Is our Pindemonte to be blamed if he kept away from this sink of wickedness and folly, out of which it was impossible, even with the best intentions, to come out unstained; if he clung to his beloved obscurity, to his private station, the only post of honour when vice publicly prevails over virtue?

A tragical event which happened at Paris some years before, furnishes the subject of another epistle; it is addressed to the manes of Alexandra Lubomirski, a young and handsome Polish lady, of one of the most illustrious families of her country, who was guil-

* Maffei is the author of 'Verona Illustrata,' as well as of the 'Merope,' the earliest Italian tragedy worthy of the name.

lotined at Paris by the terrorists under Robespierre's rule. Her imprudence seems to have been her crime. She was walking out in the streets of Paris on those fatal days when the mob of that distracted city crowded out from its haunts, drunk with the power of doing evil with impunity, the only real power their congenial tyrants allowed them; the miscreants pressed round the fair stranger with their accustomed bacchanalian shouts of liberty, and death to the aristocrats; she could not restrain her indignation, and some expression of sarcasm escaped her against that sovereign people; for this rash momentary effusion she was taken before a revolutionary tribunal, where she might have saved herself by retracting or qualifying the imputed expressions, but she disdained purchasing her life at the expense of a falsehood, even before iniquitous judges, and a mock appearance of justice. She boldly avowed she had spoken irreverently of their liberty. She was taken to the scaffold; her head fell under the guillotine. "Wert thou," exclaims the poet, "wert thou weary of life in those abominable times, and had the lurid light of day become hateful to thee?" A short season previous to her fate, our author had seen her the admiration of all Paris, the beauty of crowded assemblies, flattered and praised for her wit, for the elegance with which she expressed herself in a language not her own, and respected for her acts of beneficence. Her remains were thrown in the common charnel-house, where all the victims of that epoch were huddled promiscuously.

There are several other epistles, addressed to Vittorelli, Benoit de Chateauxvieux, G. dal Pozzo, Elisabetta Mosconi, and Countess Albrizzi, all friends of the author. One is devoted to the memory of the amiable Bertola, the poet, whose acquaintance with Pindemonte had begun at Naples, and who had endeared himself to our author by his congenial mind and the qualities of his heart.

We come now to the *Sermoni*, which was the next work of our author; they are poems of a didactic nature, in the style of those compositions of Horace which bear the same name. In them the poet portrays the follies of the age, not with the bile of Juvenal, but with the pencil of ridicule. Italian literature, in this respect, may be said to be now at the same point in which the English was towards the middle of the last century. Didactic works, sermons, moral epistles, and essays, may be said to be now in England works of supererogation; but they suit Italy yet: indeed, they may be said to have materially contributed to redeem that country from the sonnetteering mania, from Arcadian insipidity, and from the vitiated taste of amorous and licentious poetry: they keep the medium between the scicentisti and the powerful stern minds of Alfieri and his school, which cannot suit the majority. The former effeminate school has been, thanks to good

taste, long on the decline, and may be said now to have been driven out of the field. About half a century ago the above-mentioned Passeroni was foretelling, in his *Cicerone*, the fall of the arcadic and pedantic school, with his usual amiable simplicity:—

Certi versi che sono, stò per dire
Un ammasso di gravide parole,
Che sovente si stentano à capire,
La dotta Italia più sentir non vuole ;
E parimente più non vuol sentire
In bocca d' un cantor rose e viole ;
Ed altre frasi simili parecchie
Ch' abbastanza ni ha già pien le orecchie.

E più non vuol sentir belar l' agnelle
Ch' anche troppo belarono frà noi,
Non vuol sentir parlar di pecorelle
Nè d' ovil, nè di capre, nè di buoi,
Ne sentir sospirar le pastorelle ;
Altro brama d' udir dà cigni suoi,
Che cose già stampate in più d' un loco,
E che 'l saperle infin monta pur poco.

Passeroni, Gaspare Gozzi, Zanoja, Parini, have excelled in the Horatian satirical style, in which Ariosto was the first among the moderns: Parini, however, forms a separate class by himself, having mixed with his satirical much of the epic vein. Other satirists, like Rosa, Menzini, Alfieri, have a greater affinity with Juvenal. Our Pindemonte belongs to the first class. More serious and less a courtier than Horace, he reprehends with urbanity; and his morality has over that of Horace the advantage of being consistent, sincere, and practical. Pindemonte has perceived that much must be done among his countrymen by individual reformation, and that there exists among them more folly than real vice; that their faults lie more in the head than in the heart. The titles he has prefixed to his *Sermoni* will serve to convey an idea of their tenor:—The Discourteous Civility; the Poet; the Vision of Parnassus; the Inconveniences of Beauty; the True Merit; the Praise of Obscurity; the Good Resolve; on Political Opinions; on Travels: the last two are perhaps the most remarkable.

The author's moderation, with regard to political opinions, and his recommending the same sobriety to his countrymen, drew upon him some remarks from the *Biblioteca Italiana*, which Pindemonte interpreted as a charge of apathy and indifference. To repel an accusation, which he felt he did not deserve, our author, in his following little poem, *Il Colpo di Martello*, which we proceed to notice, explained his meaning under the form of a

gentle reproof to the editor, who, he thought, had misunderstood him : after saying he had often remained silent to the censures of other critics ; but lo ! where the capital of Insubria, Milan, now the seat of learning, raises its lofty head.

Ecco voce scoccar, che, benche amica,
 Benche cortese, d' una fredda, o stolta
 Qual mai non ebbi in cor, nè m' avvisai
 Sparger nè versi, opinion m' accusa,
 Io dir che la politica ragione,
 Onde un popol se regge o retto viene,
 La sua felicità non creace o scema ?
 Se tal *bestemmia* mi sonò sù i labbri,
 Fantasia mi s' ammorzi, estasi l' alma
 Più non conosca, e non risponda un solo
 All' ingannata man guizzo di corda.
 Dissi, e finche gli accenti al tutto fiochi
 Non renderà della vecchiezza il gelo
 Che nelle vene mie già entrato io sento,
 Diro' a chiunque, e chi nol dice ? al Gallo,
 All' Alemanno, all' Anglo, il qual frequenta
 Le città nostre e le sue leggi vanta,
 Che ognuno è del suo bene il primo fabbro
 Sotto qualunque clima, e al ben d' ognuno
 Giovâr bensì, ma non crearlo, un dotto
 Reggimento civil.

To this candid, and at the same time gentle remonstrance, Acerbi, the editor of the *Biblioteca Italiana*, replied, by an honourable disavowal of having imputed to our poet sentiments so selfish and ignoble, as to have meant that the forms of government do not influence the happiness of nations. No, says Acerbi, we never laid such a charge to him : the following is the sentence in which we endeavoured to express in prose the philosophical sentiment of his verse :—Unless we could alter the eternal laws of the universe, as well as the nature and the habits of man, it will ever be impossible to root out from this earth the evils, partly real and partly fictitious, with which our life is embittered ; let the commonwealth be orderly ; happiness lies within us if we know how to find it. It is clear, adds Acerbi, that these expressions exclude naturally every disorderly form of government, where injustice prevails, and where individuals are exposed to insecurity. We are not adepts of the stoic philosophy ; but we contend, that, under any regular and well-ordained form of government, man, individually speaking, may be happy.

We will leave the philosophy of the above sentence to the judgment of the reader, and return to Pindemonte's poem, *Il*

Colpa di Martello, or the stroke of the bell from the tower of St. Mark at Venice. It was published in 1820, and the circumstance which called forth this new poetical effusion of our author, was the establishment of a watch on the celebrated belfry of St. Mark, to look out if fires should break out in any part of Venice. Every quarter of an hour the man on duty strikes the bell to prove his vigilance. The circumstance, trifling as it may seem, was well adapted from its fitness to allegory, as well as from local remembrances, to awaken the vein of soft melancholy in our poet. And we confess that the impression the poem has left on our minds seems to us a proof of the inspired feelings of the writer. It sounds ominous as the farewell warning of a revered sage; and while, from the associations of ideas and localities, his plaintive muse carries us back to the times of yore, when the standards of the conquered east floated beneath that tower,—when the subject Adria seemed to worship its queen; then, as if by disenchantment, we are re-instated in the sad reality of present decay, which seizes on those marble ruins, and we feel our very heart thrilling at the author's warning, that we should not lose one atom of those particles of time which the bell of St. Mark's tower marks out with its iron sound.

We have no space to enter into an analysis of this poem, one of the loftiest and most truly-inspired effusions of our poet. The concluding confession is in the most impressive strain of sacred poetry:—

Troppo mi piacque quest' esiglio, è vero,
 Ma per esiglio io sempre il riconobbi,
 Me riconobbi pellegrino, e in alto
 Vidi, e sugli astri, la mia patria vera,
 Che discordia di parti e di sentenze
 Politiche conflitto unqua non turba.
 Quindi l' antica del mio cor Regina
 Melanconia, che tra i piaceri ancora
 S' accompagnava meco, e di cui spesso
 Le mie canzoni ricevean l'impronta:
 Che da' salici acquosi alla straniera
 Ombra, e piegando ver Sionne il guardo,
 Flebili tuoni sol cava dall' arpa
 Lo sbandito Israel, quantunque agli occhi
 Di Babilonia lo splendor gli brilli.

Here we shall conclude our review; we have gone through it, *con amore*, as the Italian expression is, and we hope without fatiguing the attention of our readers. Our poet's spirit, character, and genius, we have deduced from his works; the blemishes of his style we have also noticed. His imagination is by no means deficient in energy, although he has sometimes diluted this

natural energy by a too great fondness for illustrating a favourite idea. Some of his blank verse, also, has been accused of want of harmony,—a very essential, but in him not common, fault. Upon the whole, however, Pindemonte is, as we said at first, one of the most conspicuous among the Italian writers who belong to both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Besides the original works we have mentioned, he has written some other light effusions; and lately he has published his translation of the *Odyssey*, a work he had attended to for several years, and bestowed great pains upon; and which seems to have been well received by the Italian public for its eloquence and accuracy.

A PROPHETIC ACCOUNT OF
A GRAND NATIONAL EPIC POEM,
TO BE ENTITLED
“*THE WELLINGTONIAD*,”
AND TO BE PUBLISHED A. D. 2324.

How I became a prophet it is not very important to the reader to know. Nevertheless I feel all the anxiety which, under similar circumstances, troubled the sensitive mind of Sidrophel; and, like him, am eager to vindicate myself from the suspicion of having practised forbidden arts, or held intercourse with beings of another world. I solemnly declare, therefore, that I never saw a ghost, like Lord Lyttleton; consulted a gypsy, like Josephine; or heard my name pronounced by an absent person, like Dr. Johnson. Though it is now almost as usual for gentlemen to appear at the moment of their death to their friends, as to call on them during their life, none of my acquaintance have been so polite as to pay me that customary attention. I have derived my knowledge neither from the dead nor from the living; neither from the lines of a hand, nor from the grounds of a tea-cup; neither from the stars of the firmament, nor from the fiends of the abyss. I have never, like the Wesley family, heard “that mighty leading angel,” who “drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons,” scratching in my cupboard. I have never been enticed to sign any of those delusive bonds which have been the ruin of so many poor creatures; and, having always been an indifferent horseman, I have been careful not to venture myself on a broomstick.

My insight into futurity, like that of George Fox the quaker, and that of our great and philosophic poet, Lord Byron, is derived from simple presentiment. This is a far less artificial process than those which are employed by some others. Yet my predictions will, I believe, be found more correct than theirs, or, at all events, as Sir Benjamin Backbite says in the play, "more circumstantial."

I prophecy, then, that, in the year 2824, according to our present reckoning, a grand national Epic Poem, worthy to be compared with the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, or the *Jerusalem*, will be published in London.

Men naturally take an interest in the adventures of every eminent writer. I will, therefore, gratify the laudable curiosity, which, on this occasion, will doubtless be universal, by prefixing to my account of the poem, a concise memoir of the poet.

Richard Quongti will be born at Westminster on the 1st of July, 2786. He will be the younger son of the younger branch of one of the most respectable families in England. He will be lineally descended from Quongti, the famous Chinese liberal, who, after the failure of the heroic attempt of his party to obtain a constitution from the Emperor Fim Fam, will take refuge in England, in the twenty-third century. Here his descendants will obtain considerable note, and one branch of the family will be raised to the peerage.

Richard, however, though destined to exalt his family to distinction far nobler than any which wealth or titles can bestow, will be born to a very scanty fortune. He will display in his early youth such striking talents as will attract the notice of Viscount Quongti, his third cousin, then secretary of state for the Steam Department. At the expense of this eminent nobleman, he will be sent to prosecute his studies at the university of Tombuctoo. To that illustrious seat of the Muses all the ingenuous youth of every country will then be attracted by the high scientific character of Professor Quashaboo, and the eminent literary attainments of Professor Kissey Kickey. In spite of this formidable competition, however, Quongti will acquire the highest honours in every department of knowledge; and will obtain the esteem of his associates by his amiable and unaffected manners. The guardians of the young Duke of Carrington, premier peer of England, and the last remaining scion of the ancient and illustrious house of Smith, will be desirous to secure so able an instructor for their ward. With the Duke, Quongti will perform the grand tour, and visit the polished courts of Sydney and Capetown. After prevailing on his pupil, with great difficulty, to subdue a violent and imprudent passion which he had conceived

for a Hottentot lady, of great beauty and accomplishments indeed, but of dubious character, he will travel with him to the United States of America. But that tremendous war which will be fatal to American liberty, will, at that time, be raging through the whole federation. At New York the travellers will hear of the final defeat and death of the illustrious champion of freedom, Jonathan Higginbottom, and of the elevation of Ebenezer Hogsflesh to the perpetual Presidency. They will not choose to proceed in a journey which would expose them to the insults of that brutal soldiery, whose cruelty and rapacity will have devastated Mexico and Colombia, and now, at length, enslaved their own country.

On their return to England, A.D. 2810, the death of the Duke will compel his preceptor to seek for a subsistence by literary labours. His fame will be raised by many small productions of considerable merit; and he will at last obtain a permanent place in the highest class of writers by his great epic poem.

This celebrated work will become, with unexampled rapidity, a popular favourite. The sale will be so beneficial to the author, that, instead of going about the dirty streets on his velocipede, he will be enabled to set up his balloon.

The character of this noble poem will be so finely and justly given in the Tombuctoo Review for April, 2825, that I cannot refrain from translating the passage. The author will be our poet's old preceptor, Professor Kiskey Kickey.

"In pathos, in splendour of language, in sweetness of versification, Mr. Quongti has long been considered as unrivalled. In his exquisite poem on the *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*, all these qualities are displayed in their greatest perfection. How exquisitely does that work arrest and embody the undefined and vague shadows which flit over an imaginative mind. The cold worldling may not comprehend it, but it will find a response in the bosom of every youthful poet, of every enthusiastic lover, who has seen an *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus* by moonlight. But we were yet to learn that he possessed the comprehension, the judgment, and the fertility of mind indispensable to the epic poet.

"It is difficult to conceive a plot more perfect than that of the 'Wellingtoniad.' It is most faithful to the manners of the age to which it relates. It preserves exactly all the historical circumstances; and interweaves them most artfully with all the *speciosa miracula* of supernatural agency."

Thus far the learned Professor of Humanity in the university of Tombuctoo. I fear that the critics of our time will form an opinion diametrically opposite as to these very points. Some will, I fear, be disgusted by the machinery, which is derived from the

mythology of ancient Greece. I can only say, that, in the twentieth century, that machinery will be universally in use among poets; and that Quongti will use it, partly in conformity with the general practice, and partly from a veneration, perhaps excessive, for the great remains of classical antiquity, which will then, as now, be assiduously read by every man of education; though Tom Moore's songs will be forgotten, and only three copies of Lord Byron's works will exist; one in the possession of King George the Nineteenth, one in the Duke of Carrington's collection, and one in the library of the British Museum. Finally, should any good people be concerned to hear that Pagan fictions will so long retain their influence over literature, let them reflect that, as the Bishop of St. David's says, in his '*Proofs of the Inspiration of the Sibylline Verses*,' read at the last meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, "at all events, a Pagan is not a Papist."

Some readers of the present day may think that Quongti is by no means entitled to the compliments which his Negro critic pays him on his adherence to the historical circumstances of the time in which he has chosen his subject; that, where he introduces any trait of our manners, it is in the wrong place, and that he confounds the customs of our age with those of much more remote periods. I can only say, that the charge is infinitely more applicable to Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. If, therefore, the reader should detect, in the following abstract of the plot, any little deviation from strict historical accuracy, let him reflect for a moment, whether Agamemnon would not have found as much to censure in the *Iliad*,—Dido in the *Æneid*,—or Godfrey in the *Jerusalem*. Let him not suffer his opinions to depend on circumstances which cannot possibly affect the truth or falsehood of the representation. If it be impossible for a single man to kill hundreds in battle, the impossibility is not diminished by distance of time. If it be as certain that Rinaldo never disenchanted a forest in Palestine, as it is that the Duke of Wellington never disenchanted the forest of Soignies, can we, as rational men, tolerate the one story and ridicule the other? Of this, at least, I am certain, that whatever excuse we have for admiring the plots of those famous poems, our children will have for extolling that of the '*Wellingtoniad*.'

I shall proceed to give a sketch of the narrative. The subject is '*The Reign of the Hundred Days*.'

BOOK I.

THE poem commences in form, with a solemn proposition of the subject. Then the muse is invoked to give the poet accurate information as to the causes of so terrible a commotion. The answer to this question being, it is to be supposed, the joint production of the poet and the muse, ascribes the event to circumstances which have hitherto eluded all the research of political writers, namely, the influence of the god Mars, who, we are told, had some forty years before usurped the conjugal rights of old Carlo Buonaparte, and given birth to Napoleon. By his incitement it was that the emperor with his devoted companions was now on the sea, returning to his ancient dominions. The gods were at present, fortunately for the adventurer, feasting with the Ethiopians, whose entertainments, according to the ancient custom described by Homer, they annually attended, with the same sort of condescending gluttony which now carries the cabinet to Guildhall on the 9th of November. Neptune was, in consequence, absent, and unable to prevent the enemy of his favourite island from crossing his element. Boreas, however, who had his abode on the banks of the Russian ocean, and who, like Thetis in the *Iliad*, was not of sufficient quality to have an invitation to Ethiopia, resolves to destroy the armament which brings war and danger to his beloved Alexander. He accordingly raises a storm which is most powerfully described. Napoleon bewails the inglorious fate for which he seems to be reserved. "Oh! thrice happy," says he, "those who were frozen to death at Krasnoi, or slaughtered at Leipzic. Oh, Kutusoff, bravest of the Russians, wherefore was I not permitted to fall by thy victorious sword?" He then offers a prayer to Æolus, and vows to him a sacrifice of a black ram. In consequence, the god recalls his turbulent subject; the sea is calmed, and the ship anchors in the port of Frejus. Napoleon and Bertrand, who is always called the faithful Bertrand, land to explore the country; Mars meets them disguised as a lancer of the guard, wearing the cross of the legion of honour. He advises them to apply for necessaries of all kinds to the governor, shews them the way, and disappears with a strong smell of gunpowder. Napoleon makes a pathetic speech, and enters the governor's house. Here he sees hanging up a fine print of the battle of Austerlitz, himself in the fore-ground giving his orders. This puts him in high spirits; he advances and salutes the governor, who receives him most loyally, gives him an entertainment, and according to the usage of all epic hosts, insists after dinner on a full narration of all that has happened to him since the battle of Leipzic.

BOOK II.

NAPOLÉON carries his narrative from the battle of Leipsic to his abdication. But as we shall have a great quantity of fighting on our hands, I think it best to omit the details.

BOOK III.

NAPOLÉON describes his sojourn at Elba, and his return; how he was driven, by stress of weather, to Sardinia, and fought with the harpies there; how he was then carried southward to Sicily, where he generously took on board an English sailor, whom a man of war had unhappily left there, and who was in imminent danger of being devoured by the Cyclops; how he landed in the bay of Naples, saw the Sibyl, and descended to Tartarus, how he held a long and pathetic conversation with Poniatowski, whom he found wandering unburied on the banks of Styx; how he swore to give him a splendid funeral; how he had also an affectionate interview with Dessaix; how Moreau and Sir Ralph Abercrombie fled at the sight of him. He relates that he then re-embarked, and met with nothing of importance till the commencement of the storm with which the poem opens.

BOOK IV.

THE scene changes to Paris.—Fame, in the garb of an express, brings intelligence of the landing of Napoleon. The king performs a sacrifice, but the entrails are unfavourable, and the victim is without a heart. He prepares to encounter the invader. A young captain of the guard,—the son of Marie Antoinette by Apollo, in the shape of a fiddler, rushes in to tell him that Napoleon is approaching with a vast army. The royal forces are drawn out for battle. Full catalogues are given of the regiments on both sides; their colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and uniform.

BOOK V.

THE king comes forward and defies Napoleon to single combat. Napoleon accepts it. Sacrifices are offered. The ground is measured by Ney and Macdonald. The combatants advance. Louis snaps his pistol in vain. The bullet of Napoleon, on the contrary, carries off the tip of the king's ear. Napoleon then rushes on him sword in hand. But Louis snatched up a stone, such as ten men of those degenerate days will be unable to move, and hurls it at his antagonist; Mars averts it. Napoleon then seizes Louis, and is about to strike a fatal blow, when Bacchus intervenes, like Venus in the third book of the *Iliad*, bears off the king in a thick cloud, and seats him in a hotel at Lille, with a bottle of Maraschino, and a basin of soup before him. Both armies instantly proclaim Napoleon emperor.

BOOK VI.

NEPTUNE, returned from his Ethiopian revels, sees with rage the events which have taken place in Europe. He flies to the cave of Alecto, and drags out the fiend, commanding her to excite universal hostility against Napoleon. The Fury repairs to Lord Castlereagh; and as, when she visited Turnus, she assumed the form of an old woman, she here appears in the kindred shape of Mr. Vansittart; and in an impassioned address exhorts his lordship to war. His lordship, like Turnus, treats this unwonted monitor with great disrespect, tells him that he is an old doting fool, and advises him to look after the ways and means, and leave questions of peace and war to his betters. The Fury then displays all her terrors. The neat powdered hair bristles up into snakes; the black stockings appear clotted with blood, and brandishing a torch, she announces her name and mission. Lord Castlereagh seized with fury, flies instantly to the parliament, and recommends war with a torrent of eloquent invective. All the members instantly clamour for vengeance, seize their arms which are hanging round the walls of the house, and rush forth to prepare for instant hostilities.

BOOK VII.

IN this book intelligence arrives at London of the flight of the Duchess d'Angouleme, from France. It is stated that this heroine, armed from head to foot, defended Bourdeaux against the adherents of Napoleon, and that she fought hand to hand with Clausel, and beat him down with an enormous stone. Deserted by her followers, she at last, like Turnus, plunged, armed as she was, into the Garonne, and swam to an English ship which lay off the coast. This intelligence yet more inflames the English to war.

A yet bolder flight than any which has been mentioned follows. The Duke of Wellington goes to take leave of the duchess; and a scene passes quite equal to the famous interview of Hector and Andromache. Lord Douro is frightened at his father's feather, but begs for his epaulette.

BOOK VIII.

NEPTUNE, trembling for the event of the war, implores Venus, who, as the offspring of his element, naturally venerates him, to procure from Vulcan a deadly sword and a pair of unerring pistols for the duke. They are accordingly made, and superbly decorated. The sheath of the sword, like the shield of Achilles, is carved, in exquisitely fine miniature, with scenes from the common life of the period; a dance at Almack's, a boxing match at the Fives-court, a lord mayor's procession, and a man hanging. All these are fully and elegantly described. The duke thus armed hastens to Brussels.

BOOK IX.

THE Duke is received at Brussels by the King of the Netherlands with great magnificence. He is informed of the approach of the armies of all the confederate Kings. The poet, however, with a laudable zeal for the glory of his country, completely passes over the exploits of the Austrians in Italy, and the discussions of the congress. England and France, Wellington and Napoleon, almost exclusively occupy his attention. Several days are spent at Brussels in revelry. The English heroes astonish their allies by exhibiting splendid games, similar to those which draw the flower of the British aristocracy to Newmarket and Moulsey Hurst, and which will be considered by our descendants with as much veneration as the Olympian and Isthmian contests by classical students of the present time. In the combat of the cestus, Shaw, the life-guardsmen, vanquishes the Prince of Orange, and obtains a bull as his prize. In the horse-race, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Uxbridge ride against each other; the Duke is victorious, and is rewarded with twelve opera-girls. On the last day of the festivities, a splendid dance takes place, at which all the heroes attend.

BOOK X.

MARS, seeing the English army thus inactive, hastens to rouse Napoleon, who, conducted by Night and Silence, unexpectedly attacks the Prussians. The slaughter is immense. Napoleon kills many whose histories and families are happily particularized. He slays Herman, the craniologist, who dwelt by the linden-shadowed Elbe; and measured with his eye the skulls of all who walked through the streets of Berlin. Alas! his own skull is now cleft by the Corsican sword. Four pupils of the University of Jena advance together to encounter the Emperor; at four blows he destroys them all. Blücher rushes to arrest the devastation; Napoleon strikes him to the ground, and is on the point of killing him, but Gneisenau, Ziethen, Bulow, and all the other heroes of the Prussian army, gather round him, and bear the venerable chief to a distance from the field. The slaughter is continued till night. In the mean time Neptune has despatched Fame to bear the intelligence to the Duke, who is dancing at Brussels. The whole army is put in motion. The Duke of Brunswick's horse speaks to admonish him of his danger; but in vain.

BOOK XI.

PICTON, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Prince of Orange, engage Ney at Quatre Bras. Ney kills the Duke of Brunswick,

and strips him, sending his belt to Napoleon. The English fall back on Waterloo. Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and commands that none shall interfere on either side. Mars and Neptune make very eloquent speeches. The battle of Waterloo commences. Napoleon kills Picton and Delancey. Ney engages Ponsonby and kills him. The Prince of Orange is wounded by Soult. Lord Uxbridge flies to check the carnage. He is severely wounded by Napoleon, and only saved by the assistance of Lord Hill. In the mean time the Duke makes a tremendous carnage among the French. He encounters General Duhesne and vanquishes him, but spares his life. He kills Toubert, who kept the gaming-house in the Palais Royal, and Maronet, who loved to spend whole nights in drinking champagne. Clerval, who had been hooted from the stage, and had then become a captain in the Imperial Guard, wished that he had still continued to face the more harmless enmity of the Parisian pit. But Larré, the son of Esculapius, whom his father had instructed in all the secrets of his art, and who was surgeon-general of the French army, embraced the knees of the destroyer, and conjured him not to give death to one whose office it was to give life. The Duke raised him, and bade him live.

But we must hasten to the close. Napoleon rushes to encounter Wellington. Both armies stand in mute amaze. The heroes fire their pistols; that of Napoleon misses, but that of Wellington, formed by the hand of Vulcan, and primed by the Cyclops, wounds the Emperor in the thigh. He flies, and takes refuge among his troops. The flight becomes promiscuous. The arrival of the Prussians, from a motive of patriotism, the poet completely passes over.

BOOK XII.

THINGS are now hastening to the catastrophe. Napoleon flies to London, and, seating himself on the hearth of the Regent, embraces the household gods, and conjures him, by the venerable age of George III., and by the opening perfections of the Princess Charlotte, to spare him. The Prince is inclined to do so; when, looking on his breast, he sees there the belt of the Duke of Brunswick. He instantly draws his sword, and is about to stab the destroyer of his kinsman. Piety and hospitality, however, restrain his hand. He takes a middle course, and condemns Napoleon to be exposed on a desert island. The King of France re-enters Paris, and the poem concludes.

T. M.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

I.—ECHO.

OF four-and-twenty windows in the house of Mr. Mule, all but one were glittering in the moonlight; and, for any thing that could be seen in these twenty-three, every soul about the house might be dead: but, in the twenty-fourth, matters looked different. It was open, and there were symptoms of life; for in the foreground stood a rose-tree in a flower-pot. Secondly, behind the rose of the flower-pot stood another and more lovely rose—*viz.* Miss Fanny Blumauer. This latter rose was about sixteen years old, and just now in high spirits. And for what? For very odd reasons indeed—first, because she heard a certain obstinate old uncle of her's with whom she lived, *viz.*, the aforesaid Mr. Mule, at this moment groaning or moaning in a peculiar way which announced that he was fast asleep; secondly, because she heard a certain old female dragon, a maiden aunt of her's (who had been called in to the aid of Mr. Mule, by way of 'relief-guard' in watching his young treasure), at high words with some ideal Fanny in her dreams. The amiable employment of her waking hours this good lady was accustomed to pursue in her sleep; and the theme upon which she was now opening, *viz.*, the intense wickedness of the male sex, was at all times too faithful to admit of any abrupt peroration. Upon the whole, therefore, it might be assumed that the dragons of the house—all and some—were profoundly asleep.

But of what consequence was that to Fanny?—Most inquisitive reader! it was of the greatest: for she was going to try an experiment. She coughed gently once or twice, and then paused to listen for an echo. Echoes are of various kinds, sorts, and sizes. In particular all readers must remember that courteous Irish echo, in a celebrated treatise on Irish Bulls, which, on being summoned by the words—"How do you, Pat?" would reply—"Pretty well, I thank you." But this echo was still more accomplished; it was an echo that could be seen as well as heard; and not only repeated Fanny's cough [as the most churlish echo would have done], but absolutely leaped over a wall in the person of a young cornet, and advanced hastily to the window. If any townsman had met this echo by day-light, he would certainly have called it Mr. Ferdinand Lawler; and even by moonlight it was very clear that this echo wore a handsome hussar uniform.

II.—ILLUMINATION.

But now, considering that Mr. Ferdinand Lawler lived at the very next door,—what in heaven induced these young people

(unless they fancied themselves Romeo and Juliet) to meet under such difficult circumstances? Simply this—that Mr. Mule could not be brought to look upon Mr. Lawler with exactly the same eyes as his niece; and, therefore, did not encourage his visits by day. And why so? every body else thought him a most amiable person. True. But Mr. Mule had taken an early dislike to him; and Mr. Mule was an obstinate man. In fact, this pique against the cornet dated from the day of that young gentleman's birth; for exactly on that day it was that Mr. Ferdinand Lawler opened his long battery of annoyances against the worthy gentleman with his infantine crying; the Lawlers happening to occupy the adjoining house. This offence, however, on the part of Mr. Ferdinand ceased in his seventh year; and even a Mule might have been brought in the course of our generation to overlook it. But, precisely as this nuisance ceased, another nuisance, incident to the frail state of *boy*, viz., orchard-robbing, commenced; and, being naturally of an ambitious turn, Mr. Ferdinand did not confine his attacks to orchards, but waged unrelenting war with Mr. Mule's grapes and peaches. Even this, however, might have been palliated by a steady course of contrition and penitence; for, after all, boys *are* boys, and grapes *are* grapes. But the climax of Mr. Ferdinand's atrocities was yet to come: *nemo repenti fuit turpissimus*; and it was not until his ninth year that Mr. Ferdinand perpetrated that act, which, as Mr. Mule insisted, left no room for any rational hopes of reformation.—Mr. Mule had a certain Pomeranian dog, called Juba, universally admired for the brilliant whiteness of his coat. In those days people did not talk so much of taste and *virtu* as at present; nevertheless Mr. Ferdinand had his private opinions and his favourite theories on such topics. The whiteness of Juba he conceived to be rather the basis of a future excellence, than any actual or existing excellence. As a work of nature, Juba was very well; but he had yet to receive his last polish from the hand of art. His white coat was, in fact, Mr. Locke's sheet of white paper, a pure *carte blanche*, on which Mr. Ferdinand felt it his duty to inscribe certain brilliant ideas which he had bought of a house painter. Seducing poor Juba, therefore, by means of a bone, into his own bed-room, he there painted him in oils. In his father's library he had often been shewn fine missals, and early-printed books, in which the initial capitals of chapters, or other divisions, had been purposely omitted by the printer and afterwards supplied by a splendid device in colours—technically called an “illumination;” and such books or MSS. were said to be “illuminated.” Sometimes it happened, as he knew, that the spaces left for the illuminated letter were never filled up. This was universally held to be a defect in a book: why not in a dog? Nature undoubtedly had meant

Juba to be illuminated; and he determined to spare no cost in illuminating him. His head, therefore, he painted celestial blue; legs in cinnamon colour, with scarlet feet; pea-green tail; body a sort of Mosaic of saffron and rose colour; and, by way of finish to the whole, the ears and tip of the nose he thought proper to gild. Having finished this great work of art, Mr. Ferdinand turned him out for public exhibition. As a point of duty to his master, Juba naturally presented himself first of all in Mr. Mule's library. That gentleman had just been reading, in the 'Curiosities' of Happalius, the part which treats of basilisks; and, as Juba came suddenly bounding in, he fled from him in consternation, under the notion that he was attacked by some hybrid production of a basilisk and a dragon, such as no heraldry has yet attempted to emblazon. Not until the creature barked did he recognise his outraged Juba; and, at the same moment that his eye took in the whole enormity of the guilt, his sagacious wrath detected the hand of the artist.

Such were the steps by which Mr. Ferdinand Lawler, as yet not nine years old, had ascended to the *acme* of guilt,—and obtained for himself in one house, at least, the title of 'young malefactor.' Being already debited in Mr. Mule's books with all *possible* crimes, it may be readily supposed that all *actual* crimes against Mr. Mule—his peace or dignity, were regularly set down to Mr. Ferdinand's black account. Never was seen such an awful arrear of guilt, so interminable a bill of offences, as Mr. Mule had in his own study filed against the young malefactor. Centuries of virtue would seem insufficient to expiate it. Not a window could be broken in the town, but "of course" it was broken by Mr. Ferdinand; not a snow-ball could be flung at Mr. Mule from behind a wall, but it bore the impress of Mr. Ferdinand's hands. If Mr. Mule slipped in frosty weather, he felt assured that Mr. Ferdinand had been cultivating and nursing the infant lubricity of that particular path with a view to that particular result. And if Mr. Mule happened in the dark to be tripped up by a string stretched across the street, he affirmed peremptorily that the bare idea of such a diabolic device—the mere elementary conception of so infernal a stratagem—could not possibly have entered into the brain of any European young gentleman, except that of Mr. Ferdinand, *since* the Christian era, or that of Catiline *before* it. And he always concluded by saying, "And, sir, you will see that I shall live to see him hanged."

In this point, however, Mr. Mule appeared to be taking a view too flattering to his own preconceptions; at least his anticipations seemed as yet, in newspaper phrase, to be "premature." For twice seven years had passed since he had first bespoke young Mr. Ferdinand for the gallows, and as yet Mr. Ferdinand was

neither hanged, nor apparently making any preparations to be hanged. In his tenth year he had been sent to a great public school at Mannheim; and very singular it was to observe the different impressions which that event had produced in two adjoining houses. In the one house was heard the mother of Mr. Ferdinand, weeping day after day for the loss of "her brave—her beautiful!" whose gaiety and radiant spirit of youthful frolic had filled her house with laughter and with involuntary gladness like that of birds in spring. In the other was heard Mr. Mule, chuckling for at least three weeks that the "young malefactor" was sent to a distance; and sent to a place moreover where he might chance to learn, experimentally, what it was to have a snow-ball lodged under the ear; where his own feet, as well as other persons', might chance to be tripped up on a lubricated path; and where his own shins, as well as those of elderly gentlemen, might happen to be broken over a string in the dusk. Under what different angles was Mr. Ferdinand's character contemplated from these two contiguous stations; seen from his mother's drawing room, it wore the very happiest aspect of hope and vernal promise; seen from Mr. Mule's library, it seemed a character that belonged to the mere scape-goat of Europe. Truth compels us to add that the mother's view was the more correct. Mr. Ferdinand had gone through the school with applause; and, spite of his unconquerable spirit of frolic and mischief, had borne the character of the most good-natured boy in Mannheim. From Mannheim he was transformed to the university of Jena, where he had supported his character as a scholar; and had since served two campaigns in the Prussian cavalry with distinguished reputation, and latterly with some special marks of royal favour. In consequence he was spoken of in his native town with universal respect; the gallows, if it must come, seemed at least to be postponed to an indefinite distance; and even Mr. Mule began to doubt—if not whether Mr. Ferdinand would be hanged—yet whether he himself should live to *see* Mr. Ferdinand hanged. In general, at least; but there was one case in which he did *not* doubt. Whenever he looked into Happilius, whenever he reflected upon basilisks, whenever he meditated upon illuminations, he was sure to cry out in conclusion "And, sir, I shall live to see him hanged."

III.—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

Time, however, and change, at length brought Mr. Mule to milder sentiments; all about him began to be proud of their young townsman. Mrs. Lawler was still next-door-neighbour, and had it in her power to do many neighbourly offices; patriotism and gratitude, therefore, alike appealed to him for some modifica-

tion of his harsh sentence against Mr. Ferdinand; and finally, the illuminated Juba, the original *materia litis* and perpetual memento to his wrath, departed this life. And thus it came about, that, even upon those days when he read Happelius upon Basilisks, Mr. Mule was now accustomed to commute his original anathema for the gentler doom of—"Sir, I shall live to see him banished."

This sentence, in one sense, Mr. Mule lived in fact to accomplish. After the battle of Leipsic, Mr. Ferdinand, having been severely wounded, had received leave of absence, and had returned to his native place. No sooner was he tolerably convalescent than parties innumerable were formed to welcome him home; at which parties he sometimes met Miss Fanny, who inflicted deeper wounds than those which he had received at Leipsic. It was evident from all writers on the subject that there was but one cause; and this he laboured to obtain through a series of tender epistles to the young lady. One of these, a booby of a servant lad delivered by mistake to Mr. Mule himself, who read it; and, in the first moment of his anger, recurred to the old sentence of hanging; and, as to banishment from Miss Fanny's society through any possible channel, personal or by letter, *that* he decreed extempore; to enforce which sentence, the old aunt was summoned to his assistance. Now, as this interdict was little short of Mr. Mule's worst and original malediction to Mr. Ferdinand, he resolved to countermine the old lady—or, to speak freely, the two old ladies; and, for this purpose, he addressed himself to Hermes Trismegistus.

"Hermes Trismegistus," as he was called by the literati of the town,—*"Slippery Dick,"* as he was called by every body else,—demands a few words of special notice, both because he was a great man, and because we rely upon him as our *Deus ex machina* for the catastrophe of our tale. In gratitude for this assistance, we dedicate this paragraph to his biography. Slippery Dick was, at this time, a sort of runner to the "*German Mercury*," a newspaper published twice a week; he held the office also of "*wonder-maker*" to that journal, and personally distributed it within the limits of the town. Hence it was that he had gained the honour of his classical designation. He had, however, other titles to that honour: for he was a forensic person, and had been much connected with courts of justice in his early days; he was an eloquent person; and, finally, he was a thief. At least, he had been a thief; *that* was the calling in which he commenced the business of life; and, being then resident in a great city, a very lucrative calling it was. Still, he found that many inconveniences arose from being a rogue; and in great cities it is astonishing with what ease a man of talents may emerge into a

more reputable character. The realms of honesty and dishonesty, like those of great wits and madness, have thin partitions. As a thief, he was the best man in the world to catch a thief. So he became chief spy or informer to the police, and thus obtained a footing on the twilight frontiers or neutral ground of good and bad repute. Some indeed said that this was worse than being a thief; but others said—"No: an informer was a prop to the laws, and an indispensable limb of the police-office." This last word suggested to him another change; he obtained the situation of a regular police-officer, and was now decidedly within the pale of reputable life. Some hankering, however, he still retained for his first calling: he was glad to detect a rogues; he was glad to assist in one: of the two, he perhaps gave the preference to the latter; but merely, as he protested, because he found that it required greater talents. Tempting opportunities offered; suspicions arose; and, at length, Slippery Dick was requested to make himself scarce at the police-office, which he did; and, after many ups-and-downs, many flittings, backwards and forwards on both sides of the neutral frontier above-mentioned, he settled at last on the reputable side, in character of agent and correspondent to the German Mercury, professing himself a true penitent, and a decided convert to the primitive faith, that honesty is the best policy. Every Saturday, as he was taking his tenth glass of punch, he wept much for his past life. But still, as all flesh is frail, he manifested on Monday morning a constant propensity to engage in any tricks, plots, or knaveries which kept on the right side of the law. To feel that he was abetting something not quite justifiable, was necessary as a seasoning or pleasant condiment to Dick's exertions; but being old, as he observed, and having no son to succeed him, he begged to decline all business of a dangerous character. He would invariably ask a high price for his services; but, if a man positively would not give it, then, Mr. Dick positively would insist in giving his services for nothing, rather than miss any luxurious piece of mischief. In short, he settled down into the regular *Scapin* of the place; and in that ancient part he became a "fourbe fourbissime."

To him then, to Slippery Dick, with an entrance-fee of five guineas, (which, by the way, was wholly unnecessary) Mr. Ferdinand addressed himself. Dick liked the service immensely; for, at first sight, it seemed sufficiently wrong to be stimulating. Yet, again he doubted, on further consideration, whether it were not an act of virtue to deceive so obstinate an old gentleman as Mr. Mule; and Dick began to have scruples of conscience. These, however, Mr. Ferdinand found means to overrule. But then again Dick murmured at the easiness of the service; "simply to cheat two old women—it was really below a man of

genius!" And on this notion he laboured to embroil and perplex the plain course of his duties, until he sometimes brought himself and his client into much unnecessary peril of discovery. However, as yet no discovery had been made. The ease of a man of genius is delightful. As the distributor of the "*Mercury*," Slippery Dick had the privilege of the *entré* to Mr. Mule's breakfast-room; but as the disburser of infinite private news, which never found its way into the *Mercury*, Slippery Dick was indispensable. Philosophically speaking, he was one of the "conditions of the possibility" of breakfast; not the urn, or the coffee-pot, more so. With what ineffable impudence did he deliver his ineffable budget of lies! How, like *Cæsar*, or an Indian juggler, did he play with three balls at once; weaving a political lie for Mr. Mule, and interweaving it at the same time with the cross threads of two scandalous lies for the use of the old aunt!—How, like the knave that he was, how, like Slippery Dick in his best days, did he carry on a collateral stream of pantomime communication with Miss Fanny, terminating (as a matter of course) in the dexterous insinuation into her hand of some fresh pleading on the part of his client!—In this way had a long "suit" been conducted between the lovers; but, in all processes, whether in courts of law or of love, it is well known that many questions will arise which cannot be discussed in writing; oral depositions must be had; oaths must be administered; the book must be kissed. For some such purposes, and as the result of the correspondence, Miss Fanny at length granted to Mr. Ferdinand a series of nocturnal interviews at the window; of which the tenth was granted this very evening. Genius of youthful love protect it from detection! And now, having unfolded three-fourths of our little drama by stretching the characters and situation of the chief persons on the stage, let the rest unfold itself as rapidly as possible; and, if possible, in three pages, and in time for this Number of the *Quarterly Magazine*.

IV.—GHOSTS.

Fanny, the loveliest of roses, was standing (as we have said) at the window; and the cornet was outside on the lawn. Now it happened naturally enough, whether it were for the purpose of whispering, or of impressing something or other with particular emphasis upon the cornet's attention, or for any other purpose which it does not become a gentleman to look into too narrowly, that Miss Fanny bent her head downwards in answer to some supplicating tones of Mr. Ferdinand. But, good heavens! to see the absurdity and limited views of master-builders! Solely intent upon the very subordinate consideration of preventing robbers from stepping *into* the windows, the poor ignorant man, who

had taken upon him to build Mr. Mule's house, had totally overlooked the paramount occasions on which young ladies might wish to step *out* of them. A great architect should think of such things; for surely it must trouble his repose, when he comes to look back coolly upon his past life, to recollect that he only and his cursed plans have stepped between many a pair of lovers and the tenderest meetings. It is impossible to calculate the amount of human suffering which such master-builders may have caused. And, with regard to Mr. Mule's master-builder in particular, be it hereby made known to the whole literary world, that he only was the cause that, in bending out too far, Miss Fanny Blumaner lost her balance and fell out. It is true that the cornet caught her in his arms, but that was a mere accident; and the whole case is a warning to master-builders how they can attempt to build houses in which young ladies are to live, any more than to build epic poems, without first solemnly asking themselves (as Horace directs)

Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent.

But, to leave master-builders to their own sad reflections, let us attend to Miss Fanny, who uttered a slight scream on finding herself standing upon the lawn; whether from joy at her unexpected liberation, or from terror at the mode of it, we do not pretend to be certain. A faint echo of this scream penetrated through the dreams of the two dragons; and both awoke simultaneously. Mr. Mule was dreaming at the moment of a basilisk; the basilisk turned into a dragon, and the dragon into a Prussian dragoon, who seemed to be in the act of throwing his arms about some fair marble statue that stood upon the lawn before his house. The statue screamed; and Mr. Mule awoke. On the other hand, Mrs. Tabitha having been reading before bed-time of some Turk who absolutely maintained a harem in London during the reign of Queen Anne, was dreaming that this wicked Turk insisted on adding herself to his female museum; which vile design however, we are happy to assure the public and the lovers of virtue in particular, she was resisting in the most determined manner. Waking at this particular moment, Mrs. Tabitha saw nothing but what was very natural in the circumstance of the scream; she felt herself fully warranted in appropriating the scream as the natural expression of her own. An English poet* has recorded, in two striking lines, that he was awoke under circumstances not very dissimilar—*viz.* at the very moment when he was charging the enemy, and had his victory torn from him in

* "My own shout of onset, as the armies advance,
How oft it awakes me from visions of glory!"

COLERIDGE.

like manner by a scream. So far Mrs. Tabitha saw nothing to wonder at; nothing in fact but what was to be expected from her own very superior description of virtue. But it seemed to her that immediately on the heels of the scream she heard a faint—no! upon second thought, *not* very faint—reverberation of a kiss. Now this she took upon herself utterly to disclaim; fifty years' experience of her own rigorous principles authorised her in declaring, that on no consideration whatever could she have granted such an impious indulgence to any man; much less to a Turk animated by those base intentions which she had so fully detected, and was so determined to resist. "But whose then was the kiss?" said Mrs. Tabitha; and "whose then was the scream?" said Mr. Mule at the very same moment. Here let it be explained that Mr. Mule and Mrs. Tabitha were both afraid of ghosts; and, for mutual protection, always left open the doors at both ends of a long corridor which connected their two rooms. "Was *that* Fanny that screamed?" cried Mr. Mule. "Was it you, Fanny, that ——?" and here Mrs. Tabitha drew aside her curtain, and looked towards Fanny's bed. But receiving no answer, and seeing every thing quiet in the moonlight, she concluded that Fanny was asleep: this obliged her to charge the kiss upon some ghost of unusual levity, and very hastily she shrank over head in the bed-clothes. Mr. Mule, upon similar considerations, retreated in a similar direction; and, for a pretty long interval, there was silence in both rooms.

V.—MORE GHOSTS.

Meantime Miss Fanny's alarms had been soothed by the cornet. Great was her trepidation at first; but, hearing all quiet above, and being assured by her lover that he would easily devise some means for restoring her to her bed-room, she consented to take a few turns up and down the lawn. To any reasonable man, who considers that excepting at a window, or by a letter, or through Slippery Dick, these young lovers had not, in a proper sense, met or exchanged any confidential communications for weeks, it will not seem matter of complaint that "a few turns up and down the lawn" should occupy the space of one hour and a half. Even thou, most philosophic reader! must pardon them; for it was moonlight; and it was the month of May; and it was the May of their young lives; and Mr. Ferdinand was tender and devoted; and to Miss Fanny he looked like a hero; and Miss Fanny was tender and confiding; and to Mr. Ferdinand she looked like a sylph.

A sylph? Aye; but there's the rub. Every creature that lives has its appropriate annoyance and its peculiar enemy. The Whale, for instance, has its Thresher (if we remember our *Ichthyo-*

logy); Mr. Mule was haunted for some years by Anti-Mule in the person of the "young malefactor;" we ourselves, who communicate this excellent story, are not without our Anti-We; and Sylphs, as all the world is aware, have their counteracting Gnomes. One of these it must have been, scowling askance at youthful happiness, that now summoned an accursed wind from the South-east. Oh Miss Fanny! Miss Fanny! what are you thinking of that never look up to that same open window through which the wind is now pouring in with the current and the music of a Levanter. Oh! Mr. Ferdinand! what can *you* be thinking of, who seem unaware that any wind is abroad. One rose has fallen from the window already; by good luck, *that* fell outwards. Another we fear is destined to fall; and, considering the direction of the wind, it cannot but fall inwards. Thrice the flower-pot reeled; thrice the South wind heaved it from its basis; and thrice did some gentle power that honoureth true love, with a touch as delicate as the breathing of a sigh, turn the tremulous balance in favour of poor absent Fanny. But, when the fourth resounding blast butted with its horns against the rose-tree, and fate hung suspended as upon the edge of a razor,—then came the accursed gnome, gave it a kick on the windward quarter, and, in one instant, the shrub, with all its pottery, fell like Jove's thunderbolt to the ground; crashed into a tempest of ruins on the wide area of the chamber-floor; and, spreading like a sea beneath Mrs. Tabitha's bed, there forced much other pottery into the universal wreck.

Lyric poetry in the hands of Filicaja *may*,—prose from a bourgeois gentilhomme is absolutely impotent to, expound the frenzy of alarm which seized upon both the dragons. Extremity of panic tore away all the frail draperies of bed-clothes under which their terrors had hitherto lurked. Each shot upwards like a rocket or a pyramid of fire: each, with a heart that was beating audibly, stood bolt upright in bed: each had been stunned beneath the bed-clothes by the ruinous crash: each on shooting upwards came to hear the monsoon which was setting in through the window; and each had a momentary vision of its possible cause. True to their separate dreams, Mr. Mule conceived that ten thousand basilisks were coming down the chimney; Mrs. Tabitha conceived that ten thousand Turks, in search of ten thousand harems, were entering the window at the *pas de charge*. There was silence between the two dragons for three minutes. At length, upon a pause in the wind, Mr. Mule groaned out in a sepulchral tone, "What's that?" In a tremulous whisper, between a whistle and a sob, Mrs. Tabitha replied, "God knows." At this moment a long stream of air ran through the corridor, and burst in upon Mr. Mule's bed hangings. Mr. Mule's teeth chattered with alarm;

or, according to an idle hypothesis of his own, with cold. But, after the agitation of the curtains had continued for some time, a breeze of refreshing hope sprung up in his mind: and, in a noble transport of courage, he exclaimed, "Why this is the wind, Mrs. Tabitha: there's a window open in your room, Mrs. Tabitha." "I beg your pardon, that's impossible," replied Mrs. Tabitha; "I fastened all the windows the very last thing, I did: a window may be open, Mr. Mule; but, if so, the window must be in *your* room, Mr. Mule."—Mr. Mule was not a man to be put down in that way: none of the Mules was ever known to give up a thesis to such shallow grounds of opposition. "If I were not in a considerable state of perspiration, Mrs. Tabitha, I would just now come into your room, and detect you in your gross absurdities."

"And, if I had not the rheumatism in my neck, I would step out of bed and expose you, Mr. Mule, by shutting down that window which at this moment I hear dithering about in your room."

This gave the coup-de-grace to Mr. Mule's expiring patience. Aristotle, in examining the different species of spurious courage, (which, as we remember, he makes out to be five,) reckons as one amongst them, the courage inspired by anger. Who minds what Aristotle says? At this moment it enabled Mr. Mule to do what his whole stock of genuine courage would never have compassed, viz., to get out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and advance softly to Mrs. Tabitha's room. Yet Aristotle may be right after all: for *that* is certainly spurious courage which breaks down without a moment's warning, as now happened to the courage of Mr. Mule. Having no knowledge of his approach,—Mrs. Tabitha naturally took the white lining of his dressing-gown, as it fell within the moonlight, for a ghost. She shrieked out to that effect; and Mr. Mule exclaiming, "Where, where?" rushed back, and dived into bed. The proximity of his voice, however, undeceived Mrs. Tabitha, who hastened to undeceive Mr. Mule. He was naturally incensed at finding himself made a handle of for frightening himself: there were things enough in this world to frighten Mr. Mule without adding Mr. Mule to the number: his anger returned in all its strength; and consequently his spurious courage. He marched with the heart of a lion, back into Mrs. Tabitha's quarters, and there exposed, as she deserved, her "gross absurdities." Two negatives make one affirmative; but it has not yet been ascertained that two cowards make one hero. However, Mrs. Tabitha drew thus much confidence from the presence of Mr. Mule, that she ventured to put her head out of the curtains; and subscribed to the undeniable fact that the window was open: though how, or by whose machinations, she conceived to be past all solution, except on the hypothesis of ghosts.

That was not a doctrine which in general Mr. Mule felt any disposition to question; though at the present moment he was not sorry to find that the prostrate rose-tree explained one part of his recent terrors upon less alarming principles. Without making any further comments, however, he now closed the window; bolted it securely against any second attempt to open it; and then retired again to his bed under considerable alleviations of his panic.

VI.—THIEVES AND GHOSTS.

And now let us quit these old gnomes, and the agitations of fear, for the lovely sylph, Miss Fanny, and the nobler agitations of love!—Miss Fanny! ah, poor thing, what's to become of her? She's bolted out now, and has no more chance of getting to her own bed than the rose inside has of rising up from the place where it lies floored, or of making amends to Mrs. Tabitha for the mischief it has done under her bed. Now, we suppose, there are people in this world depraved enough to laugh at this young creature and her distress; we, on the contrary, could find in our hearts to drop a tear or two, if we had time, in sympathy with her's, especially when we see her, as she advances gaily up the lawn, suddenly stop, look up to the window, start back, clasp her hands, and then burst into tears. Poor thing, how her innocent heart beats! This is the third heart now out of one house that has palpitated almost to bursting within one half hour; and the reader's heart must be made of mere stone if he pities none of them. As to Miss Fanny's, however, we are glad to see her drying her tears, for her lover has most fortunately discovered that one of the library windows is a little open, and may be pushed up from the outside. Ay, Mr. Ferdinand, if you can get at it; but how is that to be done? The library windows are twenty feet from the ground. True, they are so; but Miss Fanny remembers a ladder which is kept at the gardener's cottage; and the gardener's cottage, by good luck, stands in the shrubbery.

Thither they bent their steps, and not a little surprised they were to find the door open: without scruple, however, they walked in, and the next minute they heard the door pulled to, and locked upon them by somebody from without. Here let us moralize upon the capricious misery of this human life of our's; but two minutes ago we had a young lady before us weeping and refusing to be comforted because she is locked out, and now this same young lady is weeping because she is locked in. But how happened it? Thus: the gardener was at this time absent from home, and the gardener's wife was kept waking not by ghosts but by thieves. Several little articles had recently disappeared

from the premises, and the gardener's wife insisted that they had been purloined; Mrs. Tabitha, on the contrary, charged the losses upon the carelessness of the gardener's family. It naturally happened, therefore, that this evening, upon hearing the steps of the two lovers repeatedly passing on the gravel walk beneath her window, the gardener's wife should be on the alert. Here, no doubt, were the robbers. She dressed herself, slipped down stairs, unlocked the door, and leaving it open to secure her own retreat in case of need, but carrying the key with her to provide against the worse case of the enemy's intercepting her, and throwing a detachment into the fortress, she placed herself in ambuscade amongst the bushes. No long time elapsed before two people were heard advancing: who they were the good woman could not make out from the deep shades of the shrubs, but she observed that they talked in low tones. The few words she caught were, "Sure that it is at the gardener's;" "Easily take it away;" "Think it will be possible to raise the window without being heard?" Ay, thought the gardener's wife, here are the robbers, and they are now planning a burglary. She watched them into her own house, silently crept after them, locked the door, and with the key in her pocket went off to alarm Mr. Mule's family, to proclaim the capture of the robbers, and to rear a lasting monument to her own courage and innocence upon the basis of Mrs. Tabitha's final confusion and mortification.

Ah, well-a-day, poor Mr. Mule, I see another storm brewing against your peace. Just sinking again into slumber, with his head under the bed-clothes, Mr. Mule was entering upon a region of milder dreams. Happelius was vanishing, basilisks were growing scarce, when all at once the ghost of the giant Thor appeared to him playing with his sledge-hammer upon his chamber-door. In direful confusion he awoke, and too surely he found there was something in it. The dream was so far wrong that it was not the door which was played upon but the window. Whether Thor were the performer could not yet be ascertained; but certainly the clatter, which now assailed the glass of Mr. Mule's window, was quite worthy of Thor; and if not Thor, at least it might be said of the performer (according to the polite reply of the Frenchman to Dr. Moore in a different case), "*Qu'il méritoit bien l'être.*" Mr. Mule kept his position under the bed-clothes, and determined to keep it, let what would happen. Frequent meditation upon the case of nocturnal panics had satisfied him that the best position which could be taken up in such circumstances was to cower under the bed-clothes—the worst ghost he had yet met with had not gone the length of pulling off his blankets. Besides, it was clearly the place of honour: in bad times, as Mr. Addison correctly observes, "the post of honour

is a private station;" and where is there one so private as that of a diver under the bed-clothes? Mr. Mule was well and scientifically tucked in upon three sides: as to the head, which certainly was the Achilles's heel of his position, he had done his best to complete the lines of circumvallation by screwing down the clothes with both hands, and by doubling them under the weight of his head, which, he trusted, might resist Thor's hammer as long as any part about him. On the whole, he felt himself entitled to say, that come would what come might, he positively would not be dislodged.

We shall see. Mr. Mule was positive, certainly; but the strongest positions have been forced, and the resolutions of the most restive persons have been baffled. At this moment he heard another storm driving at the windows, accompanied by shrill screams and feminine ululations. "God bless my soul," said Mr. Mule, "here are all the ghosts from the Red Sea; and now one finds what comes of shutting a window in a ghost's face." Yes, the *rationale* of the assault was but too clear. Mule it was that had shut down the window which the ghosts had opened; he could not deny it; and Mule it is that must suffer for it. Bare poetical justice demanded that *his* window should be made the next object of attack. Mule saw all this, and Mule groaned; but Mule kept his position for all that. If he could get Mrs. Tabitha to take to the shutting down of the window, or to divide the blame with him, something might be done. But, lord! what's the use of deliberating when the enemy are at the gates? Even whilst he yet deliberated, another clattering storm assailed the window; another peal of feminine ululation ascended, the panes began to crash, something or other rattled along the floor; in spite of all which, we are proud to state that Mr. Mule kept his position; and, lastly, something or other hit Mr. Mule in a region far more "practicable" than his head. If it was Thor's hammer—at least it appeared that Thor's hammer was no ghost; in consequence, Mule's resolution, however mulish, gave way. Upwards he soared like a barrel of gunpowder, or like the fiend when touched by Ithuriel's spear, or, according to our former comparison, like a rocket. At this moment Mule must have been a good study to the lovers of the picturesque, and still more at the next moment when he received a second rap over the shins. What passed in his mind during this ghostly agony it would be difficult even for Professor Kant to have assigned: thus much, however, is certain, that by the "association of ideas," as Miss Hamilton would still be saying, the "tangible idea" of his own shins (to speak with David Hartley) suggested the "audible idea" of the young malefactor, whom, upon a certain night in former years, he had heard giggling behind a wall at a certain

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device for throwing Mr. Mule upon those shins. Hereafter, when Mule comes coolly to collate the two cases in point of torment, he will see the absurdity of having entered Mr. Ferdinand's villany into his black day-book, with a Latin notula annexed, implying that *Furcifer iste Ferdinandus Lawler* was a greater plague to him than the fiend and all his imps ever had been or would be. The result shewed how wrong he was. Mr. Ferdinand's assaults upon his shins left Mr. Mule courage enough to rise and run after him, and at one time really with some chance of overtaking him, and bringing him to condign punishment; whereas at present, after sky-rocketing, he immediately collapsed upon the centre of the bed,—and lay in a sort of round heap (*rudis indigestaque moles*), without a thought of avenging his shins. So lying, however, and now totally denuded of all bed-clothes, he heard the better; and it struck him in the next course of ululations, that he distinguished the voice of his own gardener's wife; "Beyond a doubt," said he, "it is Nelly Hagedorn;" and the very next moment brought to his ears the cry of "Thieves! Thieves!"

"Thieves!" said Mr. Mule exultingly, "God be praised! Thieves are better than ghosts any how." And he rose with alacrity: again he grew "spuriously courageous," according to the Stagyrite; for he was in an immense passion. And now, indeed, there was some ground for a parallel between his present mood and that in which he had pursued the young malefactor: the same passion possessed him—vengeance; and for the same wrongs—violated shins. He strode to the window, and roundly charged Nelly Hagedorn with burglarious attempts on his house, and murderous attempts on himself; all which, however, ranked lower in the scale of guilt than another offence, which he was obliged to suppress, of having swindled him into unutterable panic by personating a ghost from the Red Sea. Nelly defended herself on the charges of burglary and murder, by stating the case; she had the thieves under lock and key; they might break prison; she had done what she could to rouse the family by "audible ideas:" those failing, what remained but "tangible ideas?" And what mattered a few panes of glass in comparison of liberating the premises from nightly intrusions of thieves?

There was something certainly in this statement: these thieves might be the very people who had opened Mrs. Tabitha's window; in which case, three sets of ghosts would have evanescenced (or rather consolidated) into a rose-tree, Nelly Hagedorn, and a couple of thieves. Mr. Mule was mollified; roused his household; and went down stairs to admit Mrs. Hagedorn.

VII.—MORE THIEVES AND MORE GHOSTS.

All the world was below stairs; for half the neighbourhood had been roused by Mrs. Hagedorn's outcries: amongst them, by the way, was slippery Dick; which is very well, as we shall want him for the catastrophe; and we desire that he will not leave the premises till *that* is effected. Though Dick, however, and other extra persons were there, one essential limb of the family was not: in the general muster every body perceived that Miss Fanny was absent.

"Fanny, my love!" cried Mr. Mule, all the way up stairs to her bed-room: "Fan, Fan, my love!" But no "Fan, Fan," answered. He advanced to her bed, and gazed upon it with horror: no soft swelling or fine undulations of the bed-clothes expressed the beautiful outlines of a young woman's person: no quiet heaving betrayed the corresponding breathings of Miss Fanny, or the gentle pulsations of Miss Fanny's heart. Miss Fanny was gone. But when, and whither, and how? If thieves had opened the window, thieves could hardly have stolen Miss Fanny. No: there was something in it more than all that. Mr. Mule was alone, and Mr. Mule again began to quake. The rose-tree, the thieves, and even Nelly Hagedorn, all became apocryphal in his eyes; and it seemed to him that there was nothing certain under the sun, but his own shins and other people's ghosts.

Down stairs he posted, and stated the facts. All present were alarmed, except Mrs. Tabitha, who contemplated the case exclusively in relation to virtue; and, as her virtue was chiefly manufactured by Cant and Co., from extra superfine particular humbug, Miss Fanny's character was likely to suffer some damage in her hands. But Mr. Mule saw this, and hastily took it out of them: he called her an old cat: swore that he had done wrong to torment his niece by putting her under such a duenna: if Fanny had gone off voluntarily, no doubt it was to drown herself; in which case they would be both haunted by her ghost; and justly, as he must acknowledge. However he would take his horse and ride all over the country in search of her.

So saying he mounted up stairs to equip himself, whilst most of the others accompanied Mrs. Nelly to the spectacle of the little gaol delivery which she promised.

"Now we shall see," cried Mrs. Nelly, triumphantly, as she unlocked the door, "whether my warnings are always to be set at nought." So saying, she threw the door open with the air of one who is exposing to the public some great exhibition of lions: the company, however, were so ceremonious, that none chose to

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claim precedency of entrance. At length, however, Hermes Trismigistus, as the person who might be supposed most familiar with the genus 'Thief,' stepped forward and held up a light to examine the two specimens of that genus so recently caught. "But how is this, Mrs. Nelly? The birds are flown: the cage is empty. Or rather had there ever been any birds?" This was the second question; and, after a fruitless search, it was decided in the negative. It passed, *nem. con.* that Mrs. Nelly Hagedorn had been guilty of a hoax,—of a hum—of a flam: the whole was too palpably a Mississippi scheme for raising credit; a pure swindling South Sea bubble. And a doubt was moved by Slippery Dick, whether it were not actionable to disappoint people's curiosity in this shocking way: nay, some held it to be a sort of petty treason to excite the passions of the public, and then baulk them; since every individual in respect to the collective body of the public stands in some such relative of fealty as a wife to a husband, or a servant to his master.

What then had become of the poor prisoners? Had Jove, in compassion to their misfortunes, taken them aloft and made them into some new constellation for the encouragement of future lovers, and the confusion of the present, Mr. Pond?—No: the case was this:—Mr. Ferdinand had been too much engaged in war to have much faith in the absolute impregnability of any fortress,—the gardener's cottage, he was satisfied, must have its weak points, as well as Gibraltar and Bergen-op-zoom; and wherever an enemy could break in, it was clear that a prisoner might break out. Such a place he found in a little back-window; it was strengthened, indeed, by an apricot tree, which had been trained over it upon an espalier: but a saw, which lay in the window-seat, enabled him to prune a neat quadrangular section out of the espalier, through which he first elaborated his own person; next some unworthy ladder which had been the means of seducing them into the enemy's quarters; and, finally, Miss Fanny. Like Nisus and Euryalus, they were just returning from their night adventure, and, like Nisus and Euryalus, with the spoils of the enemy's camp; when suddenly, like Nisus and Euryalus, they heard the enemy advancing directly in their path; and, therefore, like Nisus and Euryalus, they plunged into a gloomy thicket to avoid them.—Here, by the way, an absurd friend of ours, (an attorney,) who is now looking over our shoulder, objects that this comparison is 'defeated' and 'avoided' (as he calls it in his law jargon), by the sex of one of the parties. The 'party' he means is Miss Fanny, whom he pretends that we must not liken to Euryalus. "Nisus", says he, "may do very well for the cornet, but who the d—l is to do for Miss Fanny? She is a young lady,—whereas Euryalus is a young gentleman."

What of that? *We* didn't make Euryalus a young gentleman; it's no fault of ours. Look here: to make the cases tally and dovetail, there must be a man and a woman in both. Very well, then; we bring *our* man and *our* woman; if Virgil does not bring *his*, whose fault is that, you know? But this shews what comes of meddling with criticism, when people "should engross." We shake off the dust of our feet against the attorney, and we return to the young cornet and his enemy. Happier in this point than Nisus and Euryalus, they were detected by no Volscens; they arrived happily under the window; Mr. Ferdinand applied the ladder—steadied it, and prepared to hold it. From what womanly scruples it is not for us to say, but so it was, that upon this last service of the cornet's—however respectfully tendered, Miss Fanny laid her interdict. On some rare occasions the gentlest of young women are peremptory; and, after vainly remonstrating, Mr. Ferdinand retired to a distance, and Miss Fanny began her ascent.

Meanwhile, old Mule was roaming about in unspeakable agitation, at the thought of being left alone in the house; much also he suffered from disinterested fear at the thoughts of Miss Fanny's death; much also from selfish fear, on considering that he had thereby added another ghost to his list; and that (God knows!) was not at all necessary. Just at this moment, he came to his library window, and flung it up to see if the party were returning from Nelly's. Ah! Mule! ah! persecuted Mule! $\xi!$ $\xi!$ (to borrow the voice of Greek Tragedy) $\delta\rho\omicron\rho\omicron\rho\tau\omicron\iota!$ * There stood the bust of Miss Fanny, resting (as it seemed) in mid air, looking in at Mr. Mule, and manifestly meditating an eruption into Mr. Mule's premises. Mule absolutely brayed and whinnied at this insufferable fright: he shyed, threw up his heels, curvetted, plunged, and finally bolted at full stretch out of the room. Miss Fanny was startled at this mode of reception; but what was to be done? In she must; and let us tell her, that if she frightens other people in this way, she must expect to be frightened in her turn: and so it was that, as she was getting in at the window, her face naturally turned round to the latter; on which ($\xi, \xi, \xi, \xi, \xi!$ $\delta\rho\omicron\rho\omicron\rho\tau\omicron\iota!$ $\pi\alpha\tau\tilde{\iota}!$), occupying her own recent station, and presenting his bust precisely as she had presented *hers* to Mr. Mule, stood a man, who popped this question to her—"Who the devil are you?" Miss Fanny staid not upon any scruples of form, but pirouetted and fled like a fawn after old Mule. Mule heard the

* Some purists in Grecian ejaculation pretend to patronize the trisyllabic form $\delta\rho\omicron\rho\tau\omicron\iota$, which is clearly a shabby concern. Besides, as the learned Bishop of C— hints, if Aristophanes may discharge his five-barrelled $\pi\omicron\pi\omicron\pi\omicron\pi\omicron\pi\omicron\tau\omicron\iota$ upon us [in which there are four *pops* and an *oi*] why may not Tragedy reply with as many guns?

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ghost in pursuit of him, and began to plunge again, and never ceased plunging until he plunged into the cellar; and there finding an empty sack, he jumped in, pulled it up about him like a pillow-case about a pillow, ducked over-head, and prayed devoutly that his pursuer might prove to be some Johnny Raw of a ghost that would be hoaxed into taking him for a sack of mealy potatoes: whilst the innocent cause of his terror, poor "Fan—Fan," trembling and palpitating, like a hunted hare, finally recovered her own 'form' in bed.

Poor throbbing "Fan—Fan!" we must pity thee, at the same time that we cannot help laughing a little. If "Fan—Fan" had frightened other people, was that any reason why a brute of a fellow should frighten her so confoundedly with his horrid—"Who the devil are you?" No, surely: and a just judgment it was upon this brute—that, as he turned round with *his* face to the ladder, he saw (ξ, ξ, ξ, ξ, ξ! δροτοροτοί πρόνοι!) another fellow, standing just where *he* had stood on the ladder, who forthwith popped his own question to him—"Who the devil are *you*?" To which, however, he replied, not by plunging like a mule, or running like a fawn, but simply by retorting—"Why, if you come to *that*, who the devil are *you*?"

Well, here are questions as plenty as blackberries: now let us have some answers.

"I am," said the man on the ladder, "Mr. Ferdinand Lawler."

"Ah! Mr. Ferdinand, how do you do?" said the man within: "for my part, I am Slippery Dick."

"So! and how came you here, Mr. Dick?"

"Why, the truth is, sir, Nelly had just hoaxed us all with a cock-and-a-bull story of two thieves she pretended to have caught. A mere swindling trick, Mr. Ferdinand! I protest I respect the woman highly; for she swindled us all. I never thought she had so much talent. However, it's not pleasant to be bilked of one's sport; and so I wasn't sorry that, as I came away from Nelly's, I started some game for myself. Up this very ladder I saw a young boy in white trowsers mounting as fast as ever his legs could carry him; and, says I to myself—'That's a thief: I'll go after him.'"

"So! well now, that's just *my* case with regard to you, Dick, for I saw you mounting the ladder, and said I to myself—'that's a thief: I'll go after him.' And, by the way, Dick, I think I was not so far out in my notion as you were in yours; for *your* thief in white trowsers was Miss Fanny Blumauer in white petticoats."

Dick was a wit, and he took all such things in good part: wits, he knew, must give and take; so he contented himself with re-

plying—that he believed Miss Fanny and he played their cards pretty much alike; if he once stole diamonds, she stole hearts every day of her life. And thus sparring, the two thief-takers descended the ladder together.

At the foot of it, the cornet asked Dick if any thing could be done to repair the mischief of this night: did he think matters desperate?

“Desperate!” said Dick, “they never were in better train; leave Mr. Mule to me, sir, I’ll hoax him; precisely in nine minutes from this time I’ll have him well hoaxed.”

VIII.—FINALE.

Dick went in search of Mr. Mule: not finding him above stairs, he knew whereabouts Mr. Mule must be; though not in what precise corner, or what precise sack. Seeing one, however, more corpulent than the rest, he determined to satisfy his own doubts, whether this were a sack of mealy potatoes, by turning it upside down and shooting out the contents. As, however, he necessarily satisfied Mr. Mule at the same time that he himself was neither that ghost, nor that Johnny Raw he was looking for, that gentleman thankfully pocketed the affront.

In this piece of impertinence, which was the mere gratuitous overflow of Dick’s infamous love of fun, he lost precisely one minute and a half, so that he had but seven minutes and a half for his main villainy; which, however, he accomplished within the time, without at all distressing himself, and had three-quarters of a minute to spare.

He briefly revealed to Mr. Mule that Miss Fanny was a Somnambulist; this master-key unlocked all the mysteries of the night. She had walked out of her chamber-window, mounted the garden-wall, two coach-houses, three stables, six dwelling-houses, two churches, and was on the point of scaling the church-steeple——”

——“You don’t say so?”

“I do; I saw her scaling the church-steeple, when Mr. Lawler, thinking she might sprain her ankle in coming down, went up with a ladder—brought her down—and with the same ladder put her into the library-window.”

“This must be kept secret,” said Mr. Mule.

“It must, sir; it’s no recommendation to a wife. Amongst Miss Fanny’s many excellent qualifications for that character, somnambulism will never be counted one. I know it by myself; I should not like a wife myself, that got up from my side of nights to walk up the church-steeple. Mr. Lawler must be thanked.”

“He must, sir.” For both purposes Mr. Lawler was sent for.

That gentleman did not clearly understand for what Mr. Mule was thanking him ; but as it procured him a footing in the family, a large share of Mr. Mule's favour, and, finally, the hand of his lovely sylph ;—he asked no questions, but was thankful that in any way he had overcome the mulishness of Mr. Mule.

In conclusion, we add the following as the latest intelligence we have received, on the present condition of our principal characters.

Mr. Mule, now that he is supported by the close proximity of the arm of flesh in the person of a young officer, makes a stouter resistance than heretofore to the world of ghosts ; though he still occasionally retreats to Mr. Addison's " post of honour."

Mrs. Tabitha, it gives us pleasure to say, continues to display a very superior description of virtue in all her—dreams: night after night she sets the vile Turk at defiance ; shews him clearly that she sees through all his designs upon her virtue ; and sometimes goes the length of scratching his whiskers.

The young Mrs. Lawler is so thoroughly cured of her somnambulism, that she has never, since that first attack, got as far even as the garden wall on her road to the church-steeple.

Mr. Ferdinand continues to make the most shocking discoveries throughout Mr. Mule's library respecting his own youthful atrocities. Every book, on its blank pages, exhibits so many memoranda of his offences [all beginning—" *Furcifer iste Ferdinandus Lawler*"], that his own hair stands on end with wonder that Mr. M. did *not* live to see him hanged.

Finally, for our main hero—wicked Dick, witty Dick, dear Dick, Sixteen-string Dick, Slippery Dick,—in his old age he has forsaken all sorts of downright rogueries. But, as the doctors think that his health suffers by such severe abstinence from stimulants, they advise him to hoax—as a pleasant and wholesome substitute for knavery. Hoaxing, therefore, he now practises in all its branches : and he has recently sent us a most excellent hoax with which we design to hoax all our dear brother contributors to the QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

[The basis of this story is to be found in the '*Seifenblasen*' of Dr Schulz: *Tübingen*, 1810].

A DAY AT MILAN.

"You may as well take the caleche to yourself, it is but two Napoleons difference," said the shrewd rogue of a Genevese voiturier, "allow me to give the *arrhes*."—"Oh no," said I, "you have promised me a companion, *un homme comme il faut*, and I should rather pay for having than for dispensing with company."

I was heartily tired of Geneva, where the atmosphere of society is as *blue* as the waters of their lake—

"Divinely, brightly, beautifully blue."

The old people know every thing, the young people each something, and even the misses are deep in one *ology* or another. You are nothing at Geneva if not scientific, and if ignorant of botany are a very dull fellow indeed. I thought nightly of my own sweet, unpragmatical countrywomen, and sought a traveller's ever-ready remedy in a caleche for Bex.

The bright, blue morning came, and although it was an August one, the wind from Mont-Blanc and the Savoy Alps was any thing but warm. The promised *homme comme il faut* was a great man, it seemed, and kept me waiting: his passports were at the office, the clerks thereof in bed, and to bring them together, in order that he might set off, was the difficulty. He was a *Monsieur Diplomatique*, however, a Frenchman not to be trifled with, and the town was to be waked to expedite the unlucky passport. Meantime, expectant, I shrunk into the back of the caleche, and the folds of my good blue mantle, listening to the "loud rushing of the arrowy Rhone," its murmurs not now, as at noontide, accompanied by the plash of busy washerwomen, the rattle of *char-a-bancs*, and the everlasting click of the thousand little hammers of this watch-making city.

Lo! my gentleman with his bow and excuse, sorry to have delayed me, very, nay, exceeding sorry, "*Du tout, Monsieur*." His *air distingué* bespoke that most rare being, which the continent can boast of, a young Frenchman of the old school, and, as I afterwards found, as ignorant and as elegant as any of the by-gone race he represented. On we rolled. I was for some time too much occupied by that most lovely of scenes to think of conversation; in truth, the cup of sentiment must have time to fill, ere one can have the wish to communicate any of its overflowings to the ear of a companion. But we approached Coppet, and there, thought I, is a name connected with this village, which can scarce fail to rouse and interest my fellow-traveller. I reckoned without mine host—pointed, hinted, asked questions, mentioned the name of Necker, of De Stael, in vain: my gentleman was

deaf. "*Helas, Corinne,*" said I, with a sigh sentimental enough to have melted the rocky heart of an opposite Alp. "*Quel drole de chapeau.*" What an odd hat, was the rejoinder of my companion, as he eyed the picturesque coiffure of a fair peasant of the Vaud. This was too much, and threw me into the sulks considerably for the rest of the day.

Whilst I was contemplating Gibbon's garden and summer-house at Lausanne, my French friend was in a paroxysm of admiration all as great, upon the form of an English carriage, upon the docked tails of the British steeds, and the consummate skill of their conductor. In short, my *ultra* was an Anglomane, who admired every thing appertaining to us, our constitution least and last. His coat was from Bond Street, his gig from Long Acre, whilst his birth and principles, his information and *esprit*, could not be mistaken as derived from the Faubourg St. Germain. Only conceive the delight of passing Clarens in such genteel company: contemplate for a moment an English sentimentalist, like myself, compelled to pass the scene of the Heloise in discussion with a French dandy on the best mode of tying cravats, and the merits of the Côté wine.

We parted, at last, with an *au revoir* of cordial insincerity, he proceeding to the St. Bernard, to purchase an hospital-dog, for no other reason, I suppose, than Alfieri's,

"Perche i Britanni miei usan cosi,"

and I through the Valais, to take a peep at fair Italy. Of rocks, mountains, waterfalls, and torrents, there was abundance; but as I am not a landscape but an animal painter, I mean, of that animal, *man*, the Alps themselves remained unsketched amongst my reminiscences. And of our species, the dull, though democratic Valaisan, offered no tempting model. Not a biped, indeed, could I get to sit for me, unless, perhaps, old *Plait-il*, our voiturier, whom we so christened from his eternal response. The rogue feigned deafness as a defence against all our questions and demands, and his steeds seemed to take the same vengeance upon him, for they seemed as deaf to his hints respecting quicker motions as he himself was to our's.

But we rolled over the Simplon, tipped Chambertin to the honour of Nap upon its summit in the right excellent hostelry there established, and entreated of the good landlady thereof to liberate her daughters, whom, we learned, she had imprisoned in their chambers on the approach of such a carriage full of gallants. The old lady courteously replied, that cellar and larder doors should fly open at our approach, but no others. Strange, thought we, here begins the caution of the south, and we are as yet but on its verge. What! lock up ladies in a temperature five thousand feet above the level of the sea; let that be noted down.

It is truly astonishing the penetration and knowledge of the world with which a traveller always takes it for granted he is endowed. We rolled down the Simplon, encountered in our day's journey a score of *doganieri* and *camerieri*, saw the passing faces of perhaps fifty peasants, and caught some faint echoes of the Italian tongue from true Italian mouths. Will you believe it? From this mighty experience, these important *data*, we proceeded forthwith to form and entertain opinions upon Italian character: before evening we had regulated every distinguishing mark between the people we were among, and their neighbours the French, and by the time we had been about twelve hours in the country, we had made such inconceivable progress in our inductions, that we lay down as perfectly acquainted in our ideas with Italy and the Italians, and as ready to write a quarto on the subject, as if we had been residing there ever since the days of Evander.

An exchange of prejudice even but for prejudice, is, nevertheless, an advantage; it shakes the dogmas of obstinate vanity, and liberalizes in no small degree. Truly, it was comical to reflect how many long-received and cherished opinions had been reversed in a few hours. We had expected to find servility, and found rudeness; expected sonnets to our dignity, and instead were met with a vacant stare, not even deigning to be supercilious; we looked for poverty, but could discover no signs of such in field or man; we expected coquetry in every female visage, and saw no feeling reflected in their glances, but that of blank indifference; we prepared our ears for a dulcet language,

“ Melting like kisses from a female mouth,”

to understand which, moreover, we had made some years preparative study; and lo, we are saluted with a cackling, wide-mouthed, monosyllabic jargon, calculated to baffle the most Polyglot ear. In short, we did not make half a league of road without encountering somewhat to give the lie to our preconceptions, except indeed in one instance, the Austrian police, the bitterest calumniator could not belie *them*.

Behold us then at the gate of Milan, half entered, surrounded by those “officers of the human excise,” as some one has called them, and awaiting their *permit*, in order to approve ourselves not contraband importation. Scattered through the thinly-planted space that surrounds the Arena, we marked, for the first time, the Austrian soldiery, each screwed up in the middle so as to resemble a wasp or a devil-on-two-sticks, with an economical cincture, certainly, that left little room for a substantial dinner. How the plump and stolid faces of the northerners seemed to dissolve beneath the avenging rays of a southern sun; yet they seemed an honest, if not a prepossessing race, and I sincerely

patied the circumscription of their stomachs. But our contemplation was interrupted by a commissary of police demanding our papers. "We have no papers."—"Whom do you know at Milan?"—"Nobody."—"Then you have no business here, and must quit the city in twenty-four hours."—"But suppose I know Count * * * * and the Marchesa * * * *."—"Suppose, indeed," said the satellite of the laic inquisition, with a contraction of the muscles of his face that was meant for a smile, "if you *do* know them, let them attend at the police at four o'clock to-day to certify for you."—"What, can I not remain at Milan without bringing to the police immediately ladies and nobles, whom, whatever be my introduction, I never saw, and have no right to trouble?"—"Drive on, Sir; your certificate at four o'clock, or but twenty-four hours' leave." And balancing on this most comfortable alternative were we allowed to enter the metropolis of Lombardy.

The certificate, however, was procured, and I myself lodged in the *Corso della Porta Romana* (how magnificent the address sounded), at a German inn, once, indeed, the palace of General Pino. The German landlord of this palace-inn, or inn-palace, had the character of being most polite, and polite enough I found him to introduce me, *volens volens*, ere I had been six hours under his roof, to some Tomkins or other of an English spy, who, he assured me, would be most useful as a companion and *cicerone*. Mr. Tomkins, or Prince Tomkins, as perhaps he is by this, was a black-looking son of our own *canaille*, who contrived, on the strength of his secret services, to drive his caleche and pair at Milan. Much, however, as I mistrusted Mr. Tomkins, I accepted him from the introducing landlord with all the open-faced magnanimity of Alexander receiving the medicine-cup from his maligned physician. Nothing could equal the confidence with which the fellow treated me; a most liberal and unreserved abuse of the Austrians from the Archduke Regnier down to his lowest satellite, formed the great level of his conversation. However, a man need not be deeper than Chesterfield to be able to deal with such fellows, and the *volto sciolto*, *pensieri stretti* of one evening so satisfied my gentleman of my being an innocent flat, that I saw no more of him, at least at my side, his addresses being afterwards directed to some liberal, loud-talking gulls of my compatriots, whom, ten to one, he has since introduced to the inside of a prison, or at least kept in close *surveillance*, as English *carbonari*.

Tomkins, however, was an entertaining fellow, and none knew better than he all the chit-chat of Milan. He had fastened on me luckily the first evening of my arrival, ere more agreeable and reputable introduction could be followed up, and consequently to

extract all the use and amusement possible from him, became my only refuge and revenge.

Mr. Tomkins, therefore, and your humble servant, sallied forth upon the eve of a broiling August day, and directed our steps towards the Corso. The Piazza of the Duomo, that had been silent and deserted during the sultriness of noon, was now thronged with personages, and echoing with voices. Carriages were rolling to the promenade, and old women creeping to venders; on one side the venders of water-melon vociferously extolled their insipid fruit, and entreated of you with Italian earnestness by all the gods to buy; on the other, Pulichinello was erecting his nightly booth; the cafés were full of dandy Milanese sipping ices, and the beer-houses with Austrians smoking and tipping the vilest of small beer: it was the gayest of gay scenes, and over-excited an Englishman to gaze on and to list to. The Duomo fitly lorded o'er the scene, and the dazzling brightness of the pure marble fabric accorded equally with, and formed a link between, the fair sky of Italy and the noisy throng of its sons. On we passed, myself at least in delight; towards the Porta Orientale, along the chief street of Milan, an unrivalled one truly for magnificence and beauty. At its extremity we turned to the left along the ramparts, and found ourselves amidst all the fashionable crowd and bustle of the Corso. The walk or drive is advantageously elevated, and offers a pleasing view of old Mediolanum, over the gardens of the royal villa. The steeds and carriages however that thronged the Corso bore the proper objects of my attention and research, and I soon put my Cicerone's powers of communication to the proof by incessant demands upon them.

"Upon my word, there's a gay equipage, and what a gigantic *chasseur*, with a plume equalling himself in size and height!"

"That," quoth my companion, "belongs to Mrs. G., a fair countrywoman of ours, that has been showing off these many winters amongst the Milanese, and whose sole delight is to outvie the people she has come amongst by the new model of her carriage, the beauty and trapping of her steeds, and the brawniness and begirding of her armed *chasseur*."

"Indeed," said I, "by her dress and equipage, and noisy conversation I should have deemed her an Italian princess at the least. The gentleman then on the gray English steed, and with the English hunting-frock, who now addresses her, is, I suppose, some dandy of our nation too."

"There you are again mistaken. The Italianized female was an Englishwoman. The Englishified male is an Italian, the Count C—. Mark the English groom that follows him; the fellow is known by the name of the count's tutor, and, I dare say, with very good reason."

"What a quere, shabby, old caleche," continued I, directing my observation elsewhere, and "how full."

"It is the Marquis—," Tomkins replied; "one of the oldest and richest of the Lombard noblesse, at this moment immersed in grief with his whole family from the proscription and misfortunes of his nearest and noblest relatives, and still, you see, he promenades his sorrows on the Corso."

"See the princely carriage that follows the marquis's old caleche; that's my tailor seated in it, 'tis his own: a carriage costs little at Milan; there are no sure funds or ways to lay up money to advantage, and the tradesman spends his gain in shew and enjoyment."

"And the nobles are content to be thus bearded?"

"Ay, in the streets, but in private they keep to their own circle or casino. Even when a noble Italian does choose to be hospitable and live in a magnificent style, it is always at his country-seat that he so launches forth, never in the city."

While we were thus conversing, an event took place, without recounting which my picture of a Milanese scene of pleasure would be by no means complete. A young nobleman, whom my companion whispered me to be the Baron T—, and to whom, by-the-by, I had a concealed letter of introduction, had frequently caracoled up and down past us, and had struck me not a little by the elegance of his air and the nobleness of his features. The Austrian *gendarmerie*, it should be premised, is ever in attendance on all houses and places of amusement; indeed it seems a received maxim with continental governments, that people could not be happy where they were not; which made a French acquaintance of ours cry out, *Oh! que j'aime les bons gendarmes, ou ils sont, on s'amuse toujours*. Knowing this, we had taken little notice of the *bons gendarmes*; they followed the Baron T— however, and just permitted him to arrive as far as mid-Corso, when they gathered round, and arrested him, choosing this place of course to compliment in public the Milanese noblesse. It was astonishing the little bustle or agitation that attended this event,—to me so new. One of the most popular and beloved nobles of Milan was led off for scarce an imputed crime, without heart interested or voice raised for him. 'Tis true, many a fair cheek in gay carriages seemed for a moment blanched, and many a youthful cavalier's lip was compressed with indignation. But it passed, and the young noble was consigned to his prison.

"There it is," said my companion, as we arrived at the end of the Corso, "that white fabric yonder, there are immured the gallant and liberal nobles of the land, and the bitterest aggravation perhaps of their *carcere duro* is, that the joyous noise and revel of the Corso can reach hence to their solitary cells."